THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded by Benjamin Franklin

Volume 199, Number 29

JAN. 15, 1927

5c. the Copy

Garet Garrett — Wallace Irwin — James Warner Bellah — Samuel Spewack
Douglas Newton — Ben Ames Williams — Charles Francis Coe — E. W. Howe

LONGER Protection

—is yours in every pair

Wherever there's mud or slush, you'll find Goodrich Rubber Footwear giving its extra service and longer life.

Millions of feet are enjoying that snug, dry comfort which this footwear can bring to you.

And 65,000 dealers make it easy for you to get this protection.

Ask them for Goodrich "Hi-Press" Rubber Footwear—for every purpose and every member of the family.

THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER COMPANY
Established 1870 Akron, Ohio
In Canada: Canadian Goodrich Company, Ltd., Kitchener, Ontario

Goodrich

HI-PRESS *Rubber* FOOTWEAR

The first thing to do in buying Zippers is to look at the flap and find the name.

An instant of caution—and months of satisfaction are yours!

ZIPPERS ARE MADE ONLY BY Goodrich

IT'S THE CUT OF YOUR CLOTHES THAT COUNTS

Good looking!

Slip one on and you'll know why

We could tell about Society Brand Clothes for hours and still not get across the most amazing thing about them. To find that out you'll have to look up a Society Brand merchant and try on the clothes themselves. Then you'll know what we mean—instantly. Every smart line, every graceful fold tells the story. Such good looks can come from only one thing—the correct cut. That's the most important thing in clothes. It's the thing Society Brand is known for—everywhere!

Look for the Society Brand label in the pocket

Society Brand Clothes

(Society Brand College Clothes are preferred everywhere by men on the campus)

ALFRED DECKER & COHN · *Makers* · CHICAGO · NEW YORK · *In Canada* · SOCIETY BRAND CLOTHES LIMITED · *Montreal*

PHOTO BY ELLIS

If you are like Jane –

BETTY'S soap costs five times as much as Jane's. Can it be five times as pure—five times as dainty? No, not one jot purer or daintier! Then why does it cost five times as much?

Well, there will always be girls, like Betty, who are casual in their choosing and lavish in their spending. Soaps with bright colors, elaborate wrappers and "expensive-sounding" names will always be made for them.

But there are a great many girls, like Jane, who are brought up to recognize and choose the fine, the exquisite, the genuine, whatever its price may be. They instinctively look for purity, gentleness and honest value in the soap to which they are willing to entrust their precious complexions. And so, Guest Ivory is made for these girls.

Guest Ivory is really genuine Ivory Soap. Ivory-white, Ivory-pure, Ivory-gentle, Ivory-honest. And, with its comfortable shape, its smoothly-rounded edges, its rich, cleansing lather, an altogether perfect soap for the most fastidious of women.

Its cost? Guest Ivory's price is unbelievably low, thanks to its enthusiastic reception by millions of women. You can buy a trio of Guest Ivory cakes for the modest sum of fifteen cents. Or, if you prefer, a single blue-garbed cake for five cents. You can buy no *finer* soap for a *dollar*.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

5¢

For the face and hands
As fine as soap can be
99 44/100% Pure – It Floats

© 1927, P. & G. Co.

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President

C. H. Ludington, Vice-President and Treasurer
P. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W.C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A^o D^i 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1927, by The Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain. Title Registered in U. S. Patent Office and in Foreign Countries. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Can.

George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Frederick S. Bigelow, A. W. Neall,
Thomas B. Costain, Wesley W. Stout,
B. Y. Riddell, Thomas L. Masson,
Associate Editors

Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under Act of March 3, 1879. Additional Entry at Columbus, O., St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., Indianapolis, Ind., Saginaw, Mich., Des Moines, Ia., Portland, Ore., Milwaukee, Wis., St. Paul, Minn., San Francisco, Cal., Kansas City, Mo., Savannah, Ga., Denver, Colo., Louisville, Ky., Houston, Tex., Omaha, Neb., Ogden, Utah, Jacksonville, Fla., New Orleans, La., Portland, Me., Los Angeles, Cal., and Richmond, Va.

Volume 199 — 5c. THE COPY — PHILADELPHIA, PA., JANUARY 15, 1927 — $2.00 THE YEAR by Subscription — Number 29

A PRIMER OF PROPAGANDA

By GARET GARRETT

CARTOONS BY HERBERT JOHNSON

PROPAGANDA to move or enthrall the mind is of immense antiquity. Its first principles were of diabolic origin. Was it not propaganda from the mouth of the serpent that brought man to his fall? The patriarchs were skilled in government by propaganda. In the visit of the Queen of Sheba to King Solomon there must have been a little Arabian propaganda. In the Persian Wars, Themistocles attacks the morale of the enemy with crafty sayings engraved upon stones at the watering places. That was foreign propaganda in the best definition, which is to make other people think what you wish them to think for ends of your own, particularly militaristic ends.

The word "propaganda" belonged in the first case to an association founded by Pope Gregory XIII in the sixteenth century to guide and superintend missionary operations in all parts of the world. Long before that a flaming propaganda had produced the crusades. In that series of consuming episodes, the most gorgeous in the history of human emotions, all possibilities were fiercely illuminated—how a conviction in the soul may cause the righteous to become unscrupulous and cruel, and how the propagandist makes fuel of both hate and love. The crusades were inspired by love of the cross and hatred of the Turk; neither one without the other could have caused that incredible conflagration of the spirit.

You will find this principle acting in all instances. Delete hate from the late war propaganda and at least half its power is gone. In our own wartime propaganda we thought to transfer hate from the Germans to German institutions. It was no use; and if we had succeeded it would have been the same principle, somewhat refined. Any crusading propaganda must propose something to the mind to be hated, a thing to be destroyed, else people will not be entirely moved.

Example: Many religious and other organizations of Western civilization have united to carry on propaganda for a warless world. It is founded upon the ideal of love above force, security in the brotherhood of mankind without weapons. This is beautiful; it is not enough. There must be also a symbol to hate. That is provided. The symbol to be hated, the thing to be destroyed, is nationalism. This assault upon nationalism is one of the significant movements of our time.

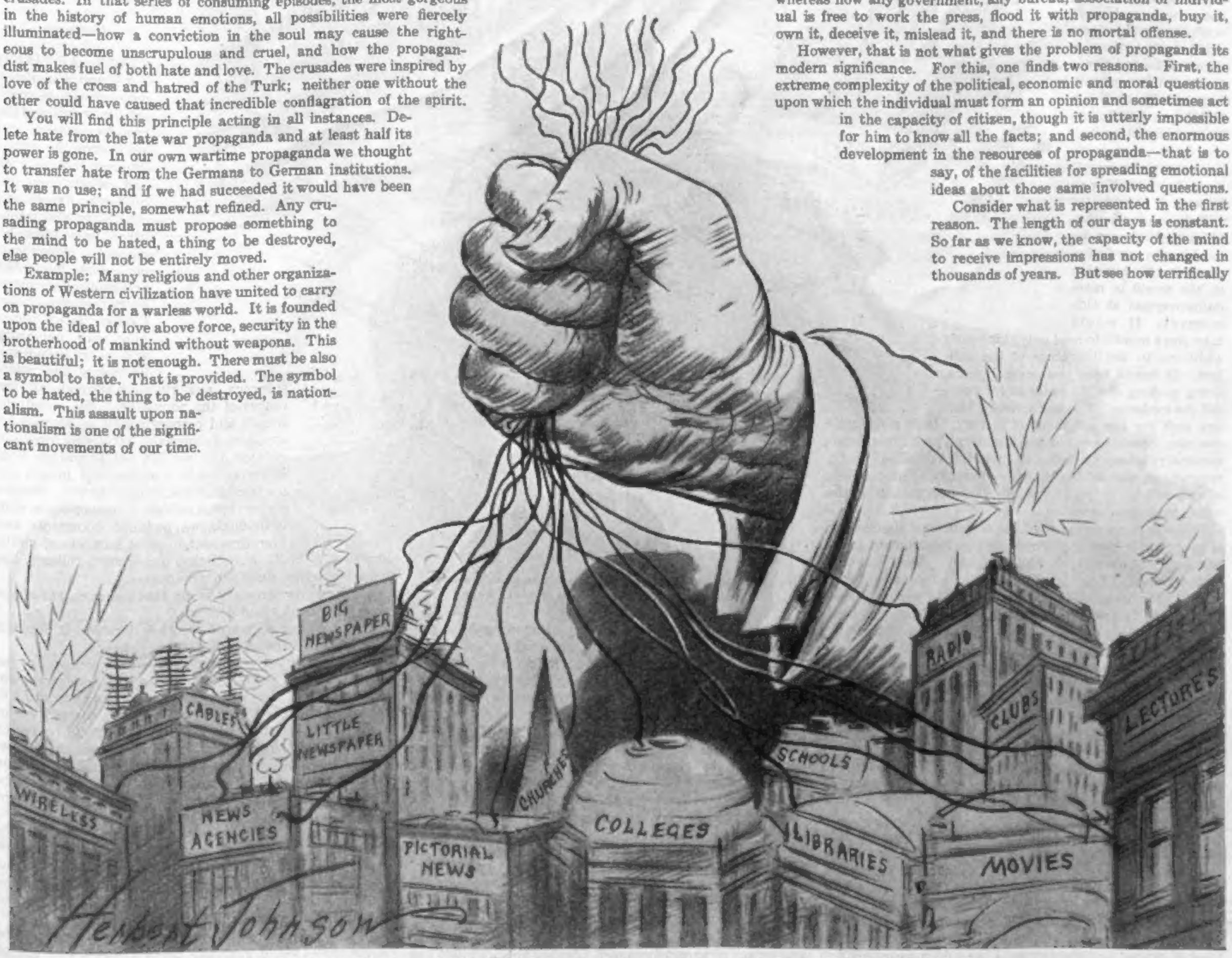
Yet notwithstanding the ancient nature of its laws and motives, the same now as they ever were, propaganda does present a modern problem. It is so new and so bewildering that not only has no solution for it been imagined, but it has not been adequately defined, and rational acquaintance with it is imperfect.

When public opinion in pagan Greece was controlled by the voice of wisdom mysteriously delivered through the mouths of priests in frenzy, the canny ruler with a policy to put over sometimes tampered with the mind of the priest before the frenzy and so got what he wanted from the oracle. In the modern case the propagandist would work the press. What is the difference?

There is this difference to begin with—that if the ancient Greeks found him out they were sure to remove his life, because they were fanatical for the purity of their oracles; whereas now any government, any bureau, association or individual is free to work the press, flood it with propaganda, buy it, own it, deceive it, mislead it, and there is no mortal offense.

However, that is not what gives the problem of propaganda its modern significance. For this, one finds two reasons. First, the extreme complexity of the political, economic and moral questions upon which the individual must form an opinion and sometimes act in the capacity of citizen, though it is utterly impossible for him to know all the facts; and second, the enormous development in the resources of propaganda—that is to say, of the facilities for spreading emotional ideas about those same involved questions.

Consider what is represented in the first reason. The length of our days is constant. So far as we know, the capacity of the mind to receive impressions has not changed in thousands of years. But see how terrifically



The Pressure of Propaganda Upon All These Facilities is Constant, Adroit and Wonderfully Organized

the demands of citizenship upon the faculties of attention, discrimination and judgment have increased. Compare what citizenship now demands with what it demanded of the ancient Greek, who, when his orators had confused him, went to the oracles to get his mind made up. Or compare the mind's task under the impact of the daily news today with what it was 100 years ago.

A forty-page morning newspaper, containing as many words as a Victorian novel. Besides the near and vivid human impressions, news of the Chinese situation, the Russian situation, the Mexican situation, the World Court, the French franc, the inter-Allied debts, economic barriers, what to do with the German property, a disarmament, a defensive European alliance against the trade competition of the United States—these are very complicated matters. Each has an extensive and growing controversial literature.

Confessions

MUCH of this literature is written in technical language. And every such matter is, or at any moment may become, the subject of organized propaganda. Do the official authorities speak? What they say is news, therefore it must be printed; it is also propaganda, and therefore contradictory. The experts speak, making more news and more confusion. The facts are in conflict; they are often selected facts presented in a certain way. Where shall one look for a swift, impartial interpretation of all the facts—that is to say, the short truth? And how shall one know it if one sees it?

Take the question of war guilt. Everyone has his own conviction about it. No question in the world is more controversial at this moment. It would take you a month to read only this year's additions to the literature of the subject. It would take you several years, doing nothing else, to examine for yourself the evidence. It is not a matter that can wait for the judgment of history. It is a dynamic question, touching world politics deeply, touching international relations, the foundations of the Versailles Treaty, reparations, war debts. And the quantity of propaganda is and will be in proportion to the importance of the selfish interests concerned.

The reason secondly cited for the modern significance of propaganda was the extraordinary development of its resources. Anciently, it had one only. That was the spoken word. The myth, the tale, precept, oratory, oracles. No books, only manuscripts. The printing press appeared in Europe in the fifteenth century. From that time there was a slow, very slow, spread of literacy downward. Books, pamphlets and periodicals were added to the resources of propaganda. Then newspapers, as fast as people were able to read them; but as recently as the days of our grandfathers, newspapers relied upon sailing ships for foreign news. Next telegraph and cable lines engirdling the world. Now suddenly wireless, radio, movies and pictorial news under a condition of universal literacy.

The pressure of propaganda upon all these facilities is constant, adroit and wonderfully organized. In times of great emotional stress, as in war, the manipulation of them may be sinister and reckless.

No statement, logically imagined, of what was possible to be done in the way of impressing emotional ideas upon the human mind in this scientific, mechanized age of the world could have faintly anticipated the facts of record on the propaganda side of the war. Even yet we are hardly aware of what was done to us. The principal propagandists naturally were the English, who do it intuitionally with a kind of genius, and the Germans, who do it scientifically. To control American opinion was, on either side, the end in view.

The English record is their own, not ours; we have only to quote it. To a work entitled These Eventful Years, two volumes of war history published by the Encyclopædia Britannica Company, a chapter on propaganda was contributed by Bertrand A. W. Russell, eminent as a British writer and thinker. He says:

"Allied propaganda, through control of the cables, secured wider publicity than that of Germany, and achieved a notable success in winning the sympathy, and ultimately the coöperation of the United States. In neutral countries

News of the Chinese Situation, the Russian Situation, the Mexican Situation, the World Court

both groups of belligerents subsidized newspapers to present their case under the guise of impartiality, but outside Europe the Central Empires had much more difficulty than the Entente in carrying through this publicity. The methods adopted by the different governments were closely analogous, but the British Government, perhaps through its long experience of democracy, was, on the whole, more successful than the Continental belligerents in bringing doubters to its side and increasing the enthusiasm of the converted."

The man directly in charge of British propaganda in the United States through the whole period of American neutrality was Sir Gilbert Parker. After we had got into the war he wrote about his work. The article appeared in Harper's Magazine, March, 1918.

"Practically since the day war broke out between England and the Central Powers," Sir Gilbert wrote, "I became responsible for American publicity. I need hardly say that the scope of my department was very extensive and its activities widely ranged. Among the activities was a weekly report to the British cabinet on the state of American opinion and constant touch with the permanent correspondents of American newspapers in England. I also frequently arranged for important public men in England to act for us by interviews in American newspapers, and among those distinguished people were: Mr. Lloyd George, Viscount Grey, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Bonar Law, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Sir Edward Carson, Lord Robert Cecil, Mr. Walter Runciman, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, Lord Cromer, Lord Curzon, Lord Gladstone, Lord Haldane, Mr. Henry James, Mr. John Redmond, Mr. Selfridge, Mr. Zangwill, Mrs. Humphry Ward, and a hundred others.

"Among other things, we supplied 360 newspapers in the smaller states of the United States with an English newspaper which gave a weekly review and comment on the affairs of the war. We established contact with the man in the street through cinema pictures of the army and navy, as well as through interviews, articles, pamphlets, etc., and by letters in reply to individual American critics, which were printed in the chief newspaper of the state in which they lived and were copied in newspapers of other and neighboring states."

Delicate

"WE ADVISED and stimulated many people to write articles; we utilized the friendly services and assistance of confidential friends; we had reports from important Americans constantly, and established association by personal correspondence with influential and eminent people of every profession in the United States, beginning with university and college presidents, professors and scientific men, and running through all the ranges of the population. We asked our friends and correspondents to arrange for speeches, debates and lectures by American citizens, but we did not encourage Britishers to go to America and preach the doctrine of entrance into the war. Besides an enormous private correspondence with individuals, we had our documents and literature sent to great numbers of public libraries, Y. M. C. A. societies, universities, colleges, historical societies, clubs and newspapers.

"It is hardly necessary to say that the work was one of extreme difficulty and delicacy."

Why that last sentence? Truth is durable. It does not require to be handled with extreme delicacy.

The explanation is that Sir Gilbert's merchandise was not truth only; it was propaganda also. For example, in stating the war aims of the Allies there was no mention of the secret treaties they had made among themselves for dividing up the spoils of victory. Such facts belong to truth, not to propaganda. If we had possessed them beforehand, Sir Gilbert's reports to the British cabinet on the state of American opinion, and his own reports on the same head from his confidential American friends, might have been different.

Nowhere will you find a more rational and unconsciously cynical exposition of the theory of propaganda than in the essay on that subject in Volume XXXII—new—of the Encyclopædia Britannica, 1922, written by the man who acted as liaison officer between the British War Office and the British propaganda machine. He says:

"Truth is valuable only so far as it is effective. The whole truth would generally be superfluous and almost

always misleading: the selections made range from a high percentage to a minus quantity. . . . Although truth may thus be irrelevant to the success of a propaganda, it does not follow that those engaged in it are consciously unethical. Doubtless, in every effort to control opinion, there are persons either indifferent to justification, or who justify the means by the end. But the more the emotions are excited, whether by patriotism or by cupidity, by pride or by pity, the more the critical faculties are inhibited. . . . The suspicions aroused by an admitted propaganda lessen its effectiveness, from which it follows that much of the work has to be furtive."

Under the head, Control of Neutral Opinion, the same writer says propaganda to that end must put "the least possible stress on the interested motives, much stress on the defensive and inevitable sides of the war, the certainty of victory and its benefit to all humanity. Very careful attention is devoted to explaining as necessities all the steps that have interfered with the rights of neutrals or have been positively harmful to them. Much care is given to the exposition of the thesis that victory would also be to the benefit of the neutrals."

Our Part the Romantic One

THE case for the British propagandist to make in America, if he could, was that our interest in an Allied victory was such as to make it our war as much as theirs. That was, of course, a very difficult feat of dialectics. Sir Gilbert gave it up.

With fine inspiration he took the other line. Our part was the splendid, romantic part, precisely because we wanted nothing. He wrote:

"Whatever may be thought of the motives of the other nations fighting, only one thing can be thought of the motives of the United States. The Americans have nothing to gain by success in this war, except something spiritual, mental, manly, national, human."

The Britannica article gives a picture of the British propaganda machine in action: "Foreign propaganda was conducted (a) among foreigners on a visit to Britain or resident there as correspondents, and (b) in the foreign countries themselves. The first task involved hospitality to foreign visitors, the securing of facilities for Allied and neutral correspondents, and the arranging of visits to the British front, the British fleet and other centers of interest for writers and public men from Allied and neutral countries. Three châteaux on the Western Front were used for guests by the Department of Information—one for American visitors, one for the Allied and neutral press and one for visitors in general. A large number of distinguished foreigners were invited to Britain, since it was held, with reason, that the best propaganda in any country was that done by the citizens of the country themselves.

"Propaganda in foreign countries was conducted by the issue of a very large number of publications in different languages, including pictorial journals, pamphlets and books. The War Pictorial was issued monthly in eight editions with a circulation of over 700,000. Six Oriental papers were published fortnightly in different languages, and the department published fortnightly journals in Spanish, Greek and Portuguese. Exhibitions of photographs and war films were arranged throughout the world."

Men to Clear the Way

"OVER a million words of propaganda material a month were cabled by Reuter, and there were also daily cable and wireless messages sent from the department. An average of 400 articles per week was sent out to the foreign press. Bureaux of information were established in the different Allied and neutral countries, which assisted to distribute the material prepared by the department, and also acted as intelligence centers."

In view of the record, the propagandist spends his money for brains, ideas, organizations, skilled fictionists, cable tolls and printing; also for sending eminent persons abroad, such as literary celebrities, doctors of science and philosophers, who reach high-minded opinion through grace and liking, and at the same time open channels for the flood of furtive news propaganda that is to come.

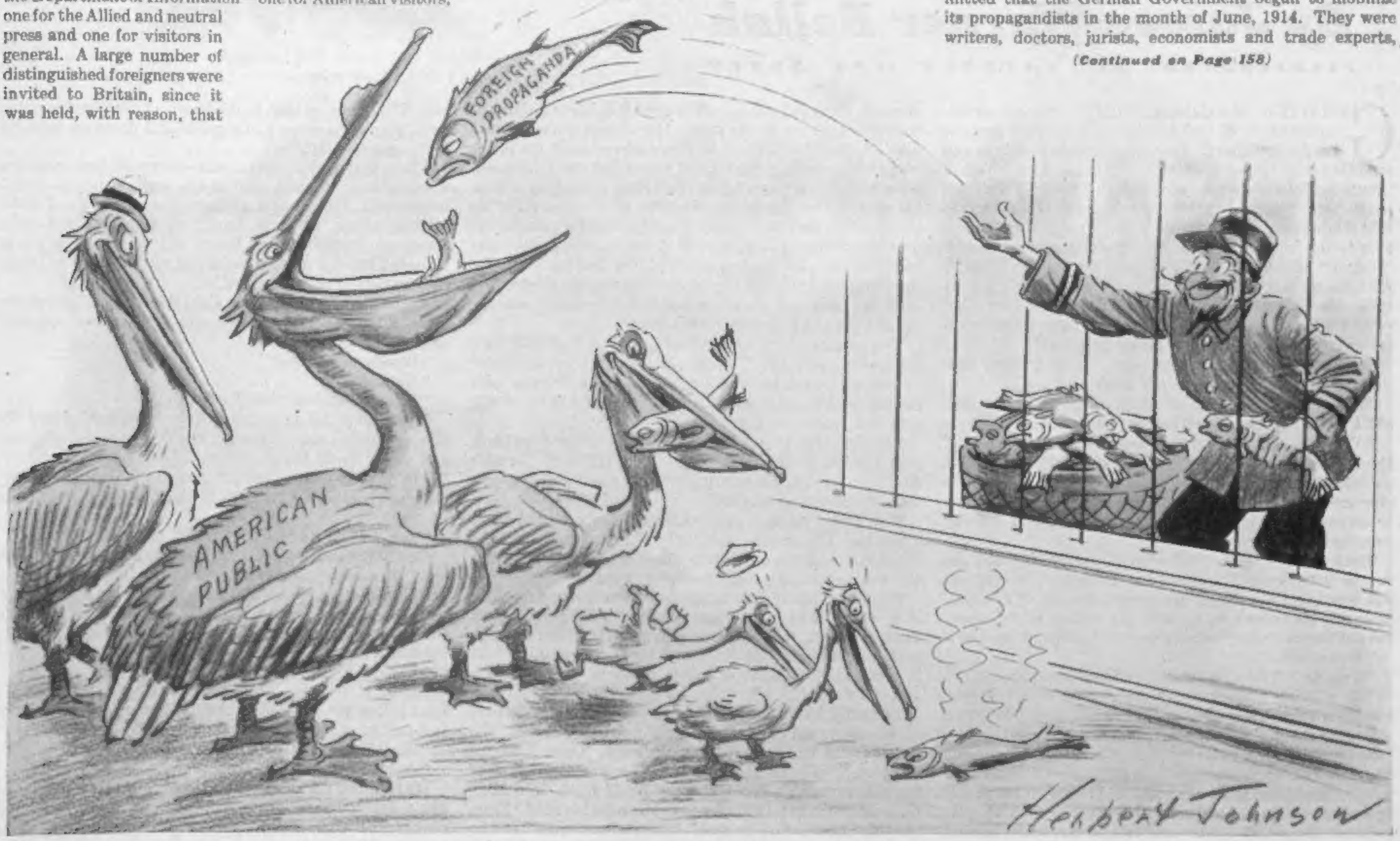
For the debacle of German propaganda in the United States several reasons may be assigned. The British controlled the cables. That was a serious handicap to begin with. There was the barrier of speech, and there was also that notorious inflexibility of the German mentality in its contact with the minds of other people. The Germans were very indelicate in the use of money; very gullible, too, and were outrageously swindled by venders of public opinion. They were very excitable in argument, a weakness which continually betrayed their sense of prudence. On the other hand, they were strangely infatuated with the idea of concealing themselves behind a series of stuffed elephants, called organizations.

It is a Morbid Trait of Our National Character to Entertain and Adopt Foreign Opinion

Before and after we got into the war, the Bureau of Investigation of the Department of Justice, the Military Intelligence Bureau and various other agencies accumulated a great quantity of evidence on German propaganda. In December, 1918, it was laid before a Senate committee of inquiry. As the English record is English, so the German record is German. We do hardly more than to quote from it.

First is the interesting testimony of a German judge, interned here in 1917 as an active enemy agent, who admitted that the German Government began to mobilize its propagandists in the month of June, 1914. They were writers, doctors, jurists, economists and trade experts,

(Continued on Page 158)



We Ourselves Pay an Enormous Annual Bill for Transmitting Foreign Harangue by Wireless and Cable and Printing it in Extenso

THE MacGILLICUDDIE

The Driver Could See Gamaliel MacGillicuddie Standing at the Head of the Grave, an Open Book in His Hand, His Head Thrown Back, Incanting From Memory

By James Warner Bellah

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

GAMALIEL MacGILLICUDDIE climbed slowly out of his S. E. 5 and unfastened the chin strap of his flying helmet. He turned up the ear flaps and scratched the coarse gray hair at his temples. With a thumb and forefinger he pinched the bluish tip of his rough-hewn nose and pulled it slowly from side to side until it tingled again with returning life. Presently he walked over to the line of hangars. The flight sergeant saluted.

"Aye," said the MacGillicuddie, "ye will tell Mister-r Alexander-r that Capt'n MacGillicuddie will hae a motorcycle side car-r at his quar-rter-rs in fifteen minutes. An' ye will tell yon mess ser-rgeant that I'll nae be back till somewhat aboot ten tonight, for m' dinner-r."

"Yes, sir," said the flight sergeant. "And if I may add, sir, they do say it was wonderful work, sir."

The MacGillicuddie's eyes blazed in the gathering dusk and his thin lips came together into a straight hard line.

"Ye will nae say that wor-rd 'wuner-rful' again! Never-r again, sergeant! The gude Book says thou shalt not kill! 'Tis a turrible thing tae kill, mon. I hae kilt this after-rnoon." The MacGillicuddie's chin drooped upon his broad chest. "Aye, kilt! May the gude Lord hae mer-rcy on m' miser-rable sowl."

The sergeant stared at the little oldish man before him and sucked in his breath in sharp amazement. The sergeant was new to the squadron. He saluted sharply. "Yes, sir," he said. He turned on his heel and walked briskly away toward Motor Transport, with wonder and fear in his heart.

"Ser-rgeant!"

"Yes, sir." The sergeant stopped and faced about.

"Ye will hae the gunner-ry officer-r gie us a new feed block for-r m' Vicker-rs—one that will nae jam again when I'm shootin' wi' th' gun. And ye will hae m' rigger-r look ower m' right lower-r plane. I hae bullets in it and 'tis main low for-r gude flyin' in a fight."

The MacGillicuddie pulled a short brier from his pocket and plugged it full of tarheel with one stubby thumb. He took out his patent lighter and twirled the wheel against the calloused palm of his left hand until the smudge glowed. Then he blew upon it, nursed it to life and clamped it to the tobacco in his pipe. His cheeks flattened and filled, flattened and filled, in slow cadence until the bitter blue smoke rose in a thick cloud and coiled round his head. He smothered the smudge of his lighter quickly, put it in his pocket and dusted the crumbs of tobacco from his hands back into the throat of his pig's-bladder pouch. He drew the string tightly and tied it and put the pouch carefully into his other pocket. Presently he trudged off slowly toward his quarters, his head bent, his hands clasped behind his back and his short bowlegs silhouetted sharply against the last gray light in the west.

Ten minutes later he climbed stiffly and silently into the waiting side car. Tightly clasped in his red-mittened hands, he held a book and a folded ordnance map. He stuffed the fringed ends of his tartan tippet into his trench coat and turned up the collar.

"Ye will take th' old Bapaume Road, driver-r, until ye cum tae the picket lines of the Twa Hunderd Twulfth Ar-rtiller-ry. Ye will tur-rn left ther-re and go on to yon casualty clear-ring station."

The driver nodded and squinted closely at the map. "Yes, sir. I knows the way, sir." His hand turned on the handlebar and the motorbike churned slowly away from the hutments to the soggy roadway beyond.

The MacGillicuddie's head was bowed forward until his chin, swathed in the flaming plaids of the tippet, rested upon his chest. The driver stared straight ahead into the gathering darkness and jockeyed his bouncing motorbike in and out of a line of camions crawling with full loads through the rutted slime that led up to the war.

Presently he shot around the last tailboard and headed up the open road to the next crawling shadows ahead. The bike hurtled and bounced and slithered. Once it turned completely athwart the road and showered the dasher of the side car with a broad sheet of liquid mud. The MacGillicuddie made no sound, nor did he raise his head. From the side of his mouth he spat. With one mittened hand he wiped his face absently and again grasped the book in his lap. The driver, soaked to the knees, choked back a round oath, glared sideways at Gamaliel and drove on with his teeth clamped tightly.

There were ambulances ahead—seven of them, crawling up slowly for the first load of the early evening; ambulances with their curtains flapping and their tail gates rattling softly. A faint breath of iodoform, not quite smothered in the exhaust fumes, cut the air. The driver threaded his way around them and settled again to jumping the ruts of the open road.

The motorbike was jolting alongside a marching column now; a column that slogged and plodded and splashed along in the darkness.

"Bloody motorbike!"

"Not arf!"

"Bloomin' shower baff, I calls hit!"

The column fell away into the darkness behind and the side car bolted on. Presently the driver raised his head and threw back his shoulders. "This is the turn, sir. Them horses—I can smell 'em. Horses always smells different, somehow. Yonder's the batt'ry." He pointed to the right.

"Aye," said the MacGillicuddie. "Go left."

Slowly the driver felt his way up the ruts to the branch road. It was narrower and muddier, and the going was slow and wet. For ten minutes they bounded and splashed along.

"Somewheres near here, sir," said the driver. He throttled down to bare headway and squinted into the blackness in front. A low jagged wall cut the lighter line of the sky. There were voices, low and tired.

"Here y' are, sir. There's the C. C. S." There was a faint yellow pin point of light close to the ground. Heavy feet sucked at the glutinous mud.

"Shall I ask, sir?" said the driver.

"Aye."

He trundled his bike to the roadside and waded up to the pin point of light. He brushed against someone in the darkness. "'Ullo, mate. Seen a Hun crash near here along sundown?"

There was no answer. The driver moved forward a step and stumbled against something hard and sharp. There was a low groan that trailed off into a weak childish sigh. The driver rubbed his shin bone where the stretcher handle had struck him. Behind, he could hear the coughing and popping of the ambulance engines as the train came up the road. The yellow pin point of light broadened and a dirty face was framed for a moment in the blanket covering the cellar doorway.

"Say," said the driver, "you ain't seen a Hun come down hereabouts by any chance?"

"Hop it!" said the face. "We ain't collectin' no Huns tonight. We got sixty-five lads to 'vacuate in half an hour on seven ambulances."

The MacGillicuddie

"But I gotta find this here Hun."

"Owes y' money, I suppose."

"No; he's one of Capt'n MacGillicuddie's."

"Say!" said the face. "I mighta known that was the Mac's. He's up the road about a hundred yards on the left. I seen it all just about sundown. A hell of a fight!"

"How do I get up to him?"

"Swim," said the face. "Lessen you got a canoe."

"But how do I know when I'm there?"

"Well," said the face, "if 'twas me, I'd smell a bit, and where the smell gits least, there's your Hun. There's a ray-vine this side. That's why y' can't smell much, 'cause there's water over 'em in the ray-vine; and the Mac's Hun is on top, just over the edge."

"Thanks," said the driver.

Perhaps a half hour later the driver, with a faint eerie chill playing rovers along the back of his upper ribs and the points of his elbows, was digging furiously and silently into the pounded, muddy soil of what had once been a stubble field. Ever and anon he paused to wipe his dripping forehead. But not for long, for when he paused, the darkness closed in tighter around him and the chill crept into the roots of his hair and rippled his scalp until his eyeballs became dry and cold. Close to him in the darkness there was the continued sound of another shovel that bit into the soggy ground with firm wet sighs and scrapings, that tossed clods aside with soft wet slappings. The other shovel ceased for a moment. Far down the darkened valley the white lash of a star shell cut the blackness and splashed on the heavens. For a second the driver saw Gamaliel MacGillicuddie's head thrown back, heard a grunt and a rippling gurgle.

"Driver-r!"

"Y-yes, sir."

"Ye'll be cowld?"

"Yes, sir. I'm fair soaked."

The driver reached for the bottle and grunted as the liquor gurgled in his own throat. His eyes opened wide in amazement. He had never tasted whisky like it, for he had never been farther north than the Crystal Palace, and you can't get a drop of it south of Inverness. He gasped and swallowed again—and again.

"It'll be just wot we need on a job like this, sir!" he said enthusiastically.

"Dinna say that, mon!" said the MacGillicuddie. "Whusky is for-r cowld and dampness—nae for-r ribaldry and nae for-r making the Lord's work th' easier-r! Gie us back th' bottle."

And again the shovels bit into the slush-mush of the wretched soil. The chill was gone from the driver's spine. The fire crept from his stomach to his arms and up to the top of his head. His heart glowed with a sense of the fitness of things. It was quite all right presently when he and the MacGillicuddie pushed and pried and tugged at a twisted Mercedes engine to release what it held; quite all right when his fingers in the darkness brushed a wet cold face and found the eyes open and hard; quite all right when his hands closed around stiff booted ankles and lowered them into the wet open grave.

The MacGillicuddie stood up after the earth was shoveled in. "Driver-r," he said softly.

"Y-yes, sir."

"Ye'll be cowld?"

"Yes, sir. Fair soaked and shiverin', sir." And again his heart glowed and burned within him in righteousness as the liquor trickled into his stomach.

"We'll nae put up th' cross th' now," said the MacGillicuddie. "I hae the poor lad's disk and shoulder str-rap in m' pocket. I'll paint his name at th' airdrome and we'll cum back wi' th' light o' mor-rnin' and put up the cross."

The MacGillicuddie took off his hat and the driver grasped it in his free hand. Meanwhile he held the bottle with the other. Once again a star shell soared and sprayed its silver shower far down the black valley below them. In the faint distant light, the driver could see Gamaliel MacGillicuddie standing at the head of the grave, an open book in his hand, his head thrown back, incanting from memory.

"Th' Lord gaveth an' th' Lord hae taken awa. . . . Frae henceforth blessed ar-re th' dead wha die i' th' Lor-rd . . . for-r they rest frae their-r labor-rs. . . . Amen."

The driver took off his own hat and threw back his own head. For a moment the last of the whisky purled and gurgled in his throat in a warm continued stream. His heart swelled within him.

"Amen!" he said loudly. His mind groped for something more expressive of his true emotions. His lips opened and his throat rasped in healthy, fearless discord: "When them-m we love is snatched away-y-y ——"

"Hush, mon!" hissed the MacGillicuddie. "'Tis a war-r on doon yonder-r! And 'tis unbefittin' tae sing Church o' England hymns ower any mon. Gie us m' hat an' bottle."

The driver relapsed into abashed silence; nor did he speak again until one hour and twenty minutes later, when he pushed open the door into his hut block and stood for a moment blinking in the dim light, while the water trickled from his slicker to the floor and spread in a pool about the soft mud clods that were his feet and legs. "Whoops!" he said then. "I'm queen of the blinkin' May!"

"Fair daft, he is." The corporal leaped up from his cot. "Been out with Capt'n MacGillicuddie a-buryin' of the MacGillicuddie's bloomin' dead 'Uns. 'Ere, my man!" The corporal took the driver's arm gently. "Steady!"

The driver blinked and puffed out his cheeks. The corporal stepped back a pace and coughed as the fumes seared his throat and nostrils.

"Daft, is it? It's daft I am! 'E's blinkin' well peeled to the gudgeons on the MacGillicuddie's whisky! Sharply now, my man! Into bed wid yer or I'll 'ave yer fer Orderly Room in the mornin'!"

The driver looked from the corporal's face to the cot and dived headlong onto it in a beautiful swan dive. Flat on his back he lay while they scraped off the mud in a search for buttons. And while they undressed him he sang softly and reverently: "When them-m we love is snatched away-y-y ——"

Young Martin Blake, in his pajamas, stood in the doorway of Harcourt's cubicle. "See here," he said, "how much of this damned morbid nonsense does a man have to put up with? He's in there now painting the chap's name on a wooden cross. Gives me the fidgets!"

Harcourt took his pipe out of his mouth and pointed the stem at Blake. "Don't let him hear you call it nonsense, young fella, or you'll get the worst talking to and praying over you ever had!"

"Well, it is nonsense!" said Martin Blake. "Silly nonsense! I was with him this afternoon on patrol. He spotted that Hun and thundered down on him so fast the poor fellow never had a chance. Gave him a burst of ten and spun him into the floor before you could say knife. Old hypocrite! Now he spends half the night burying him and making a cross! The man's crazy," snapped Martin Blake. "Ought to be relieved and put away somewhere. He'll cut all our throats some night."

"Th' gude Book," smiled Harcourt, "says thou shalt not kill."

"Cut it, man!" Martin Blake snapped his cigarette end into the corner and crunched it out with the toe of his slipper. "I'm fed up on it."

(Continued on Page 54)

"Ye Will Say Nought o' the Last One, d' Ye Ken?"

THANKS FOR THE BUGGY RIDE

By Wallace Irwin

ILLUSTRATED BY BARTOW V. V. MATTESON

"YOU'D have no trouble at all making a tea room out of this," decided Ben Marsh. He had picked up a little pine board, not much broader than a sheet of letter paper, and critically examined its modest stain of Lincoln green with the quaint red lettering, Old Shingle Inn.

"But you've got to have a bigger sign than that," he decreed in his kind, fat voice. "The object of advertising is to let people know about you." He laughed, and that didn't make it any better for Sallie.

"He looks like an appraiser, an auctioneer," she thought, with a qualm of pity for two people—herself and Ben Marsh. He seemed a little older than his forty-eight, which she knew for truth. Middle-aged success had crowned him unbecomingly; it had taken all the vine leaves from his hair and left a shining stretch of scalp. It's queer that our shingle-haired girls should still gibe at bald-headed men; Schopenhauer might have written an essay on that and proved nothing.

Sallie Pendleton sat, knees crossed, taking him in as he talked prosily. The eyes she had once thought heaven's blue showed yellowish behind spectacles whose luster poorly substituted the radiance of other days. Auctioneer and appraiser—with these words she slandered him as he talked on in his placid, helpful voice. She noticed the discreet little bulge under his waistcoat.

"But I've asked the man to come and nail it up in the morning," Mrs. Pendleton was chirping in the distinguished, infantile intonation which Saintsburg, Virginia, still considered proper in a lady of quality, however damaged. "We didn't think a large sign would look quite nice"—with an appealing glance at her daughter.

"Well, as I understand it," persisted Ben, "a tea room is a place to sell tea in. Old Shingle isn't a particularly good name. You ought to call it The Antique. This house is full of antiques."

That was not the thing to say. Three pairs of eyes twinkled inscrutably, like a message from Mars. A house for antiques. A house in which Sallie Pendleton could become a sweet-faced old gentlewoman like her mother, and wither up.

Mrs. Pendleton went on without deviation, like a worn record on a phonograph, always discordant at the same place. She wanted Sallie to be in the North, where she could pursue her musical education; this house had been left them in Cousin Menifee's will. Cousin Menifee had got it from one of the Northern Pendletons. Of course Long Island was a strange place for a Pendleton to be found. She mentioned Long Island as if it were off the African coast.

Sallie sighed inwardly and let her eyes rove around the long, interesting, rambling space; in other days the owner had cut two rooms into one, and the juncture was marked by white pillars and a heavy oaken beam. The floor was on two levels. The Northern Pendletons, to preserve a Georgian atmosphere, had papered the walls with sporting scenes; the window casings were fascinatingly a-jimber and the sashes held fifteen panes of woggly, violet-tinted glass. Antique—that was it—early American. And how very, very early American, Sallie felt at that disconsolate instant, helplessly overhearing them as they discussed a house which seemed to emblefy her own worn spirit.

"Of course, we're still strange here"—Mrs. Pendleton's obstinately coquettish drawl.

"Naturally." Ben's note was managing, so different. "You've been here less than a week. I'll ask a lot of people to call. You'll be bored to death with several of them. But there's some of the best society in Long Island around here."

"And keeping a tea room!" Sallie wished her mother wouldn't sound so lachrymose.

"Come, come, nobody minds that sort of thing nowadays." He was asserting a privilege, and his warm tone brought to Sallie the echo of an old charm. "Look at the sort of people keeping shop nowadays. Everybody's doing it. The road between Hampton Bays and Southampton's lined with dressmakers and milliners—best families in New York."

"I Can't Believe a Daughter of Mine is Growing Into an Old—an Old—an Old——" "An Old Maid," Sallie Said Softly, Coldly, and Went Upstairs

"Old maids." Sallie said that, and loathed her poor taste as soon as she had got it out.

"Ho-ho!" An amiable, familiar dimple appeared in one of Ben's plump cheeks. The boy Ben was peering through. "Sallie, you always were a saucy piece."

"Of course," argued Mrs. Pendleton in her worried tone, "I brought Sallie North for her musical education ——"

Why did she persist in this transparent little lie? Sallie was asking this furiously. Saintsburg, where people have nothing to live on but one another, had offered a crow's pickings for the Pendletons.

Judge Pendleton's death had left them nothing. A tiny income from Mrs. Pendleton's estate, this house in Long Island—that was why they had come North.

Ben Marsh, embarrassed, had advanced another tea-room argument, when a monstrous mechanical overhead burr caused them all to look up involuntarily. "Airplanes," he smiled. "The Mineola field's right over there. It's really a nice place to live. The Feather Fall Golf Club's less than two blocks down the road. I'll have your names up."

Mrs. Pendleton's expression was submissive. How in the world she was going to pay dues in so expensive a club was far beyond her. So many things were. But Sallie must meet people.

"We shan't need a golf club for a while," broke in the daughter, oblivious of her mother's sensitive look.

"Oh, that can wait," he said lightly. He was trying, she knew, to be tactful, but in his changeless expression she read a knowledge of their poverty. She wondered how he would look with his glasses off. Would there be any shadow of that face, pale as a vanquished knight's, with which he had left her fifteen years ago? She decided to be provokingly candid.

"Church mice don't play golf. They nibble and thank God for the crumbs."

"Sallie!" Mrs. Pendleton was outraged; her daughter might have been sixteen instead of thirty-six.

"We're rich but eccentric then," persisted Sallie. "We'll run a tea house for charity. Tea house! In Saintsburg that's another name for a blind tiger."

"I don't believe you've changed a bit!" Ben slapped his knees. By that he meant to say that the girl of twenty-one was now fifteen years older. She hadn't changed a bit. It was like saying "How well you look" to a confirmed invalid.

"Let me get you a cup of tea, Ben," suggested Mrs. Pendleton, but not professionally. A small table was set with family silver, hospitably, in Southern fashion.

"Thanks, no, Miss Lottie," falling back on the vernacular of Saintsburg; "I've got to be back in town by six."

But Mrs. Pendleton had swept out of the room. Whatever the style in skirts, she always gave the effect of a rustling train. Tea was less on her mind than a thought of Sallie; Ben had been a widower for three years. When they were alone Sallie caught him studying her, intently, amusedly; just enough of his old self to irritate her. How many thousand times since their quarrel had she thought of his coming back? But never like this. She had pictured him as dead, raised from the ocean, the sleek brown kelp wound round the slim body that had perished for love of her; or coming back to her in the night, pale as moonstruck Adonis, a beautiful young ghost to haunt her because she had been

"You've Been Crying." "That's Nothing. Girls Do, You Know. And I'm Still a Girl, I Reckon, In Spite of the Years"

cruel; or again perhaps as some dusty dashing soldier of fortune, a bit of a rake because he had lost faith in women—but never, never like this.

A few nights ago, when she had bumped into him at the Pennsylvania Station, he had been real enough to startle her. In the first shock, idiotically, she had heard an echo of Keats, whom he had quoted so often, sighing, under the romantic moon of Saintsburg. "O, what can ail thee, knight-at-arms, alone and palely loitering?" And what had ailed the knight-at-arms, hurrying across the station rotunda, his body thick, his face red, his head bald? He had recognized her at once, and the little girl at his side had reminded Sallie of his widowerhood. A short encounter that, just a minute between trains, when he had begged in his staid, orderly way to be permitted to call on her and, as he put it, talk.

So here he was talking. "I've thought of you right often," he said plumply. "And I guess we've both changed a lot."

"I suppose so." She regarded him with somewhat listless eyes. She'd have liked it better if he had changed so utterly he wouldn't mock the Ben Marsh whom she had cherished, since every woman must cherish somebody.

"Of course," he persisted, clearing his throat—a thick sound, "fifteen years is bound to make a difference. I was a little surprised that you knew me."

She smiled wanly. "And you recognized me too."

"Oh, I guess less has happened to you than to me." So? "I thought at least I'd find you married."

What an oaf he had become!

"You didn't wait long," she pointed out.

"No." He wasn't smiling now. Like a shadow silhouetted on a curtain, she saw his old wounded look. "I got away as far as I could go after ——"

He didn't need to finish. She was peering down into the picture; her wounded knight whom she had stabbed, surely and keenly, in the back. Funny.. It was hard for her to realize at this instant that she had ever cared so much for anybody. And she had driven the steel home.

"I'm in coffee, you see." Smugly again. "Queer how I got into that line. I ran down to Brazil and started the business from that end. I don't suppose you know much about my wife." She shook her head. "Nothing much to tell. She was English. Daughter of a planter down there. I don't think she ever liked it much in New York." That for her life story.

Sallie looked into his face for a sign of grief. There was none; nothing but the detached, staid kindliness which seemed to mark his middle age.

"I thought, of course," he droned on, "that I'd find you married and with five or six youngsters. That Phillips fellow ——"

"He has the five or six children." She laughed shrilly. "He married a Philadelphia girl." She had the feeling of one confessing, not to Ben Marsh but to his father. It would have been impossible to speak so freely to her young Ben Marsh. Yet what an opportunity she was giving this man to gloat over her! She hadn't had sense enough to follow her instincts and take him when she loved him. Poverty had scared her. Jerrold Phillips had had something about him that glittered like his money. So Ben had rolled down to Rio and his quiet, comforting coffee.

"Oh, well, I was twelve years older than you," he reflected, stroking his double chin.

What did he mean by that? She didn't ask him.

"So here I am, withering to the grave," she giggled. A quick glance toward a mirror showed features which Miss Millicent Starbuck, Saintsburg's official society editor, still referred to as classic. Her face was growing sharp, she thought—or did she imagine it?—as if a Grecian sculptor had tackled her with too keen a chisel. Oh, why had Ben shown up that day? And why did he come at all, only to destroy an old illusion?

"I was forty-eight last week," he continued to soliloquize, "and I guess I look a little worse than that. South America's rather tough on a white man." She wasn't listening intently; maybe he spoke his next words in order to shock her back to attention.

"Sallie, it's time we learned some common sense—about marrying, I mean." And when she gave him a wide-eyed look, as if a stranger had spoken too intimately, he plunged daringly in: "Brain storms—that's what we both had. People in love are never on a level keel. They need a manager. Sallie," his eyes were glowing like black stars; something in them thrilled her faintly, like the echo of old music—"Sallie, we don't need to beat about the bush. Tell me straight—if I'd come back to Saintsburg would you have married me?"

"It's too late now to answer that question." She eyed him coolly; there was nothing in his face to move her.

"All the time I was sailing away from you I wanted to jump overboard and walk home. I went so far as to engage passage on the next boat and get back to Saintsburg before you made a durned fool of yourself."

"Why didn't you?" It came without thought, and was answer enough to his first question.

"I was younger than I am now. I guess that tells the story. I began living on excitement, then I got myself into a business that kept my mind pretty much off everything else. I thought, of course, you'd snapped up Phillips."

"I didn't snap up anybody." Why shouldn't she be frank with Ben, now that he meant no more to her than the village priest? "I was in love with Ben Marsh." He made a move, but she motioned him back rather impatiently. "I mean the Ben who never wore his necktie quite straight and talked about the book he was going to write—talked so beautifully that I lost my taste for dancing. The Ben who ——" But how can one describe a ghost picture?

"Gosh, am I as old as that?" He laughed, and his humor seemed to push him back another polar space. "I can't see why you didn't marry somebody. The whole state was waiting to gobble you up."

She opened her mouth to tell him how the affair with Jerry Phillips had hardened her to the point where she began to look upon her beauty as something to be traded advantageously. Virginia girls—the kind the newspapers call belles—are rated Class A on the marriage market. But Sallie hadn't been clever; and here she was thirty-six. Instead of saying all this, or any of it, she fluttered into one of her piquant smiles. "Ben, you're ante bellum. Don't you know that a woman nowadays has something to do besides getting married? Why, even in Turkey ——"

"I know—ladies turning harems into tea rooms."

"You needn't laugh at my tea-room idea, Ben Marsh."

"Oh, I beg your pardon—sincerely, I do. Somehow I never associated you with tea rooms."

"But you were encouraging enough to my mother." She was beginning to lose her patience.

"Oh, she's different. She's used to complicated work."

"Like raising me, you mean?"

"I didn't say that, Sallie."

"You implied it." Her eyes were snapping now. "And you said that I can't run a tea room because I haven't got any sense of direction. A woman who's played with her life the way I've done can't run a tea room or ——"

She saw that he had paled a shade; she liked him better that way. He was less self-satisfied, more romantic.

"Sallie," he said, "you'd do much better to marry me."

That was a fatal speech. Love that had once fallen upon her like a shower of honeyed petals, that had borne her with the winds, that had blasted her with the lightning, had leveled down to this. A fattish, baldish, reddish gentleman in a brown suit with an invisible stripe, sat squarely before her, preaching the gospel of convenient matrimony. So that was the love she had killed in order to summon its pale image at night, worshiping secretly.

"Thank you so much, Ben," she replied, as if rejecting an invitation to luncheon. Then, because he seemed awaiting a better explanation—"I don't think it's much use to talk about that any more."

Mrs. Pendleton came back with hot water and a plate of cake; she found it necessary to mumble some hollow lie about the maid. They hadn't any maid, and as far as Sallie could see, never would have again. Tea was served. Ben swallowed his dose bitterly, as Socrates his hemlock, then chattered something empty about his engagement in town. Mrs. Pendleton got his hat. Sallie stood her ground while her mother showed him out to a waiting taxicab.

"Well!" The usually mild little lady seemed to puff up when she came back and faced her daughter. "Sallie," she went on in a voice which lacked the power to be more than querulous, "what did you do to Ben to send him away like that?"

"Away like what?"

"So dignified. Are you going to throw him away again? Where are your manners? Anybody would think you'd

(Continued on Page 85)

ALTITUDE

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK L. SPRADLING

This Trail Was, I Knew, Called an Easy One. It Did Not Seem So to Our Unaccustomed Eyes

WE HAD been riding for hours, and I was weary of it. The lodge lay miles behind us, far down Goose Creek, whose youthful waters sang with little silvery notes on our left hand. The afternoon rise was on, and trout flicked now and then from the tumbling water in little spatters of bright drops. The eye occasionally caught and registered an arching body as it hung for a moment in the air before dropping out of sight again. Ahead of me the rump of Mander's horse rose and fell, one hip high and then the other; and ahead again, I could see Colonel Field's broad shoulders and his old straw hat like the plume of Navarre. Bartlett was behind me, and the Mexican last of all.

The feet of the horses followed a little footpath; and on either side the fringed gentians were in blossom, bright purple splashed against the green of the grass. I clung to the sight of them. Among so many thousand blossoms of so many thousand hues, these were the only ones which, because of their very rarity, I could identify. They had nodded at our passing, all this long day; and so long as the horse I bestrode moved at a walk, I was able to watch them with deep pleasure in their beauty, and even to nod back to them as I went by. But when the way was easier Colonel Field was apt to lift the pace a little, and then it became necessary to concentrate upon the problem of maintaining my occasional contact with the horse. I have the highest regard for a Mexican saddle; the horn is within reach of either hand, or of both if need arise. But any animal which trots inspires in me only the most profound distrust, and this horse fell into that category.

We had come far, and I was weary of it. At noon we stopped to take a few fish and eat our sandwiches, and then came on. From a rock slide to our right, against the steep wall of the little mountains which fringed the meadow, ground hogs whistled at us. We saw the young ones, gray as the rocks, scuttling to their cover; and we saw the older gentry, of light or deeper brown, and sometimes of blending shades, a little more bold in the regard they gave our passing. And once, against the background of a growth of quaking asps two or three hundred yards above us, we saw two mule deer stand to watch, and then depart in haste away. Two mules, pastured in this high valley, followed us for miles for the sake of passing the time of day with our horses. Goose Creek came always rushing down to meet us; the narrow valley, sometimes so steep as to be rated a canyon, wound ever higher; the steep rock slopes on either side of us, battlemented at the top by the crumbling bluffs with long grout piles below, hemmed us in. We saw the wreckage of an old forest fire, where thousands of carcasses of tall lodgepole pines had fallen and were strewn like jackstraws. And always, this side and that, there were the many blossoms; and the gentians, recognized because they were in other altitudes so rare.

Once we had, from a high point in the trail, a glimpse of the harsh peaks of the Sawtooth Range; and Colonel Field pointed and said, over his shoulder to us behind, "I've ridden along up there!"

I murmured, "God forbid!" For we were this day in the colonel's hands. The plan was to ride up Goose Creek and sleep a night near timber line, and come back by another way. I hoped that other way would not be too arduous. This trail was, I knew, called an easy one. It did not seem so to our unaccustomed eyes.

"There was one place back there," Bartlett had said at nooning, "where if you spit on one side of the horse it would hit the ground on the other."

I knew the spot he meant; I had looked straight down — not far, but far enough—beneath my left foot. Had even had a mental vision of a cascade of horse and human down that steep declivity. This horse of mine had degradation in him: he would trot. But he had also a wholesome respect for his own skin, and I noticed that he never stumbled. Yet even so, I had no desire to ride him along the summits of the Sawtooth Range.

We threaded a growth of pine, the trail winding, and emerged into a meadow perhaps a mile long, littered with flowers. Good grass grew richly to the water's edge, and there a dry knoll rose. The colonel swung aside and dismounted, and began to remove the saddle of his horse, while we others watched, not fully understanding. The sun was still an hour above the steep summits ahead of us.

"We'll stop here," he said, and spoke to the Mexican. Mander and Bartlett and I descended and walked stiff-leggedly, shaking our knees, pretending we were as we had always been. I remembered that a horseman should show affection for his horse, so I returned to speak to mine. He bit at me, with an unpleasant show of teeth, and my ardor cooled. Mander and I fitted our rods and strolled down to the creek and began to take trout from the teeming waters. We had at noon kept none of those we caught, but the colonel called to us now:

"We can use eight or ten."

Bartlett filled his pipe and sat down to watch us. He seemed to think better of this, and sprawled along the ground upon his stomach with a little sigh. The Mexican was fetching wood; we heard his ax, a little way off. Colonel Field disposed the horses for the night. By the time we had taken and cleaned the needed trout a fire was going, and beyond it the bedding rolls were heaped upon the ground. I saw the sky assuming a brighter color, as though some artist's brush laid a skim of gold across the blue; a glory burned there.

When the smell of wood smoke was modified by the fragrance of hot pork and frying trout, the sun nicked its edge on one of the ragged summits, and a moment later it had disappeared. The sky burst into a tumult of color, as though the sun flung bright streamers in farewell. Skeins of wind-spun cloud became orange or red or gold; behind, the blue hung tenderly, as though smiling at the exuberance of the clouds. I watched for a moment, forgetting to speak; and then I saw that the others were intent upon the trout, and I said to them:

"Look up!"

But when my own eyes turned that way again the colors were fading, the swift glory was already gone.

"Be dark in half an hour," said the colonel.

Before we had picked the last trout clean his word was true. We smoked in the darkness about the fire, while the Mexican spread our beds behind us where the sod was smooth, and Mander sighed.

"Tired?" the colonel asked.

"Sore tomorrow, maybe," Mander confessed.

"I'm sore today," said Bartlett honestly.

The colonel made no comment. This soreness seemed to be expected. I added a word. "That horse of mine has a rough trot," I said, and tried to sound like a man who is a connoisseur in such matters. "One time there he gave me a nosebleed."

Mander chuckled in the darkness, and the colonel said gravely, "That's the altitude."

"I found I had to take a deep breath now and then," Bartlett reported.

"It hits different people in different ways," the colonel commented. "Stimulates most people, I think. You'll notice the reaction when you go back to sea level."

He said, in answer to a question, that where we sat tonight beside the fire we were some ten thousand feet above the sea. Black against the sky the summits loomed above us, seemed to overhang.

"How high are they?" I asked, and he said eleven thousand, or twelve perhaps. The Mexican murmured something behind us; and the colonel explained that our beds were ready, but no one moved. Our voices were lowered to conform to the stillness of the night. There was a wind, high overhead, but the air here was still, the smoke rising in a little column which twisted and turned and devised new curves and graces constantly. The flicker of the fire was reflected on one side from the uneasy foliage of the quaking asps. In its light we could distinguish the calico flank of the nearest of the horses. Beyond, the creek murmured on the riffles.

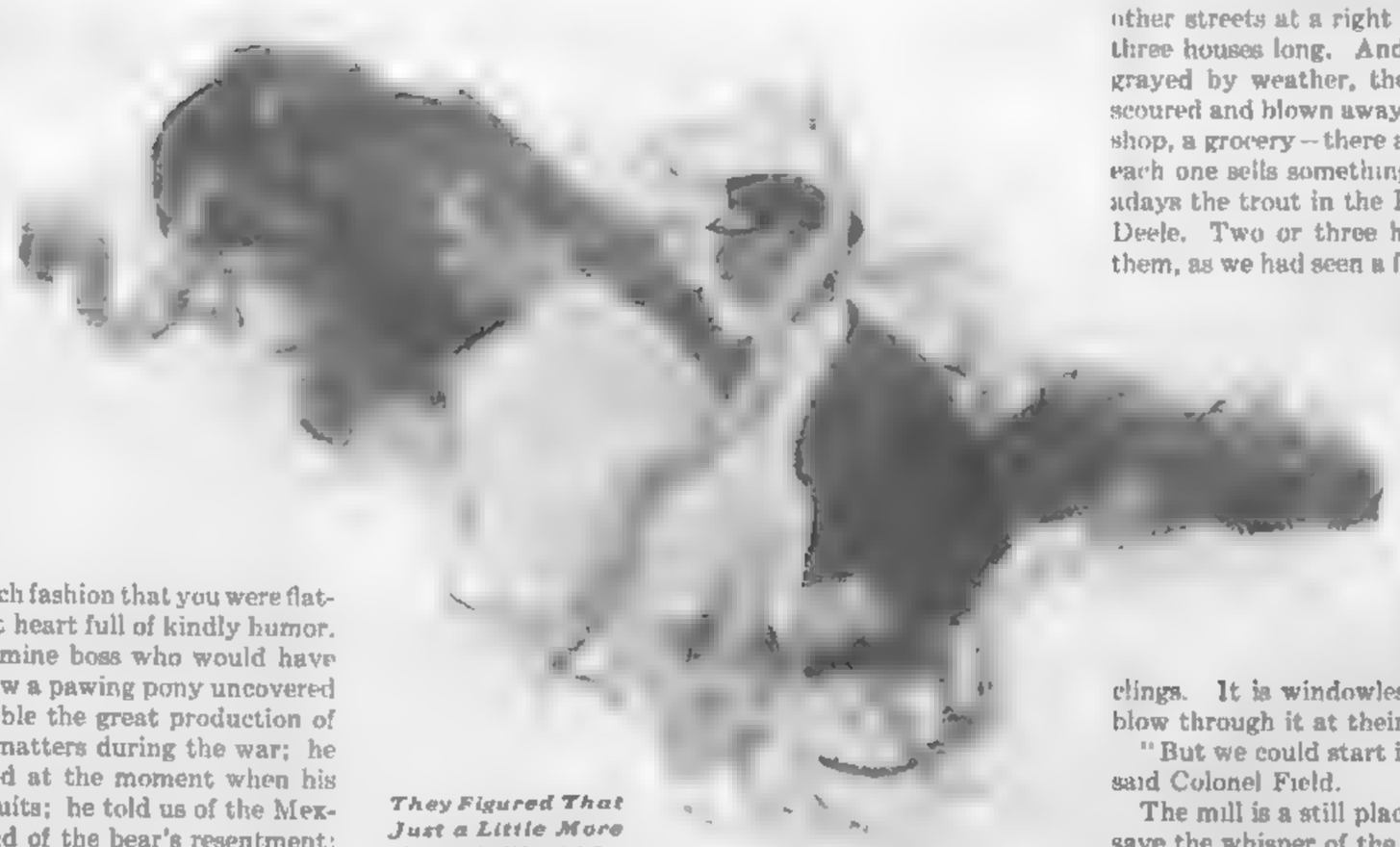
The colonel spoke again of the altitude and its effect upon the mind and heart of men. "They're not responsible," he explained. "That's why so many things have happened up here."

And he told us some of those things. The colonel was a pioneer, a finder and developer of mineral fields, and in these later years, of oil. A man in his sixties, perhaps in his seventies; yet broad and thick and tall and strong, stalwart and enduring. A ponderous tirelessness in all his movements. A gentle voice that rose only now and then to heights of emphasis. A bush of iron-gray hair; ruddy cheeks; blue, dancing eyes beneath heavy brows, and a trick of narrowing these eyes in quick, surprised attention at remarks most commonplace. A way of saying: "He did?" "Is that so?" in such fashion that you were flattered by his interest. A great heart full of kindly humor.

He told us of the cheating mine boss who would have sacked the mine; he told us how a pawing pony uncovered an iron range that made possible the great production of ships and guns and such like matters during the war; he told us of the traitor who died at the moment when his treachery was about to bear fruits; he told us of the Mexican who trod upon a bear, and of the bear's resentment; he told us the tale of the Irishman and the dog who fell upon hard times; he told us of the long-haired, mad old man going north and south, with no place save the sod to lay his head, and no home but the battered suitcase he somewhat absurdly toted through the mountains; and he spoke by and by of the mining town of Deele, and so came back at last to the altitude.

"It was that," he suggested, "that made Doc Hughes behave the way he did." And he told us about Doc Hughes.

Any one of these tales of his might be retold; between them they would fill a volume. But the story of Doc Hughes must do—Doc and the altitude.



They Figured That Just a Little More Altitude Would Do the Trick

Doc Hughes was undoubtedly a D.D.S., if not by degree conferred, at least by public patronage. He pulled teeth, or filed and fitted them, in the town of Deele.

Deele is not so far from where that night we sat and listened. Once there were twenty thousand people there; and they dwelt in what houses were available, or in tents, or in log huts with canvas across the top by way of roof, or they slept in their bed rolls there upon the ground. The town lies in a narrow valley, with a level table-land at one side; and the houses crowd together in the valley, or stand with some dignity of space about them on the table just above. One street runs through the huddle of them, with other streets at a right angle here and there, each two or three houses long. And the houses are for the most part grayed by weather, their paint cracked and peeled and scoured and blown away. There is a drug store, a furniture shop, a grocery—there are a number of stores, in fact, and each one sells something "and fishing tackle." For nowadays the trout in the Rio Grande are the chief output of Deele. Two or three hundred people live there. Six of them, as we had seen a few days before, play cards there in the pool room at eleven o'clock in the forenoon. The town marshal now has some difficulties with Mexicans who distill forbidden waters in the country roundabout, and having partaken, come into town.

Above the crowded huddle of houses the valley narrows and becomes a gorge with rock walls, raw and ragged, towering high; and against one of these walls, half a mile above the town, the old mill clings. It is windowless and skeletonlike, and the winds blow through it at their will.

"But we could start it up again in three months' time," said Colonel Field.

The mill is a still place now. There is no sound about it save the whisper of the water hurrying as though in haste to leave the spot behind. But there was once a din here of great machinery, and the rumble of it flowed down the valley, drenching all the town and the men there in its deep sound. Twenty thousand men in houses and tents and half tents. By day they labored, or they scoured the hills, or they went to Doc Hughes that their teeth might be repaired. But by night they disported themselves in fashions sometimes tumultuous.

"It was mainly the altitude," the colonel apologetically explained.

There were, he continued, some men a little more tumultuous than others. And a man needed to be quite a

(Continued on Page 138)

In the End They Agreed to Let Doc Carry the Word. He Did So the Next Morning. He Went About the Business in the Most Matter-of-Fact Way, Making No Fuss About It, Attracting No Attention

BABOONS — By DELIA J. AKELEY

Unloading the Boats at a Camping Place

My Jungle Home in Baboon Land

AFTER monkeys have lived with human beings for a time they are looked upon as outcasts by their wild relatives. And should one of them escape and return to the forest, as they sometimes do, and try to rejoin its tribe, it is attacked by the others and driven away or put to death.

On several occasions I have seen wild monkeys chasing pets, and once I witnessed an execution. It was a terrible thing, for monkeys are savage fighters and utterly relentless when excited and angry. I have known them to wait patiently day after day near a village for an opportunity to kill a captive relative. Hatred, jealousy and suspicion are as highly developed in the monkey family as in the human race.

When I was at Meru, in the Kenya Colony, I visited a sawmill in the Meru forest just north of Mt. Kenya. My visit was for the purpose of photographing a Colobus monkey, a pet belonging to the engineer in charge of the mill. It is almost impossible to photograph these monkeys in their wild state, owing to the denseness of the forests and their habit of living high up in the gigantic forest trees, where the branches are covered with arboreal growths which offer splendid cover protection for them. When they lie flat on the limbs amidst the beautiful orchids, ferns and graybeard moss, their black-and-white fur blends so well with their surroundings that only the practiced eye of a native hunter can detect them. The sportsman usually fires off his gun into the trees to rout them out, and then when the terrified and confused animals are trying to escape, he shoots them down.

Community Singing Among Monkeys

THE Colobus monkeys are quite large and heavy. An old male will weigh from thirty-five to forty pounds, and when they are in flight, jumping from tree to tree, branches crashing against branches under their weight, it sounds like a herd of elephants charging through the forest. On more than one occasion while stalking elephants in the Kenya forests a troop of Colobus monkeys in sudden flight has brought our rifles to our shoulders and our fingers to the triggers.

Of all the African monkeys the guerezas—Colobus are the handsomest. Their beauty is, however, their misfortune, because they are most cruelly and wickedly hunted on account of their long, silky black-and-white fur, which is used by white people for commercial purposes and by the natives to decorate their bodies. They are very shy, retiring creatures, and when in repose their bearded faces, deep-set eyes and heavy muzzles give them a serious, melancholy look. I found these monkeys only mildly curious compared to the inquisitiveness of their smaller relatives, especially the vervets.

Monkeys are endowed with very fine senses of smelling and hearing, and their eyesight is extraordinarily keen; those I have kept with me in camp used to recognize me at an incredible distance when I was returning from my hunting excursions. If it were not for their insatiable curiosity the monkeys could easily escape the murderous guns of the hunters.

The Colobus monkeys do not live long when taken away from their mountain homes. They pine for the freedom of the tree tops, and many of those who are taken captive refuse food and actually starve themselves to death. Once when I was in the Kenya forests for several weeks our porters captured a female Colobus. I put her in a large cage made of young saplings, just outside my tent, where she remained for several days. She refused to eat any kind of food, and when I approached her cage she hung her head in a shamed, dejected manner and would not look at me. Finally I felt so sorry for her that I let her go. Then to my great surprise I discovered that the poor thing had given birth to a baby. Whether it was born dead or she killed it at birth, I do not know, but the remarkable thing about it was that she had actually buried the body of the baby beneath a mound of leaves and grass which she had gathered together on the floor of her cage.

Loading the Dugouts for My River Journey

There is an extraordinary fascination in watching wild monkeys in their native haunts, because of the many surprises which their lives and habits have in store for the patient observer. One of the most delightful surprises I received during my many months of observing monkeys in the forests was to learn that the Colobus monkeys indulge in what might be called community singing. Very early in the morning and at intervals during the day they have song-fests in which the whole troop joins. They seem to be an inspiration for one another, for the moment one troop begins to sing, other troops in different parts of the forest follow suit, until the green rafters ring with the remarkable sounds they make. It always reminded me of the community singing which was so popular in canteens during the World War, only in the forest there were no jarring notes. By patient watching with my field glasses I discovered that the monkeys had leaders who began by giving a few rather low hoarse notes. Instantly the others were all attention and they sat on the branches with pursed lips waiting for their cue, which came when the leader raised his voice. Then with one accord they joined in, their voices rising with a sort of humming, drooling sound which was wild, weird and indescribably fascinating. Some of them sang just a little slower than the others and in a slightly different key, which gave variety. When they reached their highest notes they went down the scale again with a drooling sound, and just when you thought they were going to stop, they raised their voices and began all over again.

The Song of the Colobus

THE monkeys perform only in the daytime, and they have long intermissions between numbers. Their song is, however, so very unusual, with its wild weird notes echoing through the vast forest, that it leaves a pleasing and unforgettable impression upon the listener.

Perhaps I am too sentimental over the song of the Colobus, as, no doubt, it means more to me than it usually does to other travelers, for once, when I made a very trying night journey through the Kenya forests to rescue my companion who had been mauled by an elephant, it was the Colobus chorus that brought to me and my terrified black companions the welcome news of the approaching dawn.

On Mt. Kenya these beautiful minstrels have a tremendous forest over which they may roam and search for food. They can go from tropic heat to arctic cold, and during the rainy season, when the great climatic changes take place, they are buried in the clouds for weeks at a time. In their attitude toward captivity they resemble their big relative, the gorilla, who, as far as I have been able to learn, does not live to reach maturity when taken from his forest home. It is possible that they are so sensitive they die from loneliness, or it may be inactivity and improper diet.

When at home in the forest their food consists chiefly of leaves, juniper berries, tree gums, insects and acid fruits. They also make excursions to the ground, where they dig in the dirt with their long fingers for something which they are inordinately fond of. It has been said by some writers that these animals exist entirely on leaves, and never descend to the ground. To verify this statement I spent many weeks in the forest on my last expedition, and learned that they vary their diet—as does the whole monkey family—and also make frequent excursions to the ground.

These monkeys possess an amazing sense of balance, and when playing or frightened they will make a fifty-foot leap from one tree to another with the grace and ease of a bird. They land with feet and hands outspread, and grasping the branches to help them keep their equilibrium, they go from tree to tree with remarkable rapidity. It is one of the most pleasing sights of the forest to see a troop of these monkeys chasing one another. They have a deep throaty roar which they utter when playing and just as they are crouching to launch themselves into space, but when frightened they are silent. Although they live in the clouds for long periods, they are sun worshipers, and I have often seen whole troops, in the early morning, sitting on the topmost branches of a tree with their arms raised toward the rising sun and the long silky white fringe of their glorious fur mantle spread about them like a cloud.

A Naboni Woman and Child. A Neat Arrangement for Bobbed Hair

Pater Familias in the Jungle

THE monkey I went into the Meru forests to photograph was a beautiful healthy creature, apparently very happy, and free to roam about the place unhampered by chain or collar. This handsome animal might easily be called the jungle queen of the movies because she has been photographed so many times. And she has also appeared in the films, both in England and in America, under the nom de plume of a wild monkey. She was a strong, vigorous animal with a very handsome coat. She slept in the house with the engineer and always shared his breakfasts, coming to the table and sitting in a chair in a quiet, well-behaved way. During the daytime she played about the grounds between the sawmill and the house, wrestling with the black boys or romping with the pack of mongrel dogs who played as roughly with her as if she were one of their own kind.

She went into the trees after leaves and berries, but rarely did she leave the vicinity of the mill, because on the few occasions when she did she was pursued by her wild relatives, who followed her at the risk of their own lives, right back to the mill. They lurked in the near-by trees for days after, waiting for an opportunity to attack her. The engineer told me that once she had a very narrow escape when she strayed too far, and was rescued only just in time to save her life. As she fled through the trees before her pursuers, her frightened screams and their hoarse diabolical shrieks resounded through the forest and brought the men and dogs to her rescue. This monkey was apparently perfectly happy in her semi-captivity, but her life was so nearly normal in regard to her freedom and her diet that she could hardly be otherwise.

On my recent journey up the Tana River I was more than repaid for the hardships which the long journey in uncomfortable dugout canoes entailed by the opportunity it afforded for observing monkeys. Many people, I believe, imagine that the wild monkeys are unclean and have habits like their caged relatives. No greater mistake could be made, because wild monkeys are the cleanest animals in existence. Unlike cats or dogs, they will not eat or even touch anything decayed or evil smelling. Their food is always fresh, their bodies healthy and their breath as sweet and clean as a healthy human baby's. I remember how surprised and delighted I was the first time I took a wild monkey in my hands and found that its body was as clean as if it had just been bathed and its fur as sweet-smelling, soft and silky as a fastidious woman's hair. Perhaps no other wild animal holds the universal interest that monkeys do, but in many people this interest is often destroyed by a dislike and an aversion which caged animals seem to inspire

It will surprise those who are not acquainted with the habits of wild monkeys to learn that in the jungle monkeys live in large families and that each member of the family has certain duties to perform.

They are well organized. There is a head of the family who, by right of might, is so much the master that his bark is law and must be obeyed by all. To watch one of these autocrats dictating to his family is as amusing as any comedy that can be imagined. Children are disciplined in the good old-fashioned way by spanking and cuffing their ears. They quarrel among themselves, and like children of the human family, some have violent tempers while others have amiable gentle dispositions. They have their heroes and heroines and also their bullies and cowards. As mothers the monkeys have no equal, their devotion being constant until their baby is able to look after itself.

There's Many a Slip——

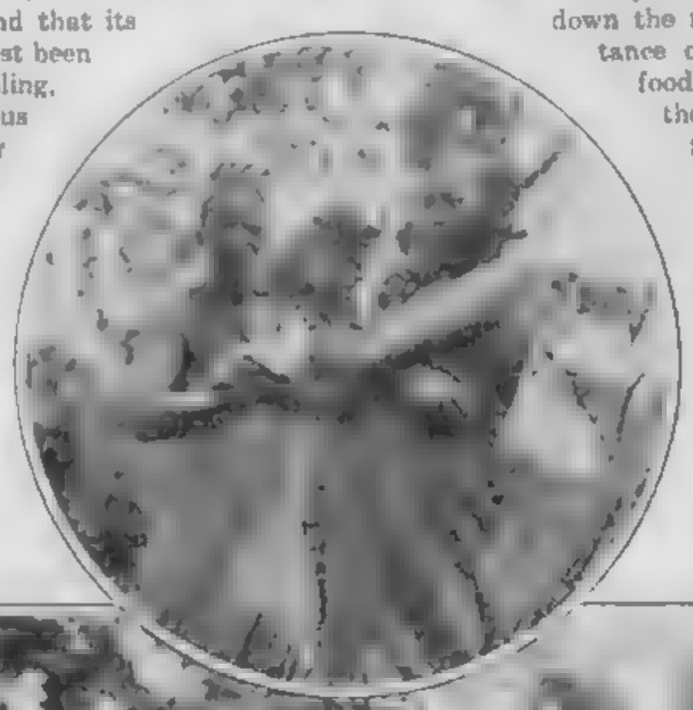
IT WAS a matter of ever-recurring surprise and amusement to me that the monkeys have traits and habits common to human beings, one of the most conspicuous being the greediness and selfishness of the males. They take the choice bits of food if they happen to be near when a choice bit is found. I annoyed my porters exceedingly by calling their attention to this fact on several occasions when they took food from women. It is the native custom for the women of the household to serve the men and boys the choice of whatever the family dinner may consist of, and when they have finished their repast the women may have whatever is left.

It annoyed my boys to be compared to monkeys, but whenever I saw them haggling with the women over food or robbing their black cooking pots, I had only to mention the one word *kima*—monkey—to send them off about their business.

This selfish habit on the part of monkeys may be the explanation why monkeys eat so rapidly and are constantly turning their heads as if expecting someone to snatch their food. Once I saw an old male grasp a youngster by the scruff of the neck and take something which he wanted for himself out of his mouth, and when the youngster cried and shrieked over his loss he was chased up a tree, where he sat gazing sadly down at the others, who continued their breakfast utterly unconcerned with his grief.

The monkeys on the lower Tana range up and down the river and also travel some distance out on the desert in search of food. They are rarely molested by the natives, who do not eat their flesh or use their fur for clothing as do the natives in other parts of the country. To keep them out of their gardens, however, the natives must keep a constant guard over their ripening crops. But the monkeys and baboons sleep in the trees near the villages, and each morning they descend upon the gardens and have their breakfast before

(Continued on Page 75)



The Pet Monkeys at San Kuri *The Colobus Monkey at the Meru Sawmill*

In Circle—Nafocome Women Expressing Their Resentment at Being Photographed

THE WHEEL OF TIME

"I'm Getting Out of This Delirium of Houses. I Can't Breathe Here, Can't Realize Myself in This Welter of Browbeating Streets"

By Douglas Newton

ILLUSTRATED BY H. R. BALLINGER

HOSEA REWELL put two-thirds of the blame for his wretched condition in life onto a certain gentleman named Isambard Brunel. This meddler had thought out a way of attaching the soles of boots to uppers by means of metal pins, if you please; so that by machinery even unskilled men could make more boots in an hour than an honest worker could sew in a month.

The remainder of the blame went to another enemy of good handwork—a chap named Garge Stephenson. This chap had defied the laws of nature and made a steam carriage that whirled folks from one place to another at the unrighteous speed of quite eighteen miles the hour. As a result, horses were just about finished, and when horses were finished a nation was as good as done.

Hosea Rewell spoke with feeling, because he reckoned he knew what he was talking about. He was the saddler and cobbler of Pennyhill village.

The gaffers of Pennyhill agreed that maybe there was a larmentable lot in what Mass Hosea did say, but they thought his habit of lashing small beer with smuggled Hollands had something to do with it. On that day when delirium tremens refused to yield to the enlightened treatment of the time—sixty-five drops of laudanum every two hours and the head shaved and blistered—and Hosea departed this life amid a whirl of unimaginable spiders, the gaffers felt their suspicions had been justified.

Nic Rewell, Hosea's son, blamed Pennyhill.

He asked, with his dark, fierce scorn, if any man could be blamed for drinking hisself to death in such a place. Nic Rewell hated Pennyhill. In his opinion it was a mistake on the part of Providence. He thought it mean and cheap and dull, only fit for cows and cabbages. Nothing had ever happened in Pennyhill, and nothing ever would. A man didn't have a chance of doing anything in such a cramped, choked, hideous hole.

Nic Rewell was a thin, wiry, ambitious chap who had worked and lived in his father's ironstone cottage at his father's calling until he could no longer stand the dirty, crowded meanness of it, and had married Emma Chewth and gone to live with her mother in the Three Chimney cottage.

The gaffers used to get him on to talk, with sly and heavy amusement because he was that fiery. He was contemptuous of their dull, unaspiring lives.

He used to stand up among them in his ragged, would-be London clothes, not hand-stitched smocks and sound woolens, but flowered vests and a coat with tails he'd got from the squire's man, and he used to rant on. Mad to get away from the dullness of the country, he was—mad to get to London. He was a wild one, surelye, one of the gallivanting sort.

He was like that because he was a scholard. He'd muddled his head with book learning. Several men had actually watched him write out his letters with no more effort than he used to draw his waxed thread through his leather. And he could read beautiful. He would read them bits out of the Weekly Political Register newsprint in a way that was exciting, but liable to make them uneasy.

The squire had said publicly that if he had his way that wicked news sheet 'ud be burned by the public hangman, and the Mr. Cobbett who wrote it clapped into the Tower of London.

The more Nic Rewell read, the less he thought of Pennyhill. You couldn't say a good word for the village to him. He wouldn't even let the squire do it.

"What have you against it, Nic Rewell?" the squire said. "Even your Mr. Cobbett, when he rode through it, said it was one of the most comely and happy villages in England. And he spoke truth for once. It's an uncommon pretty place, if you'd look at it with sensible eyes."

"Purty!" sneered Nic Rewell. "I don't see it 'tall, Mus' Minnickwood. Where's there anything purty in it? Just mucky fields an' cows an' trees. A place carn't be purty onless there's life an' go in it. An' those silly big hills, they're just about crowding in on top o' me, squeezin' me brain an' breath away. You carn't do nuthing in a place like this; you carn't make the best o' yersel' like. Cramped, that's what it is."

Emma, his wife, had the same feelings. A pretty, masterful wench she was, and she couldn't see anything good or likable in Pennyhill either. She wanted to go where folks were more gay, where there was something a-doing and where people had something to say for theirsel's. She jeered at the mean little houses, and the people like girt, silly sheep. She used to say it was only fit for poor souls who hadn't any hearts or gumption. London was the place where one could make summat of oneself, enjoy life and become somebody proper.

Pennyhill didn't understand such talk, but it understood it better in Emma than in Nic. Emma's ma wasn't too respectable. She was, if the truth be known, hand in glove with the Wildershires who ran the smuggled rum and French wine from the coast. She was the cow doctress, too, and as such mixed with Egyptian horse coupers. Not a reputable dame, Mrs. Chewth, and an uppish piece like Emma would like to be shut of her.

Yet Mrs. Chewth was a warm one. She had dun-na-many spade guineas tucked away in her stocking, and Three Chimney cottage was a mellow house—plenty to eat and drink, and blankets to every bed. She had some grand furniture too; bought in from big houses that had been sold up. But Emma turned up her nose at all these riches, and so did Nic when he went to live at Three Chimney Emma called it a tedious, dark, low place, and said the grand furniture was ugly and with nothing dentical about it

When Mrs. Chewth died six months after Hosea, nobody was surprised to hear that Nic and Emma were going to give the go-by to Pennyhill. Nic sold the saddlery to his uncle, Eb Rewell, and what Emma could not sell of her stuff she gave away to her relatives. She said it would be outlandish in a smart, modish place like Newington Butts, London, where they were going.

They left in the spring, taking the stage wagon to Stripe and then tempting Providence by riding in the open truck of a third-class steam-railway carriage all the way to London. Pennyhill had several letters from them. Nic told how he had obtained an important position in a harness factory, where every single thing was done by these marvelous go-ahead steam engines.

They had a fine house near the celebrated Elephant and Castle posting house, which, as everyone knew, was as near the center of the great universe as one could wish to be. It was also plain that they lived amid the flower of fashion, for they went quite often to the Royal Circus and sometimes to Astley's. They had also traveled in the Margate hoy, and produced a son called Wellesley, after the Duke of Wellington.

Letters soon stopped coming, however, for living in the whirl of gayety and progress as they did, Nic and Emma had no thoughts to spare for Pennyhill.

Wellesley Rewell had always made it plain that he considered Holloway narrowing. It was, however, only when Mr. Disraeli made Her Most Gracious Majesty Empress of India that his thoughts seemed to grow actively imperial and he decided to move from the 'orrible place. Alexandrina, his wife, readily agreed. She had never thought Holloway genteel.

Of course, as she pointed out to Wellesley, it had served its purpose. It was infinitely superior to Newington Butts, for one thing. For another, she hadn't the shadow of a doubt that never in their lives could they have persuaded old Mr. Nicodemus to move to a more gentlemanlike suburb, even if it would have been wise. Alexandrina coughed in a refined way and looked down her nose at the chaste doily she was manufacturing from red and green Berlin wool as she spoke the last sentence.

Wellesley immediately said with dignity that his dear Alexandrina must remember that his late lamented father had been no ordinary man. He had been a man of exceptional talent; one of our merchant princes, in fact. Such a man was not to be bound by ordinary rules. He went on to point out—as he did far too often for Alexandrina's taste—the uncommon brilliance of old Nic Rewell. Few men, he avowed, could have thought of the epoch-making plan of adding a little common treacle to boot blacking and so brought the wonders of a glossy polish into the world.

Old Nic Rewell had done no less than that, and he had also done more. He had had the amazing idea of serving up solid cakes of blacking in brightly printed, grease-proof paper instead of in bottles. By thus cheapening the cost, he had placed a sound and excellent article within the means of the very poorest. He had gone from flight to flight. He had called his commodity "Black Star" blacking, and by so doing arrested the attention of the very thousands he wished to serve. By these transactions of genius he had revolutionized the blacking industry. It wasn't even too much to say that he had inaugurated a polish era.

Alexandrina listened with all the meek and ruthless patience of a woman of the mid-Victorian age. She protested sweetly that her dearest Wellesley had mistaken her meaning. She had every respect for dear Wellesley's father. He was one of nature's gentlemen, and he had left them a great business and a comfortable fortune. At the same time it was only fair to mention that at times the best one could say of him was that he was a rough diamond.

Wellesley admitted reluctantly that old Nic had not been quite the class that his fortune and position in the city demanded.

"I misdoubt if he had any real eddication," he said; "not eddication like what we call eddication. 'E always was pretty close about 'is young days. So was ma. But from what they let drop I think they come up from some small country village. But they never talked of it never!"

"They may have had good reason," said Alexandrina significantly. "Some things are best not inquired into too deeply."

Wellesley Rewell was in complete sympathy with her there. When he said there was nothing like leather, and spoke of his family's lifelong connection with it, he avoided mentioning the fact that his father's first interest in it was as a laborer in a harness factory. Alexandrina had similar reticences about her forbears. She had lived in Lambeth before he married her, and her father had been chief clerk to a hop factor in the borough. He spoke with a queer burring accent, but his wife and daughter always sent him out to clean up the back yard when he began to talk about the days of his youth. Well, perhaps it was best to leave certain things alone, especially when one was rising in one's station.

Easier to turn from such things to rend Holloway. There was no doubt they must leave Holloway. It was a pettifogging and inelegant sort of place. There was no class about it. A man couldn't expand here. When Mr. Munsun suggested that with its regular rows of terraces it was

(Continued on Page 100)

Mad to Get Away From the Dullness of the Country, He Was—Mad to Get to London. He Was a Wild One, Sureiye, One of the Gallivanting Sort

MADAME LUCK

By SAMUEL SPEWACK

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

THE Andania would anchor soon at Monte Carlo, in a Mediterranean dusk of warm blue that must have been wrought for the dreams of youth. But at least six of the round-the-world passengers in the smoking room of the Andania found the languorous beauty of Monaco oppressive; for they were no longer young, and this beauty, like their youth, seemed something lost, never to be regained.

With middle-aged stolidity, they had checked off the recent punctuation points of this feast for stultified *Wanderlust*—Madeira, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Algiers, Naples, Athens, Constantinople, Haifa, Jerusalem, Alexandria, Cairo, Palermo—so many picture post cards, so many first-class hotels and first-class restaurants startlingly alike in startlingly different civilizations. They were bored. They were too comfortable. When efficiency enters traveling, adventure flies.

So the six sat in their appointed corner near the yawning cold fireplace. Four of them were playing cards—the Lennigans and the Brenshaws—the two men, gray and flabby and tanned, the two women plump and frankly beautified. They were concluding with weary intensity another chapter in the series of bridge.

Mr. Berton P. Salem sprawled in a chair directly behind them, alternating between a fragrant cigar and a whisky-and-soda. He never played. When the Brenshaws invited him on the very first night of the cruise, he explained, diffidently apologetic, that his principles forbade. The Brenshaws were taken aback and piqued. Salem was not the type you would expect to have scruples against games of chance. There was nothing ascetic in the big, broad bulk of him, with his somewhat fleshy face and wide, hard, speculative gray eyes. Man of the world was written in the cut of his clothes, in his conversation on all other subjects except cards, in his brief knowing smile, in the very pose of the bored body, lounging in the chair behind the players.

Neither the Brenshaws nor the Lennigans could understand his persistent refusal to play. Lennigan was annoyed, for he had judged Salem a regular fellow among men, and it always annoyed Lennigan to have his first impressions disproved. Somewhere, the Brenshaws and the Lennigans were sure, there lurked a story, a drama—a tragedy, perhaps—back of the man's attitude; and their curiosity mounted from day to day as the trip began to bore them more and more.

They liked him. He had traveled much, seemed accustomed to wealth, was deferential to the opinions of others and listened as well as he talked. The two plump women couldn't understand how he had escaped marriage. He was patently eligible. And in their liking for him the Brenshaws and the Lennigans felt liberal, almost revolutionary. Back home they had nothing to do with barbarians who didn't play bridge.

Madame Lubovskaya, who sat beside Salem fingering a three-month-old American magazine, also didn't play. But that was different.

At the Café de la Paix, Where All the World Goes, Salem Lifted His Glass to Madame Lubovskaya

"Frankly," she had told them, "I have not the money for gambling. We Russians!" And she gestured regretfully. They liked her too. It is a tribute to Madame Lubovskaya that the two plump women could accept her without a qualm. Black almond eyes, golden hair, uncut and coiled in the old Russian-court fashion, with the full supple figure of the aristocratic Muscovite, she might easily have displeased them. But she never flirted with their husbands. She was given to moods of melancholy—memories of the dreadful revolution, she would explain with repressed brevity. The two plump women felt sorry for her. She was a dear, and really she was a lady.

Salem and Madame Lubovskaya had been assigned to the same table with the Brenshaws and the Lennigans, and as is the way on shipboard, there was thus created an ephemeral family of six. They dined together, aboard and on shore, went sight-seeing together, danced together, and held themselves just slightly aloof from other ephemeral families created in the same fashion. The human animal is a clannish family man, even on a world cruise.

The four bridge-playing members of the family were now settling their scores. Brenshaw summoned the steward for refreshments, the Brenshaws having won.

"When do we land, steward?" he demanded.

"In just about an hour, sir."

Brenshaw grunted. He had reached that stage where another stop, another round of formal sight-seeing, was a personal affront. Brenshaw advocated a nonstop cruise. And Lennigan voiced the mood of the rest when he growled: "Gosh, I'm tired of looking at scenery! A man can't be looking at scenery all the time. Too much scenery—that's the trouble with this trip."

"John!" Mrs. Lennigan felt duty bound to rebuke him. "We came to look at scenery. I think it's perfectly thrilling!" But her voice was not convincing.

"I'd rather play right on through the trip," said Brenshaw almost wistfully.

"Me too," affirmed Lennigan defiantly. Mrs. Lennigan didn't answer. She was contemplating dinner, and this futile discussion didn't interest her. There was silence generally until the steward brought the cocktails. Lennigan broke it with the first sip of a gently warming Bronx.

"What gets me," Lennigan confessed, looking at Salem, "is how you can stand this trip without playing. I'd go woozy. You're missing something, Salem, let me tell you."

Salem smiled as he lifted his glass. It was the characteristic short smile of a man who lives within himself. "Perhaps I am missing something," he murmured.

"What I say is," continued Lennigan pompously, "cards are a time passer—the best time passer in the world. When a man comes home with his head all in a knot from some business deal, there's nothing like cards for a little recreation. Me, I'd scrap all your radios, your theaters, your movies. Give me cards any time. That's the time passer for me."

"We play almost every night at home," Mrs. Lennigan intervened, silently wondering whether roast duck would really be fattening. She decided it wouldn't.

Brenshaw, who was noted for his heavy-handed diplomacy, felt moved to wedge in. "I'm willing to make a bet right here," he announced, looking in turn at each of his listeners, "that before this here trip's over we're going to have the privilege and the honor of seeing Mr. Salem in a little game with us."

Salem smiled. Then the smile vanished. "Believe me," he assured Brenshaw earnestly, "I'd love to play, but I mustn't." There was a note of deep solemnity in his voice.

Madame Lubovskaya sat bolt upright in her chair, eyes glowing. "A promise to one dearly beloved—no?" Her voice was slightly husky. "It is an affair of the heart?"

Salem emptied his glass and smiled. "Nothing so romantic as that, madame. No"—he paused—"it's simply that I've decided that I mustn't gamble."

"How very strange!" murmured Madame Lubovskaya.

"It's strange enough, but —— Oh, well"—he paused again—"it wouldn't interest you."

"It sure would interest me," Brenshaw interposed quickly. "I don't mind telling you I don't understand a man who won't play. I mean to say, if you've some sort of religious bug—you know what I mean—I go to church myself, but there's something like carrying a thing too far—but you're a regular fellow like the rest of us ——"

"Religion has nothing to do with it," Salem interrupted.

Then he paused. Mrs. Lennigan forgot the forthcoming dinner. She was genuinely interested. All four sensed they were on the threshold of Salem's story.

"Please tell us," Mrs. Lennigan invited sweetly. "I always said you must have an awfully serious reason for not playing, didn't I, Norah?" Mrs. Brenshaw confirmed the statement.

"Well," said Salem, studying his cigar, "I have. I don't usually tell it, because the fact is—well, most people wouldn't believe it."

"Nonsense," growled Lennigan. "Don't you worry about that. A man of my experience learns to believe the incredible. Yes, sir; I've seen things happen right in my

business that would make a book—yes, sir, a book. It's the fools in this world who don't believe."

Mr. Lennigan had recently discovered numerology, and had been annoyed by skeptics.

"And let me tell you," continued Lennigan, "that I can always tell a man who tells the truth. I can tell 'em like that." He snapped his fingers. "And you and me belong to that class of people who tell the truth even when it hurts."

Mrs. Lennigan, if she had any doubts, kept them to herself. Lennigan looked hard at her. He wanted to add, but couldn't, that certain domestic exigencies were always excepted.

"That's awfully good of you," Salem said appreciatively. "You see, I —— Have you ever heard of a man who was cursed with too much luck?"

His listeners sat up, puzzled by the sudden question "Too much luck?" repeated Lennigan. "Come again!"

"A man who can't lose," explained Salem—"the curse of always winning at cards."

"You can pass that curse right on to me," invited Brenshaw.

"That curse to me would be a blessing!" sighed the Russian lady.

"I warned you," Salem smiled, "that it would sound incredible, but I am telling you only what happened to me. I've never told it before. I don't know why I'm telling it now. Perhaps because it happened right here."

"On this boat?" inquired Lennigan.

"No; here in Monte Carlo." He paused, and they waited in silence. "Let me see—it was just about ten years ago And I was on just this kind of a trip, without, however" he smiled at Madame Lubovskaya and then at the four—"without, however, such charming company. I was trying to forget something—someone. You know how those things are."

The characteristic short smile distorted his firm mouth for a moment. The two plump women leaned forward.

"We were coming into Monte Carlo, and we were sitting around, just as we're sitting now—quite a group of us. One of the passengers suggested the Casino. Another laughed at him. The Casino, he said, was getting too common. Nothing but school-teachers and trippers. He knew an exclusive club, really worth seeking, where the swells of the world gambled and the sky was the limit.

"Naturally, we were curious. We went there. It was well worth seeing; almost melodramatic, the movie idea of a gambling hell, but real. A very distinguished-looking manager who would pass anywhere for a diplomat, except that real diplomats are shabby-looking people. Well, we began playing.

"First I tried ten-franc counters, and as I won, the hundred-franc counters. I kept on winning. I was never so thrilled in my life. Soon I was playing in thousands, and still I was winning. I know it sounds incredible. We were playing roulette. But I threw the chips helter-skelter across the table, and I won steadily, until, just for the kick of it, I wanted to lose. But my winnings kept piling up higher and higher in front of me. I played on. Before the night was up I had broken the bank. They sent out for more money. I played to dawn, and I kept winning, winning, winning. I had to send to my hotel for a suitcase, for I couldn't stuff my pockets with the thousand-franc notes."

Madame Lubovskaya's eyes were glistening. "You lucky, lucky man!" she murmured. "If only poor little me had some of that luck."

"Yes, that's what everyone said to me that morning. Lady Luck was with me. And Lady Luck stuck to me the next night. I didn't lose that night either."

"And then you came back and they trimmed you," interposed Brenshaw wisely.

"I wish they had," Salem said bitterly. "That's why the story seems so incredible. I played for two solid weeks, night in, night out, and I couldn't lose. The manager was almost comically pathetic. He was torn between a desire to see my luck break and a desire to kick me out of the place forever."

Salem beckoned the steward for another round. His listeners were somewhat dazed.

"But where is the curse?" demanded Madame Lubovskaya. "Your Madame Luck didn't desert you."

"No, she stuck." Salem shook his head reflectively. "She stuck all right. I packed up one night and went back to America. I always had money, but my winnings made me a millionaire."

Salem paused. "There was a girl—back home," he said finally.

"I knew there was a girl." Madame Lubovskaya smiled Salem didn't smile.

"She wouldn't have me before, but now that I was a millionaire she married me. I was a fool, I suppose. No use telling you the details. We were terribly unhappy. We naturally would be. There was no love there. It was money. And the curious thing—the unhappier I became, the more I won. I couldn't sit down to a friendly poker game among my friends without winning heavily. It was the same at bridge or at baccarat—I always won.

"I won so consistently my friends became suspicious. I don't blame them. There was something weird about it. Fellows I'd been to college with began to cut me. Business associates thought twice before they spoke to me. My home was a hell and my life outside my home became a hell.

"Well, the rest I can tell in a few words. My wife divorced me. I lost all my friends. I moved to another city, and I vowed I would never touch a card again—not until Lady Luck left me for good."

"That," proclaimed Brenshaw, after a moment's silence, "is the queerest story I have ever heard."

"I don't expect you to believe me," said Salem.

"I believe you," said Brenshaw, looking belligerently at the rest.

They nodded, still too puzzled to speak. Salem's face was a mask as he lifted his glass and drained it.

"When," asked Lennigan finally, puffing thoughtfully at his cigar, "did you try your luck last?"

"As late as three months ago."

"And?"

Salem nodded.

"Madame Luck still travels with you!" the Russian lady exclaimed, marveling. "Please, M'sieu Salem, please give her to me."

"If I only could!" sighed Salem.

Madame Lubovskaya leaped from the big chair, her eyes burning with her excitement, her white hands clenched nervously. "But you can!" she cried. "And you must! Oh, M'sieu Salem, you shall be my rescuer! You don't

(Continued on Page 68)

"You Can Help Me!" Cried the Girl. "You Can Come With Me to This Very Casino"

Scripts That Pass in the Night

Being the Further Confessions of an Author's Wife

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

THE more I know of authors and I've hobnobbed with quite a number of them—the more I feel that book writing is mighty hard work. Chesterton, it's true, claims that the blackest pessimist of an artist secretly enjoys his art, and Thackeray once stopped to speak of his remorse at parting with a set of characters. But the ordinary novelist, as I know the game, is so tired of his imaginary house guests toward the last chapter or two that he's ready to kick them downstairs.

Adam once said they were like paper boats, "Easy enough to cut out, but the very devil to keep afloat!" And the man who has brought a dozen readable books into the world, you may be sure, deserves about as bright a crown, when he goes to his reward, as the heroic woman who has raised a family of twelve. Authors, in fact, are usually tired and neurotic individuals with impaired digestion, oversensitized nervous systems and certain heaven-sent delusions of grandeur that serve to keep the ink navvy's nose to the grindstone.

And they need those delusions. Otherwise they'd all give up. They'd never stand the gaff. They'd promptly desert a profession that hovers so stubbornly between heartache and eye strain, between biliousness and insomnia, to seek the ampler rewards of the steam fitter or the saner hours of the public accountant. They'd abandon a calling that keeps them poor and lonely and pretty well neglected for the best ten years of their lives, and turn to something more intimately related to a pay envelope and a modest competence for their premature old age.

For, as I've said before, writing isn't all beer and skittles, even though my own Uncle Henry, regarding Adam at work in that pleasant book-lined library of his, on more than one occasion has called derisively out, "Pretty soft, old scout!" But Uncle Henry, who thinks that novels come out of an inkwell as magically as rabbits come out of a juggler's hat, assuredly sat too long under the crab-apple tree. For authors, after all, don't get nearly as much acclaim, open or closed, as the general public imagines. And the secluded big mahogany desk on which the morning sun shone so mellow, to Uncle Henry's eyes, was really the deck of a battleship cleared for action, a place of invisible peril and combat.

Nut Notes at Grey Gables

THERE is no elevator up to Olympus. It's usually a long climb and a crooked one. And the more I know of authorship, the more I feel that prayers ought to be offered up for those engaged in it, as we offer up prayers for those in peril on the sea. There may be a few happy exceptions, sturdy souls with the same inscrutable instinct for the popular vein that the bulldog has for the jugular vein, who seem to gather in both gold and glory from the first crack out of the box.

But I'm always afraid of those idols of the day, and my Adam isn't one of them. I don't think he ever will be. He's too contentious, I know, ever to turn into a sleek and successful best-seller. I don't think he even wants to be one. He has something more than a box-office soul or he most assuredly would have stuck to criminal fiction and grown rich handing out those pink gumdrops of illicit adventure so foolishly reckoned as underworld realism. He would never have given the years that he did to the unrewarded writing of verse. He would never have lost his place in the line, as he's done more than once, by airily stepping aside into pleasanter but less profitable fields.

But I think he tried, as best he could, to be an artist, a balanced artist. He slipped away from the Lincoln Highway of comfortable rule-of-thumb writing and tried to blaze his own trail up into his own delectable mountains. It's not for me to say how far it took him. But, like every other artist, he found it a pathway dotted with blighted hopes and abandoned dreams, paved with disappointments and unexpected rebuffs, marked with the bones of less tenacious seekers of beauty who fell by the wayside.

But heaven knows, it has its compensations, this writing business, or there'd be no more authors in the world. Quite outside the sheer glad instinct of creation, outside the joy of doing something precisely as you proposed it should be done, no matter how the rest of the world may rate it, and outside the old and inalienable happiness of the word chef who can hand out to the heart hungry a real slice of life flavored with a real whiff of romance—there's a subsidiary consolation in the discovery that what you've said or done can bring an echo or two out of the great silence into which your message was directed.

For this writing of books, you must remember, is a pretty cold-blooded sort of business. It's done in solitude and under cover. It's done without the audience that can thunder its prompt approval of the actor, and well beyond the reach of those cheer leaders who, in other walks, can bring the stadium roar from the side lines. It's done mostly in silence and in the wee sma' hours of the night, where between his four imprisoning walls the author must wrestle with his spirit as Jacob wrestled with the angel. And even when the battle is over, when the last rhetorical gun is taken and the last verbal trench mopped up, there's bound to be a long, long wait before the new masterpiece or the new failure, as the case may be, actually faces the light of day.

But isolating as authorship may be, there's always the medium of the mail bag, the scripts that pass in the night, the brief notes and the elongated epistles that come in day by day from the vaguely known and the vaster unknown. And I discovered early in life how large a factor these may be in the career of an author of even the second dimension. I know about such things, because a short time after his third novel was on the market Adam delegated to me the care of all such mail. He had to, since he couldn't afford a secretary, or there'd have been little time left for his own creative efforts.

These letters, for a number of years, we methodically filed under the heading of Nut Notes. I can't be sure whether Adam or I myself was guilty of that appellative. But I do remember that it led to a very painful moment, in connection with a very charming New York woman whom we first got to know through an impulsive letter of appreciation which she had written to Adam on one of his books. Adam and I even shared her opera box with her occasionally, and she in turn spent more than one happy week-end out at Grey Gables.

After dinner, on one of these occasions, the lady in question was inspecting Adam's workroom, where she stopped, puzzled over the drawer in the big filing cabinet marked Nut Notes. So Adam good-naturedly lifted out one of the files, and as he riffled carelessly through that mass of many-tinted and multi-perfumed and variously penned sheets, explained that it held the unsolicited correspondence of strangers and cranks. Then, of a sudden, the lady caught her breath with a gasp of something more than dismay, and Adam turned as pink as the pinkest note paper in that odd assortment. For there, under their eyes, lay the unmistakable picket-fence penmanship and the initial letter of the lady in question.

"Thank you for including me!" she said as she pointed an accusatory finger at the Nut Notes. And although Adam spent the rest of the evening in trying to square himself, his friendship with that fair lady, I'm afraid, never quite recovered its earlier cordiality.

But not all the letters that come to an author, it must be remembered, are from cranks. A fortifying percentage of them, thank heaven, are from intelligent and unselfish people, trying to thank an unknown artist for the hour or two of joy he has brought into their lives. And Adam, for all his pretense of indifference, is glad enough to get them. It makes life a little warmer, I'm sure, to remember those dear people, those kind people, those lonely people in the far-off corners of our great country, who can sit down and write a generous-worded letter of appreciation to an overworked penny-a-liner. And when they open their hearts, as they sometimes do, it seems to restore one's faith in the brotherhood of man.

Opportunity's Repeated Knocks

BUT, alas and alack, I'm afraid it's the cranks who predominate. And Adam seems to get his share of their effusions, all the way from the Michigan philanthropist who offered him a partnership in a petrifying spring to the inmate of San Quentin who for the small sum of two hundred dollars was willing to disclose a new and unique way of breaking into office safes.

Then there was the neglected genius who had worked out a plan to divert the Gulf Stream and effect the benevolent purpose of freezing all Western Europe to death, and the manufacturer of a new make of collar who was willing to subsidize us for offhandedly dressing all our heroes in his product, and the acidulous distributor who asks just

what rake-off we got for mentioning a certain rival brand of soap when we were merely making a human effort to be realistic.

And I mustn't overlook the reading-club secretaries who explain that their circle is studying your works, and, as a sort of *hors d'œuvre* to precede the intellectual roast, request a personal greeting from your pen. Nor should I neglect the psycho-uplifter, the commercialized cross between Freud and James, who for a modest emolument promises to organize your unexplored subconscious and by releasing untapped reservoirs of energy both give wings to your imagination and double your income.

There are also the good souls who object to tobacco being mentioned in their reading matter, just as there are the nationalists who fulminate against the mistreatment of their fellow countrymen in fiction, to say nothing of the predatory flappers who've spotted Adam's grossly flattering picture in the literary supplements, and after naïvely inquiring if he is an unmarried man, enumerate with equal naïveté intimate and personal details as to their own appearance, such as their height and tub-side weight, the color of their eyes, their waist measurement, and quite often a birthmark or two that the world in general must know nothing whatever about.

The most formidable figure in this crank army, I think, is the autograph fiend. Just why certain people should seek and treasure the signature of a small-fry author is something beyond my ken.

But once a man has broken into the magazines and published a book or two, the autograph collector goes

after him as busily as a ranch hound goes after a jack rabbit. Some of them are methodic enough in their madness, inclosing a stamped and addressed envelope, a blank card, a printed and oppressive list of their previous victims, and a brusque demand for a signature by return of mail.

Stalking the Wary Autograph

SOMETIMES it's merely a circular form, with the author's name ink-written along the dotted line, succeeded by a pithy follow-up letter when the initial communication has elicited no response. Sometimes it's a rhapsodic and incoherent little note, smelling of chypre or patchouli and written in violet ink on lavender-tinted paper edged with silver, and quite often getting the title of the book entirely wrong. And sometimes it's a childish and unformed scrawl, briefly and honestly asking for an autograph—"if you're not too busy to answer this letter."

But more often it's an adroit and artful epistle, beginning with an overture of fulsome praise. But that, of course, is merely the whiff of ether before the tonsil is taken out. For after the victim has been designated as one of the deep thinkers of the century, and ranked with the immortals who can't possibly escape the Hall of Fame, he is cruelly yanked back to reality with the inconsequential request that his favorite page of prose or his most striking poem be inscribed, above his signature, on the blank sheet inclosed for that purpose. Sometimes, I've noticed, they even ask for the author's favorite dish. And in answer thereto, I've also noticed, Adam invariably writes down "Tomato slush." Some of these gentry, in fact, go gunning after an author about the same as sportsmen go hunting for the wary mountain goat. And the shier the game, apparently, the more precious the final trophy.

I can recall one instance where Adam resented the peremptory note of one collector's letter and calmly ignored his request. In two weeks that request was repeated. A fortnight later it came still again. And after exactly twelve of these reminders had accumulated, it was rounded out to a baker's dozen with a long and threatening letter, pointing out that my husband had not only wasted much of the writer's time but had also appropriated and suborned to his own use twelve two-cent postage stamps which in the eyes of the law were not his property. And unless these stamps were duly returned, under the circumstances, the outraged one averred his determination to place the matter in the hands of his attorney without further loss of time.

Adam, I regret to record, inscribed on the bottom of this epistle: "You and your attorney can go to Gehenna!"—only, I also regret to record, he used what a late President would term "the shorter and uglier word." Yet the persistent one triumphed, in the end, for my indignant Adam, without stopping to think what he was doing, heatedly signed and mailed that message, and in doing so, of course, eventually delivered the long-denied autograph into the hands of the enemy.

There are even authors who, when expecting to see their penned name arrayed alongside that of Thomas Jefferson and Edgar Allan Poe, have had it returned like bread thrown upon the water, in the form of a promissory note for one hundred and fourteen dollars; though the one patently criminal episode in Adam's experience with mail-box impostors had to do with a fat man living in a Brooklyn apartment house and posing as an invalid widow with three children to support.

Outsiders would never believe just how hard my poor Adam worked to revamp that widow's stories and market her anæmic articles for her. And when Adam happened to drop in on her, and found her a bloated and beery male much in need of a shave, that Falstaffian culprit did his best to laugh the whole thing off as a rather good joke.

Yet, like other authors, when I come to think of it, Adam once had a double, a faker and forger who used my husband's name and brought no little trouble and embarrassment to our house. But that experience is a trifle too painful to go into in cold print, and there are ghosts it is seldom wise to raise. And I suspect there is still an editor or two in the Midwest who never fully swallowed Adam's claim that his good name had been sullied by an impersonator, a masquerader, who certainly made hay while the sun shone.

Another working device of the autograph fiend is the anthology trick. In every state of the Union, at some time or another, some visionary lady is about to edit or issue a compilation of gems, gems of prose or gems of poetry, gems of sentiment or gems of Nature; in fact, any and every brand of gem on the breastplate of Athena. And if the author in question wouldn't mind telling just what he regarded as his own particular and personal gem, he would eventually be included in this prospective collection of the world's purest thought.

But these anthologies, I've long since learned, have the habit of dying a-borning and so escaping the brutalities of printer's ink. They often exist, in fact, only in the imagination of these morally impoverished ladies who have the habit of acquiring both their autographs and their reading matter by subterfuge. Their promised book is merely a come-on, a decoy, the dream child of a starved and mildly unscrupulous spirit.

One of these pious culprits, in fact, I know to be a spinster of otherwise irreproachable character. Her anthology will never get within a hundred miles of a type bank, and she knows it. But she continues to pluck her autographed copies as stubbornly as the village wine makers gather the dandelions from our cow pasture.

Ideas for the Asking

ANOTHER pious old fraud, in this connection, was a superannuated clergyman who, after toiling and starving for forty long years to leave the world a little better and a little happier than he had found it, nursed a not unnatural craving for the long-denied consolation of literature in his declining years. But that poor old other-worldly soul, naturally enough, had no money to buy the books he hungered for. So he concocted a form letter, painstakingly written out in rather tremulous longhand, explaining that he had seen such and such a volume favorably spoken of in the public prints and suggesting his readiness to exchange an autographed copy of his Meditations for the worthier and weightier publication under discussion.

But the poor old fellow's memory proved no longer than his purse, for every time Adam launched a new novel the same offer came in to us, inscribed in the same tremulous hand on the same pale-blue note paper. And Adam always sent along the new novel, even after we'd discovered that the Meditations was a paper-covered and badly printed little pamphlet bearing a publication date in the eighties. We still possess, in fact, seven or eight copies of that time-yellowed masterpiece. But those solemn exchanges, I regret to add, came to an abrupt end more than a year ago. The author of the Meditations passed on to a better world.

Adam, I'm afraid, is more conscientious about such things than I am. He's also more generous. He showed much the same indignation when he found I'd been blithely forging his signature for the autograph fiends as he did when he discovered I'd put an umbrella and a pair of rubbers in his golf bag. I had no way of knowing, of course, that the rain was going to keep off and that he was caddying for himself that particular day. And I didn't feel exactly like a forger when I scribbled my husband's name on an oblong of pasteboard and sent it back to a deluded pest who was really trying to get something for nothing. I was merely trying to keep outsiders from imposing on a busy man. And there's no record that the spider that wove the web across Robert Bruce's cave got a Carnegie medal for saving the chieftain.

Yet there always were, and still are, quite enough imposers and impostors to keep me from dying of ennui. There was, for example, the enterprising promoter who wanted Adam to write the biography of his boxing kangaroo, and the ex-highwayman doing time in a Midwestern state penitentiary who felt there was a gold mine awaiting the fellow artist who could assist him in preparing his memoirs for the magazines, and the retired gun runner who wanted a helping hand in recounting to a waiting world his thirty-year-old adventures as a South American king maker, and the astrological lady who had accumulated many interesting and intimate details as to life on Mars and merely wanted what she termed a hack writer to whip her astral ideas into shape.

The world, in fact, seems full of great ideas that aren't as yet quite whipped into shape. And there probably isn't an

(Continued on Page 122)

THE AMERICANS ARRIVE

He Sat Down Beside Her, and as so Often Happens to People Who Have Been Craving an Opportunity to Talk, They Sat in Complete Silence

II

By Alice Duer Miller

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

NO GHOST disturbed Clara in her little room over the gate, no footsteps sounded on the secret stairway. She was wakened by the hard-boiled child arriving to recount to her the astonishing adventures of having taken a bath in a tin tub in her bedroom.

"Was it amusing?" asked Clara, conscious as she opened her eyes that she had been dreaming of Ferdinand.

Penelope smiled temperately. "Amusing?" she answered. "Well, I think you know, Miss Wellesley, that I don't find baths such good fun under the best of circumstances, but this way—gosh!"

"Don't say gosh, Penelope."

"I feel gosh," the child answered. "I didn't know what to do with a few inches of tepid water that didn't even cover my feet. The only time I really got wet was when I stepped on the edge of the tub getting out and upset it all over everything. Oh, I mopped it all up with towels. There were plenty of them, fortunately, and I shan't need them any more, for I shan't take another bath like that, I can tell you. I don't think I like Europe much."

"On account of the bathing arrangements?"

"No, but because they're all so sure they're right. They all know just how everything ought to be done, and when you make the least suggestion to them they think it's funny. Even Ferdinand has changed."

"Changed how?" asked Miss Wellesley, with marked interest.

"Well, in Newport he used to be so sensible, thinking it was pretty comic to be a prince, but here——" The child wagged her head. "I'm afraid he takes this all pretty seriously. And he's so respectful to his parents," she went on. "A grown man like that! Why, he obeys them much more than I do mine, and I'm thought very good to my mother—almost weak, you know."

In this vein she always entranced her governess, who would not have contradicted or thrown her off the track for anything in the world. She observed mildly that many people thought it not a bad idea to obey your parents.

"Oh, obey, yes," said the child liberally. "Obey them because you're fond of them, but not as if they had a right to every breath you drew."

"Don't you think they have rights, Penelope?"

Penelope loved an argument. She raised her eyes thoughtfully to the ceiling. "Yes," she answered justly, "I think they have some rights when you're small and live in their house, but what I object to is that Ferdinand is going to be exactly as obedient to his father and 'mie-mie,' as he calls her, when he is fifty and they are seventy-five. When he's an old man he'll be saying: 'Mie-mie, can I have a few friends of mine in to tea?' Gee!"

"Penelope, don't say gee. You never say that at home."

"I feel like saying gosh and gee and I guess all the time here—and contradicting everything my parents say."

"It's not a very fortunate effect of foreign travel," replied her governess, and suggested that she go away and let her dress. Penelope cast a cynical glance at the tin tub.

"I hope you enjoy your bath," she said, and left the room. She left Clara sadly reflecting on the difference in the ideals of the Old World and the New.

When she came down to breakfast she found Penelope and old Leopold alone in the great sunny dining room. They were attempting to converse, principally by gestures, but not doing very well; for the child was asking about the hidden treasure, though Leopold imagined, naturally enough, that she was inquiring for missing articles of diet.

Clara, on entering the room, had one of those vivid associations of memory that blot out reality. She saw a very beautiful old marriage chest that she had not noticed the night before, and she suddenly remembered how and where Ferdinand had described it to her. They had met, by accident, on the late afternoon train to Newport, and they had dinner together. She could see it—the little table, the lamp with its pink shade. She could smell the peculiar steamy smell of dining-car food, and see Ferdinand's face across the table.

"Ask him," said Penelope, "where it was that he buried the plate?"

Clara hesitated. Her instinctive dislike of the faithful servitor made her shrink from personal talk with him, but Penelope spoke no language but her own, and an interpreter was necessary.

"The young lady wishes me to ask you," she said, "where it was that you buried the plate—if we may see the place today?" And Penelope, staring at him through her spectacles, paused with the dripping honey spoon midway between the jar and her own plate.

Leopold grinned, showing his long fanglike side teeth. He shook his head. He said he could not tell that.

"Why not, if it's all over and safely found again? Ask him," said Penelope. Clara took the dripping spoon, and

turning it, skillfully reeled in the long filaments of honey as she repeated the question.

"There might come another war," said Leopold, "and then what should I do?"

Again Clara translated Penelope's thoughts: "You could find another hiding place."

The old man shook his head. "Ah, no," he said, "only one," and as if he remembered his duties or wished to put an end to the discussion, he hurried out of the room.

And now the difference between the merely logical mind, as represented by the hard-boiled child, and the creative mind as represented by Clara, made itself clear. Penelope was interested only in showing that what the old man said was utterly absurd and must be contrary to truth; whereas Clara found herself thinking this: "If there is really only one essential eternal hiding place in all this great castle, and Leopold knows it, then he must know where all other treasures are hidden."

Her thoughts were interrupted by the return of Leopold, who, bending over her chair, inquired whether the gracious young lady who spoke his language so perfectly could explain to him how he could get to America. What was this thing—a quota—that was keeping him out?

She did not like the man, and yet her kindness of heart made her explain to him that the United States was no place for a tired old man living on a pension. She had heard the princess mention the amount; it would not buy him food as things were now at home. She tried to make him understand, but he brushed all matters of finance aside. He was interested only in getting into the country.

Then the others began to come in. Ferdinand, very gay as to morning greetings and very haggard as to eyes, so that Clara's heart melted with sorrow at his suffering, and she thought what a miserable position was hers, since she would have been even less pleased to see no signs of suffering at all.

They sat a long time over the breakfast table. It was after eleven before they began the tour of the castle—the library in white and gold; the chapel in black and gold, great twisted ornate columns wreathed with grapevines. The old prince told his wife to explain to their visitors that there had once been a Gothic chapel, very beautiful, but that it had been burned during the Reformation—burned and raided; there had been notable relics—relics of Saint Seraphina of Grauenstein. The Braces were obliged to confess they had never heard of Saint Seraphina. Her legends were explained—she was the family saint—she had worked miracles; had saved a young countess of the family who had thrown herself from the battlements rather than endure the advances of a wicked baron who had taken the castle by treachery in the absence of her rightful lord. Saint Seraphina had caught the faithful wife in her fall, so that she descended with a slow motion and landed on the plain unhurt, and walking calmly up the hill, she met the terrified baron as he rode hurriedly down it to gather up her corpse.

"I shouldn't think she would have gone right back to him," said Penelope. Everybody laughed.

"She converted him to better ways, child," said the princess.

They went on to the cellars. The original underpinnings of the Roman structure, great flat whitewashed arches, carrying the whole weight of the gigantic pile. They stood on hard clean earth.

"Dear me," said Mrs. Brace. "I always thought my cellar in Beacon Street fairly tidy, but I see it isn't, compared to yours. I shall go straight home and put it in order like this."

As they moved from point to point Clara became aware that a long series of maneuvers was going on between Ferdinand and his mother—he in order to have a moment alone with Clara, his mother in order to prevent it, yet without temper on either side; just a sort of friendly ruthlessness.

Beneath the gateway, under Clara's room, the columns of the cellar were Gothic, not Roman. Leopold held up the lamp so that the visitors might examine the little crouching figures of bearded flat-capped men that supported the capitals.

The old prince explained that it was in this part of the cellar that tradition said the old treasures were buried. "My grandfather dug up every inch of it," he added, "and found nothing."

"Nothing but a lot of human bones," said the princess. "A nice lot, our ancestors were, I'm afraid."

"No, no," said the prince in French. "Little pleasantries of the monks probably "

The child turned squarely to Leopold. She had learned this much of his language by repeated practice. "Is it buried here?"

Leopold smiled his fanged humorless smile. "Ah, who knows," he answered, and added to Clara that it was generally conceded that the treasure had been thrown down the well. When this was translated to Penelope she was full of plans for descending into the well. She volunteered to be lowered into it herself.

But even she felt different when she actually saw the well, not very far away, in a dark corner of the cellar. Leopold seemed to have a particular affection for it. He became almost playful. He entered a great wooden wheel that stood beside it, and walking in it, as in a treadmill, he illustrated how in old days the water was drawn in buckets, reeled upward by the turning of the wheel. Then while they all hung over the low parapet of the well itself he lit a lantern and lowered it slowly down the great cylinder, only a few feet in diameter, but deep. As course after course of brick became visible, narrowing with the long perspective, Mrs. Brace, who had a bad head for heights, grew giddy and moved away. But, so that she might not entirely miss the show, her daughter kept her informed: "It's still going down, mother. It looks like a star. It's still going down, mother——" It was a distinct relief to everyone when at last a faint splash told that the lantern had touched water.

(Continued on Page 94)

The Child Turned Squarely to Leopold. She Had Learned This Much of His Language by Repeated Practice. "Is It Buried Here?"

Classics of a Ring Recollection

As Told to Charles Francis Coe

THERE are three distinct upward steps in the career of a pugilist. The first is into the game, which means into the hectic preliminary-bout class. The second is onward into the main-bout class, and the third is into the contender, or championship, class.

Seven-league boots would be a handicap in making that last step. Not only does one surmount rare fistic opposition; he also steps over the ambitions and designs—mercenary, mostly—of shrewd promoters and managers; he wades, as it were, through a mire of money and claims and obstacles: obstacles that are often puny in nature, nevertheless deliberate and effective barriers.

Jess Willard, Former Heavyweight Champion, at Work With a Medicine Ball

At the time I wore a belt there were at least four other men in my class as good as I was. To be honest, one, I think, was a little better. That one lost his chance to box me for the title because his manager had once run a burlesque theater and used his position to bar a subsequently influential promoter and his theatrical offering from a certain town. Purely personal animosity. Fighting ability had exactly nothing to do with it.

As stated in a previous article, we are now dealing with the two-year period which preceded my title chance. In that period I found my scope restricted by the fact that only really good men could meet me. By that I mean that the public would not pay the freight of bringing me to a town where only mediocre talent could be found to face me. Publicity had it that I was too good for the average lad of my weight.

On every side I heard previously acceptable plans rejected out of hand because of fear on the part of sport writers and promoters that the fans would not accord local men even a fighting chance with me.

Too Good, But Not Good Enough

SO NOT only were my earnings cut down a little but the fighting became rougher. I never caught an easy one, it seemed. I trudged through more than 100 rounds of fighting in the first of those two years. I felt my hands crumpling under the strain and a feeling of despair impressed itself upon me. I became convinced that by the time my championship chance came I would be too worn out to avail myself of it, and I wanted more than anything else to be champion; felt that I really was champion at the moment; that I could beat every man in the class at that time.

Paradoxically, during that first year I was also laughed out of countenance every time I demanded a whack at the belt. There was always that fight in which the ex-champion had remained ten rounds with me and taken virtually no beating. This was used as evidence of the fact that none would pay to see the champion slaughter me. On the one hand, I was considered too good; on the other, not good enough.

Again, there were agreements between fighters, managers and promoters. Very often the manager had a financial interest in the promoters' affairs, and in consideration of that interest the boys he managed were the boys who fought and collected purses.

Soon, in order to fight at all, it became necessary for me to tackle men of a weight above mine. That made the road even harder to travel, for weight is, when all is said and done, the criterion of ring fairness. Because the heavier men could tire me by throwing their weight upon my arms in the clinches, and because, when they did land a punch, it hurt twice as much as those I had previously absorbed, I became a stylist in the ring.

Necessity made me clever. I never took a punch in order to land one unless I had convinced myself that the one I landed would drop the curtain of finality on the evening's festivities. I grew tricky against the big boys. I had to.

At this time it is advisable to introduce to you the best friend a man ever had. I will call him Stip, for such was his nickname. Stip was my trainer, my rubber, my dietitian, my adviser, my pal. In addition to that, he worshiped both me and the fighting ability I had. To Stip, there was no man alive who classed with me either in the ring or out of it. He was a little fellow, uneducated, illiterate, at times, and possessed of the most amazing superstitions I have ever encountered.

Gene Tunney With His Trainer, Lew Fink, at Tom Luther's Camp, Saratoga Lake

But his hands were blessed with a curative touch, his gnarled fingers knew the knack of reaching deep under muscles to spots where lingered the aches and strains of battle and then of rubbing them away. And one other thing Stip had—silence; a golden silence that knew exactly when to work and exactly how.

In our ramblings over the country we became inseparable. That sort of confidence which is the gift of battling together grew between us. Stip never had an agreement with me as to money. If I got a good purse, so did he. If I got a small one, we lamented together.

And here is a surprising thing: In sizing up a fighter I was to meet we would often see him in action before his bout with me. On such occasions I would rather have Stip's opinion than my own. He knew his stuff, as the saying is; would indicate to me, as the man worked, various points of his style and from what angle he shot his dangerous punches.

An interesting and illuminating characterization of Stip can be made through the relation of an incident:

In a gymnasium in a Western town where we had gone, under agreement for advertising the bout, three days ahead of fight night, a certain ring tout approached Stip with a frank suggestion that if I were to permit the opposition to gain a hair-line decision, said opposition would gladly give me his end of the purse and his friends would make up an additional pool of $2000. Stip, small as he was, walloped the proposer fair on the nose.

Immediately a carnage ensued from which poor Stip emerged with two teeth gone and a rosy black eye. But he was smiling and not the least bit regretful. He had done that thing which he felt to be right.

The Charm in a Fighter's Voice

HE CAME to me at our hotel and told me the story. I was accustomed to such hints now and then and felt that Stip had acted hastily and somewhat foolishly, but my very blood boiled at the battered though smiling face he offered. That anyone—understand, anyone—could take a rap at my little pal was sufficient motive for instantaneous warlike action on my part.

Regardless of the consequences, I grabbed Stip by the arm and we set off on a determined hunt for the tout. We found him at the gymnasium and the events that followed were brief, if epic.

"Now, squirt," I told the tout frankly, "we got one of two things to offer you: Either you fight me right here, or you give Stip four open swings at your ugly mug. Which is it?"

There was little time for thought. The tout looked at me, then at Stip. The latter waited for no decision. He stepped in and slugged the gentleman on the eye. "Ooh!" I heard him sigh in high satisfaction. "What a sweetheart that one was!"

The tout, quite humanly, I thought, cursed and started a retaliation. I shouted a warning and Stip whaled away again. This time the tout covered and backed against the wall and Stip overscored his quota of four in rapid fashion. When it was over we returned to the hotel, and one of Stip's rare gems of thought was uttered in his quiet, grinning manner.

"As long," he said, "as I gotta be wit' you all the time, I'm glad you ain't no opry singer!"

I must also mention that, after the fight in that town, Stip gratified a lifelong ambition and desire to own a diamond. I gave him $200 of the purse that night, and the next day he appeared, as self-conscious as a schoolgirl at her first recital, and showed me what purported to be a diamond on his left hand. I do not know what instrument ever designed drilled a hole small enough to clutch that gem. I admired it fulsomely. It was a beaut, I declared—a perfect beaut, and there wasn't a hand on earth that could wear it so well.

"I'll keep swappin' it in as we make dough," Stip assured me. "That way it'll grow bigger an' bigger, see? I won't never save the gelt to buy a big one by waitin'!"

It is fitting to say that the diamond did grow. It became, in a sense, a barometer of our success. I am quite certain that Stip's only commercial interests centered about the bauble. He became the greatest swapper I ever knew. As his earnings grew he stowed them into the diamond. On the night my championship opportunity finally came, Stip entered the ring with a stone of at least six carats and of a brilliance that shamed the very lights over the padded floor.

When he rubbed me down in gymnasium or dressing room I could feel the touch of the ring against my muscles and somehow I drew from it a deep satisfaction. Many men have told me that Stip knew but two loves in his life. The first was myself and the second the diamond ring that grew with the passing of time.

Prof. Mike Donovan, Famous Boxing Instructor, Known as the Walter Camp of His Day

In strange towns, where every man or woman that we met was to be suspected of some ulterior motive in connection with ourselves, Stip was an endless solace. He was more than a beacon to a lonely mariner. That but guides the way to safety. Stip was an ever-present safety. He was a rock of fidelity, a source of trust and affection, the recollection of which nothing on earth can ever dull or tarnish. He knew my innermost secrets and I his. Every punch I ever absorbed hurt Stip, I know, more than it did me.

The Left Elbow at the Right Time

NOW that you know Stip, you can appreciate how valuable he became when I set out to meet men out of my weight class. In my corner was the ever watchful little pal. His keen eyes caught moves that I failed to see. His advice was never wrong. In all the bouts we fought together Stip never steered me into trouble by suggesting a changed attack.

Perhaps that was because he never attempted really to advise. His duties consisted of terse remarks

"After a left lead his heart can be hit."

"That guy can be hit by an uppercut."

"Watch his right elbow—he's layin' to use it in clinches."

"If he misses a right you could catch him off balance."

Such remarks as these would mold my own campaign. Stip never missed. He saw every loophole, every chance, and religiously he passed them along as he pressed a sponge into my mouth or bathed my face or rubbed vibrant life back into tiring arms and legs.

As previously stated, I became tricky as a result of weight handicaps. More than ever it was up to Stip and me to outguess other fighters. I was faster than most of them, because I was lighter, but speed dissolves rapidly under the impact of crushing blows.

There followed a campaign of resentment on my part. If I had to go out of my class to make a living, I thought, I'd take every advantage that could be brought my way. I determined to make of tricks a sort of weight leveler. There were many that presented to a searching mind. In this manner did they work:

I once fought a man outweighing me exactly fourteen pounds at ringside. He was of the bruiser type, the sort who wades in regardless and takes all the punches he has to in order to drive home his own crusher. Ordinarily such scrappers were dessert for me.

But this one was so much bigger that my punches failed to slow him down as fast as I had hoped and expected. I battered him a good deal for four rounds, then he got over the crusher. What a crusher it was too! When it landed I shook like a ribbon in a breeze. A weird but not particularly unpleasant lassitude swept over me; something of the sort that a drowning man is said to experience as the seas engulf him.

Stip bellowed from the corner and, as I reeled past him, threw a spongeful of icy water against my back. I presume we could have been ruled out for fouling on that point; but ruled out was better than knocked out, you bet, and Stip just about knew that the fight was too good a one for any referee to stop for such a slight infraction of the rules. Not with that hysterical mob to bellow complaint!

The water shocked me, cleared my mind. Good old Stip! I slipped into a clinch, where the big boy just naturally laid all over me and pounded upon my back with an affectionate determination that promised sudden relief in oblivion.

In desperation I slipped out of the clinch, took to rolling along the ropes and weaving away toward safety. The crowd was roaring encouragement to the slugger, begging in frenzied tones that he bore in and finish the job. He came on desperately. It was the high spot of the fight, I knew. One of us had to go in that round.

I let him come. Deliberately I shot a straight left over his right shoulder. The glove whizzed past his cheek just as I intended that it should, my wrist slipping under his ear. His whole weight and the fury of his charge carried him toward me.

At precisely the right moment I bent my left arm. The result was that his chin collided full tilt with the point of my hard elbow, and, as Stip said afterward, "Right there his ears just about flapped his brains out!"

I saw the bigger man's knees sag and his right fist, already started toward me with what he felt would be the finishing punch, whirl and gyrate crazily aside. He stood poised a brief instant; his face tilted back, his eyes rolled upward. I gave it to him with all I had square to the point of the chin.

The end had come with such amazing suddenness that none realized just what had happened. None suspected the elbow thing at all—that is, none but Stip. Stip saw. He never missed anything. That night we talked a great deal about these methods that speed could use against handicap in weight and size. We just about decided that the business of fighting was the business of winning, either within the rules or outside them, so quickly and unexpectedly that none would see the infraction. Our joint minds conspired to perfect other tricks of the kind.

The Only Photograph of Bob Fitzsimmons Showing Him With a Mustache. He Padded His Legs With Woolen Plumpers to Increase Their Size, for They Were Painfully Thin

The Praise of Experts

I WAS gratified to read in the papers after that that I knew too much for average opponents. Experience, the writing boys pointed out, was everything. I did things as a result, they thought, of careful planning and lightning-like execution when the exact moment arrived. At times, they said, the deciding punch of a battle was delivered so unexpectedly that none actually saw it. These writers were called experts.

Do not think that such tricks were not worked on me! They were. One fighter I met was so prolific in the use of such tactics that his very pseudonym was derived therefrom! He was proud of it, and none seemed to object to the source of his fame and fortune.

Stip it was who steered me into another winning stroke that served me well in many a battle. There are always fighters who use an uppercut frequently. Very often, in a clinch particularly, it is the only effective blow that can be brought into play. But not very many fighters shoot that blow properly.

I once met a lad whose stock in trade was a wicked uppercut. I never knew a man to get the power into these blows that he did. His hip followed his elbow by a very few inches when he punched, and he got into the blow not only the strength of his arms but the power of his shoulder and leg as well.

Stip noticed that he sent the punch with the thumb of his fist upward—that is, his little finger was toward the floor of the ring as the fist traveled.

Test that with your own hand as you read. Properly measured such a fist will reach an opponent's chin while

(Continued on Page 173)

A Rare and Early Photograph of James J. Corbett

Mavrouki Grasped His Arm, Thrusting the Rifle at Him. "Simba! Simba!" He Hissed

BACK OF BEYOND

By Stewart Edward White

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

XIV

THE way Breck followed headed straight into the mountains. It was at times an astonishing way. The country grew steadily ruggeder and more broken, successively interposing apparently impassable barriers of height or depth. Nevertheless, always, as they drew in, a tiny valley opened out or a low saddle disclosed itself or an unexpected hidden mesa permitted the cars to proceed a little deeper and a little higher into the hills. Always they mounted slowly. The fact could not be fully realized except when an occasional opening permitted them a backward glimpse of the country they had left. Then its near-by maplike distance brought realization that they were getting up in the air, and that the rounded low hills about them were in reality the tops of mountains.

The growth changed in character, became higher, less dry and crackling. In the bottoms of the valleys were trees of considerable size, growing either singly, in small groups or in narrow jungles along stream beds. Some of the valley openings contained grass parks of considerable size, not unlike the mountain parks of Western America. The plains antelope and other wild animals had been replaced by other species. Maclyn saw many of the graceful red impalla, gleaming through the brush openings. When startled, these creatures had the habit of leaping high in the air like fish. Sometimes they actually jumped over one another. There were eland, too—huge beasts, large as prize cattle at a fair; and in contrast tiny antelope no bigger than rabbits. Once he caught sight of a number of reddish-brown beasts of great size, with white and black on their faces, and grand back-curving scimitar horns. Breck and the two gun bearers paid these an attention they had not vouchsafed to the other game.

"Roan," said Breck. "One of the prizes. There's a good many would be delighted to know these fellows are about."

For a moment he slowed down undecidedly. Mavrouki spoke.

"He says they are very common further on," explained Breck. "You can get one there. They are a fine trophy."

Every once in a while they crossed or followed for a short distance wide paths, trodden smooth as by the passage of many feet. Maclyn thought these must be native paths, and wondered at their multiplicity, for the travelers had seen no human beings since leaving the Forrester camp. He found on inquiry they were rhinoceros trails, and looked at them with a new interest.

"I wish we would see one," said he.

"Which I do not!" replied Breck fervently. "For what they'd think of motor cars I do not know."

This was a new thought, and Maclyn found himself beginning to spy about him sharply. And then he realized that Breck and the two gun bearers had been spying about sharply ever since they had entered this covered country.

The going was very slow. Only occasionally were they able to trundle along for a quarter of a mile uninterrupted by the necessity for some sort of labor or expedient. The block and tackle was often in use. One car helped another. Unloading and loading again became a commonplace. They got into and out of impossible difficulties in the way of ravines, watercourses, bowlder beds. They crawled around side hills, one by one, precariously, all the humans clinging to the uphill side of the car to prevent its overturning. Sometimes it took them several hours to work past a few hundred yards that threatened to stop them utterly. To Maclyn, it sometimes seemed that it would have been much quicker to have gone afoot. But by night the speedometer had registered twenty or twenty-five miles. This, as Breck pointed out, was double or treble a *safari* march in this type of country, and it would have required sixty or eighty men to have carried the loads. But Maclyn learned what it was to work his passage.

He did not mind it. Indeed, the accomplishment carried with it a growing enthusiasm. He was becoming hardened, working into the game. And besides, though the sun was still strong, the air was fresh. Indeed, at night and early in the morning it was cold. He wore his sweater and a coat, and sat on his numbed hands and wished he had brought gloves. In the evening the huge fire the men built was very grateful. He slept under two blankets.

The first evening he heard men cross-cutting a log somewhere out in the darkness. He could hear the saw bite deep and coarse on the down stroke and sing on the upstroke. It puzzled him hugely, but Breck told him this was a prowling leopard. Later he caught a glimpse of two coals of fire low in the darkness. They flashed for an instant and were extinguished, and Maclyn's heart leaped with the realization that the beast had been so near. But except for the leopard, the nights were still. This world of the high hills held itself as though uplifted in a hushed ecstasy toward the stars.

They journeyed thus for three long days. The apparently thin high rampart proved to be no rampart at all, but a wide band of mountainous country. Breck was constantly marveling at Doctor Hemenway's skill in having picked a route at all. It was a feat of engineering instinct. Occasionally they saw traces of his wheel tracks or remains of his camp fires.

As Soon as They Appeared in Sight These Men Bounded Forward.

"He was helped somewhat by the rhinos," Breck commented. "Old *faru* hasn't much sense, but he is a grand engineer. He picks the grades." He pointed out that these trails were now converging, becoming fewer, more deeply worn. They were nearing the pass

Then, with devastating suddenness, things happened. M'bogo cried out. Maclyn heard to his left a crash and a sound as though the safety valve of a powerful engine were letting go. He became confusedly aware of a huge black beast rushing toward them At almost the same instant, before the apparition had fairly reached his consciousness, and before he had gathered his wits to realize what it was or what it portended, Breck's great double rifle roared across in front of him. The blast rocked the world, stunned his every faculty. His confusion could have lasted but a second, for he recovered to become aware of the beast still plunging forward. But now its head was down, its knees had buckled under it; it crumpled sidewise and slid forward. The car sustained a slight shock and the mass lay still. Maclyn stared down at the great hulk and drew a deep breath. Breck had opened the breach of his rifle and was inserting another shell.

"*Piga mzouri, bwana,*" Mavrouki quietly uttered his commendation

They all got out to look, and the four men from the other trucks came running up. Maclyn walked round and round the carcass, marveling at its size and power and the thickness of its armored skin and the general prehistoric impression the African rhinoceros has carried over from a preglacial period. He was now belatedly excited. But most of all he marveled at Breck, who had brought the car to a stop, seized the rifle from its clips and fired one shot so well directed that it was instantly fatal, all before Maclyn had grasped the nature of the emergency. He expressed something of this.

"Habit," said Breck carelessly. "That's just Africa. You may go along for months on end, and everything as peaceful and quiet as a May day at home; and then all at once something happens"

One of the animal's long horns had slid between the spokes of the front wheel. Breck surveyed the situation anxiously, then his face cleared

"He didn't spring the axle," said he. "A foot farther and he'd have smashed things. There's a tremendous weight behind him."

All tugged, trying to pull the head in order to disentangle. They hitched one of the trucks to the rhino's hind leg, but were unable to drag the carcass back. Finally they were forced to jack up the car and slide it sidewise away from the horn. Mavrouki asked a question and received a reply. He unstrapped the ax and with it proceeded to chop the two horns from the snout. They peeled away quite easily. Breck called Maclyn's attention to the fact

"They are not attached to the skull; because, you see, they are not really horns at all. They are a hairlike growth."

Mavrouki tossed them aboard one of the trucks

"He says the natives where we are going value them," said Breck. "They'll come in handy for trade." He surveyed the dead beast thoughtfully before climbing into the car "Sorry, old chap," said he, "but you asked for it."

They drove slowly away up a gentle grassy slope that led to a low saddle. The great black carcass dwindled.

But this saddle, unlike the many others similar to it, brought them a surprise. Beyond it were no repetitions of tumbled hills and twisted valleys. They found themselves looking down an even decline only a few hundred feet high across a tremendous sweep of undulating plateau that extended to a horizon so far away that the imagination could hardly catch it up. In low even swells it ran like a sea; dark as the sea, with a thin tree growth through which brown grass gleamed as gluntings on water. Blue mountain ranges, evidently of great size and length, swam low like islands, and the extent of space flowed about them and passed on, leaving them small and alone. The cars stopped. Mavrouki spoke and pointed his long skinny arm

"Hemenway's country is over there," said Breck, "very far, he says." He looked soberly, his chin on his hand "It is a big country," he mused, "and dry. Just like this, as far as one dares go. I've been out in it farther to the east three-four days' journey, during the rains, when there was water in the pans. Always like this; always the same. And yonder, away south, men have come in from the other side. It was always the same. Thorn, mimosa and the thirst. Only Hemenway persisted and found this new country in the middle. Like an oasis Nobody suspected Why should they? It is apparently all of a piece. And he worked out the way in."

Breck had one of his rare talking fits, stirred to it by the contemplation of a job he understood and could admire. "That little doctor of yours is a great man," he concluded.

Mavrouki spoke again. "What does he say?" asked Maclyn.

"See that little nub of rock away over yonder? He says that is where we must leave the cars. There is water there That is where we will find the *safari* and Doctor Hemenway's outfit"

"And where is it we go from there?"

"Over the edge of the world. You'll get a chance to do a little old-fashioned *safari* from there, my lad."

"I shall like that!" cried Maclyn, whose imagination was strongly stirred

"Will you?" said Breck

Mavrouki held forth at some length in his soft low voice. Breck smiled skeptically.

"What's it now?" asked the young man.

"Usual native stuff. He is telling of a hollow mountain that he calls the Mountain of God. They always have some such story to tell. I've been hearing them all my life. They all have one thing in common nobody has ever been there."

He did not immediately drive on, but sat, his chin in his hand, brooding. An influence of vastness was invading Maclyn's spirit, hushing its lesser activities into a great simplicity. Never had he imagined a space like this, even in looking at the stars. In the gigantic amphitheater before him was room for a dozen ordinary landscapes. A week's weather was in sight, each with appropriate room for itself—yonder a thunderstorm darkening the whole earth, but surrounded by brilliant sunshine; over the other way a full-sized rainstorm of slanting gray, but impinging intricately on a summer day of fleecy lazy clouds. Here was a visibility of many days that elsewhere were to be seen only one by one. A great elemental design seemed to hover just beyond comprehension, winds and rains preparing for the steaming sun; an interplay ordinarily seen in a due small chronological order, but here viewed in the whole, as a superior being might view a sequence he had planned.

And with this feeling came abruptly a feeling of something suddenly drawn near, as on that evening at Nairobi when he had crouched by the little fire with Mavrouki and M'bogo. Then it had stolen quietly in with the darkness, feeling its way like a tide as man-made insulations were withdrawn in the cessation of the day's activities. Here it dominated triumphantly, like the sun. And in a flash of illumination Maclyn realized the basis of the difference he had subconsciously felt, the reason for his repeated baffilements and vague disappointments of spirit. Heretofore, on the other side of the ranges, the country of the road, the post office, the luxurious camp, the girl, he had been within an invisible circle. No matter

Continued on Page 108

They Bore Down on the Cars at Full Speed, Yelling at the Top of Their Lungs

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U.S.A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

Five Cents the Copy From All Newsdealers. By Subscription: To the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Cuba, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, Haiti, Isle of Pines, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Spain and Uruguay, $2.00 the Year. Remit by U. S. Money Order, Express Money Order, Check or by Draft, payable in U. S. Funds.

To Canada—By Subscription, $2.50 the Year. Single Copies, Five Cents—Canadian or U. S. Funds.

To Foreign Countries, exclusive of those mentioned above, by subscription, post paid, $4.00 the Year. Remittances to be by Postal or Express Money Order or by Draft on a bank in the U. S., payable in U. S. Funds.

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 15, 1927

Propaganda and the Antidote

THOUGH propaganda may be used for a good or a bad purpose, for a noble or a base cause, as Mr. Garrett brings out in his article, its first and most effective appeal is almost invariably to the emotions. Even when the propagandists are convinced that they are actuated solely by idealism, as so many of them are, the very fervor of their belief leads them to present only the selected facts that favor their cause. Our national temperament is so well understood by European propagandists that, though they brand us as materialists when they do not get what they want, their appeal is always to American idealism.

The most important lesson that Americans can learn today is to recognize propaganda for just what it is whenever they hear it or wherever they read it, *and then to get the other facts;* to decide important questions that affect the welfare of the nation with their minds and not with their emotions. It is not enough to feel deeply; one must think deeply. Tomorrow is another day on which we shall wake up ashamed of our snap judgments and emotional decisions, just as today we wonder a little at yesterday's hysteria.

The conclusions of even our real leaders at home are not always right, so we might as well make our own mistakes if they grow out of our own carefully weighed convictions. But accepting the secondhand thinking of second-rate men will finally make us a third-class power. It is worth noting that the best thought of first-rate men abroad is being devoted to the task of making and keeping their countries first-class powers, and that their internationalism is largely concerned with furthering their trade, developing their territory and caring for the interests of their nationals. Internationalism is a medicine that is being prescribed almost solely for the United States. We may hope and work for a happier future, but we must not deceive ourselves about the present.

The Bitter Lesson in Russia

IMPORTANT events have been happening in Russia. It is hard to get news out of that self-beleaguered country. Everything that is reported must be questioned and, like a badly mutilated cablegram, sent back for verification. Nevertheless, the facts of the internal political turmoil of recent months are gradually coming to light. The accounts in the official and inspired Russian press and the reports of foreign newspaper correspondents in Russia seem to agree on occurrences and interpretations. Russia seems to have made a turn from the left; but how far she has turned toward the right remains to be demonstrated in deeds.

Trotzky, Zinoviev and Kamenev have been deposed from positions of exceptional power in the Soviet Government, following a controversy over party discipline. The overwhelming control remains in the hands of Stalin. With the removal of Zinoviev from the head of the Communist International, the foreign policies of this red disturber may suffer a recall. With the degradation of Trotzky the opposition has lost its most brilliant orator. These men have gone down before the skill of Stalin, the bureaucrat. Long ago it was predicted that communism would degenerate into bureaucracy; perhaps this is the first step.

Apparently there were two main points of cleavage. Stalin wished to have the revolutionary agitation being conducted in foreign countries by the International suspended, in certain countries at least. So long as this agitation continues, the Soviet cannot be generally recognized as the de-facto government of Russia. So long as this recognition is lacking, Russia can raise no credits or loans. So long as foreign capital cannot be procured, economic progress in Russia is hopeless. Foreign capitalism must save Russian communism. Mines, railways and factories have gone as far as they can without new capital, and this new capital must come from abroad. Therefore the revolutionary propaganda must stop in the countries from which Russia hopes to procure loans. The defeated agitatorial wing contended that communism could be saved in Russia only by being extended, through force, to other countries. Convinced that the other countries would not yield to revolutionary agitation, the administration—meaning the party of Stalin—now wishes to cease agitation and practice conciliation.

It is not yet clear if this shift is to go far enough to constitute a bid for recognition. Not only must revolutionary agitation be desisted from; Russia must agree, in principle, to repayment of debts on the basis of a regular settlement; she must also agree to restore the private property of nationals of other countries. Furthermore, she must forgo claims for indemnification for military undertakings against her revolutionary government. How she is to save her face before her own people is the private concern of the Soviet Government. But what must be done to warrant recognition is clearly understood in all the countries that have to date refused recognition. Of these, the most important by far is the United States, because no one else has any money to lend.

Secondly, the shift means a far-reaching change in the policy toward agriculture. We take it that the landowner is to be recognized as the foundation of present Russian society. This means the peasant landowner, not the aristocratic, feudalistic landowner. It implies the creation of a petty bourgeoisie to take over control from the proletariat. The political combination of factory worker and peasant—more unnatural in Russia than in any other country one can think of—is ended, with control in the hand of the peasant. This is just, for Russia is primarily an agricultural country.

Russia is still in the stage of extractive agriculture. Farming is ineffective, but there is a great deal of it. The affairs of agriculture have been badly handled by the Soviet—witness the fact that the exports of grain have been carried out at a loss on account of excessive overhead. Any capital that Russia hopes to borrow must be paid back out of her soil and the resources under the soil. Agriculture will be revived first, industry later, when agriculture is again effective. The foreign goods that the people of Russia so sorely need must be procured by exchange of the products of her soil, as was the case before the war. This means restoration of exports of linen, butter, wheat and rye, barley and corn—not immediately, but gradually, and in increasing volume. On account of the communistic ruination of her industries, Russia will be for a time an even more agricultural country than she was before the war.

Landscape Gardening in the Kitchen

TURKEY, it seems, is to have the services of an American expert who is to take her national cookery in hand and attempt to introduce a more wholesome and less costly dietary by lessening the excessive use of oil in the Oriental kitchen. If this lady succeeds in carrying out the reforms she has in mind, we might very well make it worth her while to come home and put our American kitchens on their old prewar basis.

For many years public cookery in America has been steadily running downhill. New stresses and ideals animate those who preside over the ranges of our hotels and restaurants, and many an earnest housewife has followed their false lead. Our worship of style in cookery has robbed us of the substance. Many of our chefs have ceased to be cooks at all, in the best sense of the word. Their prevailing vice is to think so much about how their dishes are going to look that they forget to consider how they will taste. The fine arts of flavor and savor are drying up while our cooks become landscape architects in miniature.

These artists construct little mountains of food and snow-cap them with a dollop of whipped cream, with a cherry added for a touch of color. They kill subtle natural flavors with gross artificial ones. They take honest tomatoes and transform them into ornamental but insipid jelly molds. They employ a profusion of lettuce, parsley, sliced fruits and carved vegetables, not for creating appetizing flavors but as mere scenery—camouflage to engage the diner's eye and to still the voice of his palate, which proclaims that the pretty dish is almost tasteless and is quite bereft of its characteristic tang. The things they often do to fresh fruits are high crimes and misdemeanors. Lima beans, peas, asparagus and string beans, which should be cooked a tender green, appear on the table tasteless and in sinister shades ranging from yellow to gray. Delicate fish are served with sauces that ruin them. Pastry cooks turn out puff pastes which in France would send them to the guillotine, and they get away with their felonies against the human stomach by means of grainings and frescoes of colored icing which conceal the iniquities within. They, like their colleagues, sell to the eye and not to the palate.

The worst offenders are often found in the most costly restaurants. The more modest establishments are less likely to be infected with these vices. They are frequented by persons who come to satisfy hunger rather than to see and to be seen, to dance, to chat or to visit. These diners come to buy honest-to-goodness food. Sometimes they get it; sometimes they are put off with colorable imitations of the tasteless scenic beauties more often found in the smarter restaurants.

The tendency toward landscape gardening which has crept into the home kitchen may not be discussed in such harsh terms; for though some of it is traceable to feminine liking for style and individuality, it arises for the most part from the desire of materfamilias to please her family, to break up a monotonous succession of familiar dishes, to show her resourcefulness, and to make the most of the materials at her disposal. The extraordinary pains she takes to appeal to the eye as well as to the appetite deserve nothing but praise and respectful admiration. It is only when the dinner table becomes a culinary style show featuring unsatisfying frivolities that her misdirected zeal can be criticized.

By right, America should have the best cookery in all the world, for no country excels her and few approach her in the quality and variety of the raw material for good eating. High traditions still survive in all our older cities and they should not be allowed to die out. Much of our best cooking is of native origin. It derives its authority from the preservation of natural flavors rather than from the invention of artificial ones. We have never known as much about sauces and seasonings as the Continental peoples. We cannot compete with them in this regard; nor is it necessary for us to do so, for both are employed to conceal and disguise inferior viands quite as often as to give zest to those of the best quality. Our cooks still have much to learn from Europe, but they will pay too high for the knowledge if it is to be obtained at the cost of forgetting our own best methods and traditions.

The Preaching of a Brother-in-Law of the Church—By E. W. Howe

IT IS an old charge that the people are not well behaved. Parents, teachers, public speakers, writers, philosophers are preachers. Employers preach to workmen, workmen to employers. Gossip is preaching. Children have been known to preach to parents. Statesmen, churchmen, husbands, wives preach to one another. The individual preacher may prefer to believe his own conduct is correct, but his neighbors have no such opinion; their preaching is directed at him too.

The text of this universal preaching is that if we will behave better we shall get along better. We quarrel about everything else, but here experience and philosophy agree: To prosper as well as we may, to finish our lives as comfortably and successfully as possible, it is only necessary for mankind to accept its own preaching.

Men have long contended they are groping in the dark. The light of thousands of years really illuminates their way. The great truth is that men are not well-behaved, and that those who behave best get along with most comfort and ease.

You may say you are an agnostic. Really you are not; you usually know. If you do not, you should; the old and only story has been told so often. You have heard every foolish thing exploded and laughed at. I never knew an unfortunate man who did not point out the pits into which he had fallen and repeat the old warnings against them.

There is one note in literature that specially annoys me, since it is inexcusably stupid. It is that life is not understandable; that man may only guess; that there is no well-defined program of rewards and punishments, and not even an understandable balance of causes and effects. Every man of fair intelligence may easily understand life, and usually does. Life is simple, and in a hundred years the established rules have not greatly changed. Go into any home, pick up any book, and you find the rules; they are taught in millions of schools. There are few unanswered questions. What we may not know is unimportant. Every day I know what I am doing; I know where I am going, when I shall get there, and what will happen when I arrive. The people I meet tomorrow will be like those I met yesterday, actuated by the same unchanging impulses, and know the inevitable truth as I know it, from having had it dinned into their ears from childhood.

How foolish to say life is not understandable! I may not like it, but I understand it. If I make the best of life I am wise; if I do not I am a fool. I don't always understand causes, but when the same things happen in my life year after year, and I read that the same things have happened regularly in the lives of others in the past, I am finally able to understand results. There were few great problems in the first place, and they have been worked out. The few simple truths you need are revealed every day; Nature knows, and tells, orators talk and writers publish, but it all resolves itself into this: Only a few of those who are industrious and fair fail to succeed, while only a few of those who are idle and vicious fail to score a failure.

Every man who practices bad habits is apologetic. A liar claims to be truthful; a drunkard promises to quit

(Continued on Page 143)

SUCH BEHAVIOR! HE CAN DO IT VERY NICELY WHEN HE WANTS TO!
WIL-YUM! YOU DANCE OR I'LL GET THE TRUNK STRAP!
MOTHER NECESSITY
AUNTY PRIDE
AUNTY AMBISH
MORE RESPONSIBILITY
YOUR BOSS
Tinker Johnson

Success in Life is Actually Easier Than Failure

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

The Wreck of the Rumhound of the Seas

OUR gallant ship was sailing—
Sailing o'er the sea;
The tourists were regaling
Themselves regrettably;
The water leaking in the hold
Was rising notch by notch,
So while the tourists watched the wake
I went and waked the watch.

Our gallant ship was sinking,
And in the water poured!
I could not keep from thinking
Some Jonah was aboard!
And then I saw a stowaway
Out of the hold he ran!
So while the sailors manned the pumps
I went and pumped the man.

"Your gallant ship is sinking,"
Replied that man bizarre,
"Because the folk were drinking
Openly in the bar.
So I have sunk the ship to teach
Them more enlightened views
The Volstead Act taboos the bar,
And why? To bar the booze!'"

The passengers were raving;
Into the bar they burst;
All eager to be saving
The wines and brandies first.
They disciplined that stowaway
Ten minutes by the watch.
In vain! They could but scotch the snake,
For he had snaked the Scotch!

—Morris Bishop.

DOGVILLE ITEMS—Bill Brown, the Blacksmith, Has Trained His Yellow Mutt, Dan, to Bring His Lunch Daily. Bill Went Lunchless Tuesday. Dan Suggests Bill Use an Armored Car for Deliveries in the Future

Why People Who Visit New York Say They're Glad They Don't Live There

DR. HERMANN K. BLÄTTE, renowned psychoanalyst and author of Care and Feeding of the Inferiority Complex, Are We a-Freud or Just Too Jung?, Why We Have Stopped Behaving, and so on, has prepared the following questionnaire for those of our readers who are planning a trip to New York this winter expecting to have a good time. Study the questions carefully, write your reactions on the dotted lines, read them aloud to yourself three times, and go right ahead if you want to that bad.

REACTIONS TO HEADWAITERS

Do you become numb above the neck when you follow him to a table?

Do you protest when he gives you the table nearest the pantry swing doors, where the bus boys are thickest, numerically and mentally?

Can you concentrate on the menu and multiply the prices by two while he taps his pencil on his order pad?

Do you feel that you could never look him in the eye and order "Eggs, *Heloise* . . . . $.60" in place of the "Breast of Young Guinea Hen With Mushrooms *Chirugien* . . . $3.50," which he has just suggested to you?

Do you dare to ask if one portion will be enough for two persons?

REACTIONS ON ENTERING THE RITZBILT

Do you wish you hadn't come?

Do you expect the uniformed pusher of the revolving door to tell you that all packages should be delivered through the basement entrance?

As you wait in the lobby for the friend who is to lunch with you, do you feel that the desk clerks and house detectives are mistaking you for the person who passed a bad check on them two weeks ago?

REACTIONS TO HAT-CHECK GIRL
(Men Only)

Do you ever have a desire to ask her please not to stuff your silk muffler up your overcoat sleeve?

Do you always suppress this desire?

When she gives you someone else's hat, and you call her attention to it and she tells you, "Well, it had your number on it and it must be your hat," do you argue the point with her? . . . . . .

REACTIONS TO SHOPPING (Women Only)

Do you feel you look, to the grand duchess who comes forward to wait upon you, as Cinderella must have looked to the court at 12:01 A.M. the night she overstayed her leave at the ball?

Do you believe her—the g. d.'s—statement that the reason she charges $525 for the model with fur and $315 if you order it without is on account of the labor?

Do you tell her so?

Continued on Page 157

The Sky Writer Does His Stuff at Home

"Will You Marry Me?"
"Oh, My Goodness! Haven't You Heard? I'm Already Married!"

To His First Golf Trophy—"A Thousand Dollars Club Membership, a Thousand for Outfitting and Lessons, Ten Years of Practice, But You are Worth It!"

Tempting color! Delicious flavor! Glowing health!

When you lift this tonic and refreshing soup to your lips you taste the flavor that is famous from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Such a universal favorite that housewives know they can obtain it any time, anywhere food is sold in the United States.

Do you realize how splendid in quality and how delicious in flavor a soup must be, before it can win such a reputation?

Pure tomato juices. Luscious tomato "meat". Strained to a smooth puree and blended with rich country butter, fresh herbs and dainty seasoning.

Eat soup and keep well. With the meal or as a meal soup belongs in the daily diet.

21 kinds **12 cents a can**

THE HAPPY PILGRIMAGE

By CORRA HARRIS

IT WAS mid-afternoon of the day I so hastily evacuated Hollywood on account of that earth tremor. I was zooming along the Grand Boulevard on my way to Los Angeles, when suddenly it occurred to me that I had forgotten something. The things you forget leave a faint trace of their quality or meaning behind them. This felt like the mental dent left by an idea. I recognized the sensation because I am subject to it—the loss of my best thoughts in transition. They seem to fly in through the open casements of my mind by accident. Then something real happens. I must leave one of them until I have attended to an urgent bit of business, or the earth shakes. When I calm down, go back to pick up the happy thought or the witty inspiration, the thing has vanished. How many times in my writing career have I gone bankrupt in these small ways!

I searched all the pockets of my recollections trying to find this mental token of Hollywood. I was annoyed, as I have been a few times when I had gone to hear a sensational preacher and could not recall the text of his sermon afterward. What had I expected to bring away from Hollywood that I did not get? Ah! It came back to me in a flash—"the bright rim of perdition!" I had gone there to study it, as amateurs endeavor to acquire a little culture by regarding a foreign masterpiece with a fixed stare.

Well, what about the bright rim of perdition? My friends, it is not there! The Old Boy himself could not make anything brilliant and substantial out of the confetti of folly flying in that place. A great many of these celebrities may be stars on the screen, but in real life I should say they are contraband stars. Humanly speaking, they are in reduced circumstances, covering this poverty of taste and spirit with childish pomp, substituting silly escapades for real adventures, performing the most daring feats of courage for the screen without being either honorable or courageous in the great moral drama of living.

Yet these people reach a greater audience than all the preachers and teachers of righteousness. They are affecting the national standards of thrift, decency and responsibility more than all our universities do. Therefore, though I would not go so far as to suggest that they should take ordination vows, I do think they should be made to take civil-service examinations in the cardinal virtues of decent society and be required to live up to them so long as they show their faces on the screen. A matinée idol should be a good man, is what I mean. I find no fault with a bathing beauty for becoming a famous dancer, but I do think she should behave herself properly in private life, because these people have no private life—it is all published or rumored.

Nearly every man or woman who achieves fame in any of the arts is in a precarious situation so far as his or her reputation is concerned. This is due to the sensational activities of people with bad minds, and cannot be avoided. It is the blackmail we all pay. I know one desperate author who keeps a lawyer to defend him in extreme emergencies. He is a good man with a wife and grown children, but the day I met him he was a trifle pop-eyed because the day before some scamp had borrowed his name like a wedding garment, had taken the rich widow he was about to marry around to see the author's palatial town house, indicating that this was to be her future home, and was practically on the way to the altar with her when that smart lawyer blocked the aisle.

Pershing Square, Los Angeles

I myself have had numerous reputations conferred upon me like doubtful degrees; as, for example, when a flashing lady appeared in Cuba and cut quite a caper there upon the bright rim of perdition, masquerading as Corra Harris. But I never worry about these affairs, because I have taken considerable pains with my real character. It is not what you would call a lovely character, patched in places where my charity and Christian patience gave way suddenly when from natural heinousness I accomplished some devastating deed quick as a flash. But, all told, it is a decent, durable character, if I do say so myself, and on this account I figure I can afford the transient depletion of my mere reputation. No one needs to worry about that if he worries along with his Ten Commandments and sweetens himself now and then with a Beatitude. We cannot be perfect. I do not even try, being as sure as I am of my continued immortality in another world, and probably in easier circumstances in righteousness than this world affords. Time enough then to put on my high lights. As long as we are in this one, and in grave danger of being despitefully used by our fellow man, it is not my idea to lie down on the job of my mortal life and let him use me up.

I would rather do something braver for Christ's sake. I firmly believe in the Scripture which says "Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth," because I have seen them do it; but in my own case, knowing my natural limitations in that meekness which is teachableness, I could not expect to inherit much of the earth within a thousand years. Therefore it seems wiser to go on learning the things safest to know along the way I have to go, and to put off that ultimate meekness until I matriculate in a better school.

The point I am making is that so many of these stars and star asters of the screen are neither moral nor immoral. They are unmoral. They have an awful levity of the spirit, which imparts no grace to virtue and no charm to vice. If I did not know better I should be tempted to believe some of them have been imported from the land of Nod which is where we must infer those first animal men and women settled whom the Lord created on the sixth day along with the other animals. They bore no spiritual likeness to Adam and his family, created after that long Sabbath day's rest, during which the Lord observed the deficiencies of those mere creature people whom He created on the sixth day.

In any case, we know Cain went over into the land of Nod to choose his wife. I believe more sorrow has come from this foreign marriage than from that forbidden-fruit incident for which Eve's regrettable enterprise was responsible. All my life, it seems to me, I have recognized the footsteps of this gay girl from the land of Nod traipsing back and forth across the sadly shining ones of better women, not easily followed across the mountain tops because she blurs and makes them indistinct. Her sons and daughters are everywhere, and it seemed to me I saw too many sheiks and shebas of this line frolicking around Hollywood.

I am not saying this to hurt the Nod girl's feelings. My notion is that she'd only toss her head and giggle, that though she is pretty, talented, grasping, impulsively generous, easily moved to tears or laughter, you could not really hurt her feelings except by depriving her of alimony or of the opportunity to publish herself. She is only serious about gratifying her vanities and desires characteristics of the ladies of Nod, my dears, wherever you see them, whether in Hollywood or in your own community.

I may be wrong about all this. I must be partially wrong, because I met very few of the motion-picture celebrities, and then quite by accident. This was not because I held aloof, but because I was like a funny old cork of a woman bobbing on the surface of that place, not recognized, and no less negligible if I had been recognized. With a very few exceptions, those whom I did meet made no impression upon my recollections. It was like being introduced to paper dolls. I cannot remember their faces or the legends of their fame. I seem to be meanly lacking in the right training in admiration to appreciate them; and I was disappointed in Hollywood. In spite of the alluring prospectus so many newspapers carried of that place,

(Continued on Page 32)

Sweet as clover - - -

a new churned fragrance that means

Creamery Fresh!

FRUIT still warm from the sun . . . bread fresh from the oven . . . butter just from the churn . . .

That delicate *first*-goodness—how quickly it goes, how easily it is lost.

And yet, how perfectly it is saved for you in Brookfield Creamery Butter!

Sweet as clover it comes to you—*creamery fresh.*

* * *

Our own experts guard its freshness from the time the churns are opened. Constant refrigeration. Scrupulous cleanliness.

Our own refrigerator cars take it straight from our country creameries to Swift branch houses in the cities.

And so your dealer gets it—by the shortest, the quickest route possible.

It still retains its original, new-churned goodness when he receives it. It is still *creamery fresh* when you buy it.

And what a difference *that* makes at your table and in your cooking!

* * *

Throughout the country the same dealers who are handling Brookfield Creamery Butter also sell Brookfield Cheese, Brookfield Eggs and Brookfield-Premium Poultry.

These products are all distributed by the nation-wide Swift food service—all bearing the name Swift and all of the same high quality. To make sure of this it is only necessary to look for the name on the package.

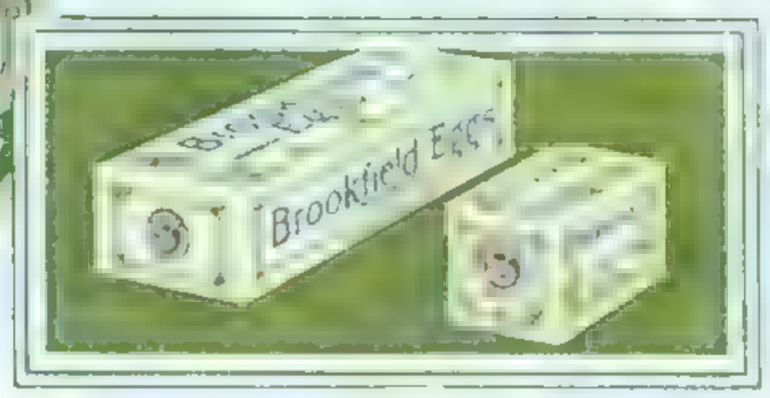
Swift & Company

The name Brookfield is plainly printed on the Brookfield Cheese and Brookfield Eggs cartons—your guide to and guarantee of finest quality

Brookfield

Butter - Eggs

Cheese



©S&Co

(Continued from Page 30)

I literally could not find it. It leaves no glow upon the horizon of my memory.

I have sometimes thought those of us who arrive in the great city of Hades, with no more preparation than the published accounts of that place to prepare our minds for it, will also be astonished and disappointed. Instead of finding there the scenes of writhing anguish our imaginations have painted, we may come into a proud quiet city of many strong mansions, where evil men rule with the ruthless power of evil. No disturbances, no mobs, no robberies or murders. No courts of justice in that dreadful community of criminals, and mercilessly respectable people with damned minds to enforce the tyranny of public opinion. The laity of ordinary bad people would be so oppressed that they would not dare ascend by faith out of their strange torment, because aspiration could not survive in such an atmosphere.

What I feel is that the whole thing would be static, held together by the centripetal forces of unutterable evil. If you did not stir up anything nothing would happen to you; and if nothing happened for an eternity or two, how would you feel? Still, to a stranger just arriving, it might look like any other great city with the lid on and no filling stations.

If I must be punished in my life to come, let me have it literally, according to the hottest holocaust doctrines of the Old Testament. I should prefer it to being placidly damned in a place like this, with no real burning distress to take my mind off the situation.

I am not comparing Hollywood to such a place, you understand. For even a person of no artistic sensibilities at all can usually discern the difference between a chromo and a masterpiece. But at last we only see what we have the capacity to see, comprehend no more than we have the intelligence to divine. I may have missed the meaning of Hollywood. It is possible that it is a bright and lovely place, filled with butterfly spirits in a state of frivolous transition, but to my somber old Scylla-and-Charybdis mind, the whole thing appeared a trifle more than usual out of drawing with the eternal order. And nobody yet has disputed the fact that there is an eternal order, however it came about.

Los Angeles is a huge cocktail of humanity. There is a bead on it—a bead on all Western life, for that matter, but in this great town it spits and sparkles. I am not sure a cocktail should foam, now that I think of it; however, some intoxicating combinations do. Los Angeles is one of them. The people of it are happily inebriated with the vivacity of living and they are the most spiritually minded people I ever saw, without taking the trouble to be religious about it. My own impression was that their amazing prosperity is largely psychical, founded upon imagination and a happy-go-lucky faith in the future. It is only partially covered by their oil industry, their fruit markets, the tourists who come to spend, the millionaires who settle there to live in vast comfort, and by the extravagance of the adjacent motion-picture world. Real-estate speculation reaches the point of pure romance there without the classical dignity of this form of literature. But it is not the only section of this country where the same kind of fiction is being produced in values, and in every case it only accounts for much of the poverty in those places.

Orange Groves Near Los Angeles

In Los Angeles even poverty wears a cheerful aspect, as if it was stepping with a long stride to where prosperity will begin again. They are the bravest people I ever saw about thrusting their fears and misfortunes behind them. They believe in something as children believe, with the same ardor. As near as I could make out, Providence has little to do with their real life, but it is their faith in opportunity, in their earth, seas and skies. They are still in the gold-rush period toward that great mine of riches—the future.

It was not until I reached Los Angeles that I seemed suddenly to be absorbed into the whole life of the West, rather than in one of its elements, like that of Santa Barbara or Hollywood. I could write a book about it, but refrain for conscience's sake, lest some reader of the thing might sell all he has and go out there to invest it. If he does, California will get it. Not even God can protect him from their joyful wit at this business. They are by riches as children are about toys. They are determined to have them, not to keep, but to spend. Their acquisitiveness is equaled only by their generosity. I know a man in Los Angeles who lost three hundred thousand dollars in less time than it would require the maddest speculator in the East to lose a hundred dollars. Not only that, they put him in the hole for another hundred thousand. Now his creditors have adopted him. They pay all his expenses, and have been doing it for two years, because they love him and believe in him and need his advice occasionally about other similar business deals! Can you imagine such a situation? He no longer rolls in wealth, which is one of their childish pastimes, but he is comfortable, happy and very rich in friends.

If you are curious to know what becomes of the people you have forgotten, go West; you will find many of them there. The scholarly gentleman whom you knew years ago may have become a dope fiend or bootlegger, disguised still by that gentle scholarly countenance, not actually corrupt even yet, but the victim of one accident of fortune after another, until he is reduced to the treachery of every relationship in order to survive in that vast maelstrom of vivacity and enterprise which is the formula of the Western business world. Or he may have been a reckless young fellow at home who was obliged to disappear on account of some rakish escapade. You can find him in the West, grown to be a prominent citizen, honored and trusted.

PHOTOS BY COURTESY OF SOUTHERN PACIFIC LINES

On the Beach at Los Angeles

Thirty-nine years ago I was the youngest of brides, going one Saturday afternoon in February with my circuit rider to his first appointment after our marriage. We rode in a borrowed buggy, drawn by a borrowed horse. I remember that horse to the last rib showing in her sides. She was a sorrel mare with a bad disposition.

(Continued on Page 64)

Confirm *your good opinion of* Buick *at the Motor Shows*

EVERY YEAR, the motor car shows of the country add substantially to the nation-wide popularity of Buick.

These shows, where all the cars are on display, afford an exceptional opportunity for delving into motor car facts, for studying comparative values.

Buick design welcomes comparisons. Its advantages show best by contrast with cars which do not enjoy Buick volume. Every dollar of the savings of Buick volume is devoted to the increase of Buick value.

Excellence is the result. No other car, at any price, has the Sealed Chassis, with every operating part sealed inside an iron or steel housing.

No other car has a smoother engine than the famous Buick Valve-in-Head—mounted in resilient rubber—*vibrationless beyond belief!*

Look upon your Automobile Show as an opportunity to ask questions and make comparisons. You will see why Buick popularity grows so steadily—why Buick owners are so enthusiastic.

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT · · BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

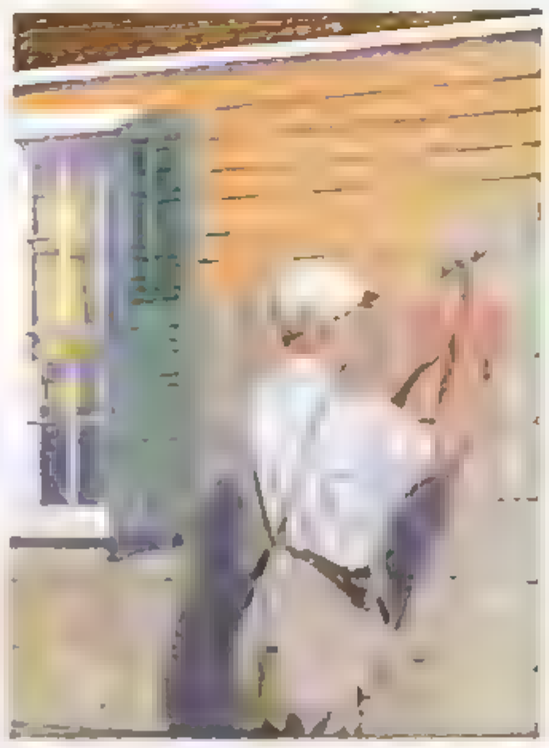
HOME OF MR. ELBERT J. TOWNSEND, LE ROY, N. Y., REBEAUTIFIED WITH CREO-DIPTS-OVER-SIDING. ARCHITECTS, BOHACKET & BREW, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Creo-Dipts over siding *saved $250 per year*

IF you have an old house that needs new life, look at the picture above. This was an old house, too. Then its owner decided to *rebeautify* it, by laying Creo-Dipt Stained Shingles right over siding.

"But that means a big investment," you say. Not at all! Even the first cost is little more than two complete paintings. From then on the Creo-Dipts begin saving money; on this home they reduced the annual paint bill from $425 to $175—*a saving of $250 per year.* They saved fuel, too; the owner estimates 15% each year.

On your home, Creo-Dipts may not save that much, for your house may be smaller. But on any house, re-roofing and laying Creo-Dipts over old siding saves more than it costs. And fresh new Creo-Dipt colors on roof and side-walls make your house worth more, to you or to a buyer.



Lay Creo-Dipt Stained Shingles right over siding on old houses. In five years, they save enough paint to pay for themselves. In 10 to 12 years, they save their cost twice over. Mail the coupon for photographs of actual houses that have been rebeautified with Creo-Dipt Stained Shingles.

Perhaps you are planning a new home. Dig into the facts about Creo-Dipt roof and side-walls. Creo-Dipt Shingles cost no more than other materials, while their savings amount to hundreds of dollars.

Ask your leading architect, builder or lumber dealer to confirm these Creo-Dipt savings. They know the name *Creo-Dipt* is given only to the most carefully selected cedar shingles, specially stained and thoroughly preserved to last for years. Experienced builders ask for genuine Creo-Dipts by name.

Write for our portfolio of large-size photographs, showing all types of Creo-Dipt homes designed by leading American architects. A beautiful color booklet comes with it, showing the wide choice of charming Creo-Dipt colors. Clip and mail the coupon today.

CREO-DIPT COMPANY, INC.
1201 Oliver Street, No. Tonawanda, N.Y.
In Canada CREO-DIPT COMPANY, LTD., 1610 Royal Bank Building, Toronto
Sales offices in principal cities
Plants located for easy shipping at North Tonawanda, Minneapolis, Kansas City, Mo., Vancouver, B. C.
Leading lumber dealers carry stock.

© C-D Co., Inc., 1926

CREO-DIPT
Stained Shingles

CREO-DIPT COMPANY, INC.
1201 Oliver Street, No. Tonawanda, N. Y.
Enclosed find 25c for portfolio of large-size photographs and booklet of [illegible] colors.
I am interested in (check which) ☐ Covering side-walls ☐ New roof ☐ Building new ☐ Re-roofing
Name
Address

THE HARVEST OF THE YEARS

By Luther Burbank, With Wilbur Hall

WHEN the sun begins to cast longer shadows, the days to grow shorter and the nights to lengthen and turn cooler, we in California experience a brief return of summer. It is as though the year paused a moment on the threshold of the rainy season and turned back to look somewhat longingly at its rich and fruitful months of blossom and activity and growth, a little loath to go. In that second summer we gather our harvests.

Like the year, I pause now, toward the end of my allotted time, to glance backward and to gather my harvest of experience and growth and friendship and happy memory, and like the year, I find myself warm, mellow, sunshiny and kindly in all my motives and in my intent toward all mankind.

What has been my harvest of the years? In these papers I have tried to sketch lightly, and with broad strokes of my pencil, the development of my life and the progression of my work, my memories of men and events, the homely philosophy that has grown in my mind from my experiences and contacts, the lessons of Nature that have been learned through my association with that peer of all teachers, and the ripened thoughts that come to me whenever I sit down quietly to review a crowded, busy, profitable and happy life. Now, when I have to turn my last page for you, I feel strongly moved to sum up the whole and try to see, as much for myself as for you—my friendly, patient and appreciative audience—what is the nature, extent and value of the crops I have been gathering and spreading for your inspection.

As though they were the grains from the field, the fruits from the orchard and the flowers from the garden, bursting with seed for another season's planting, I seem to see three kinds of crops in the barn and bin and storehouse of this series of papers

Luther Burbank, From His Last Photograph

I see the harvest of work accomplished and aims achieved -and here I observe that the crop is somewhat short of what it might have been. I see the harvested experiences and lessons that have molded and impressed and enriched my own life, and here there is a first-class yield, and more than the sowing seemed to merit

A Bumper Crop of Friendship

I SEE the harvest of dear friendships, happy memories, recollections of triumphs won and honors bestowed. Here the storehouse floor groans and the walls bulge and the shingles on the roof have to give a little to make room, for the harvest is rich and heavy and abundant, and we may even have to put on an ell or so to accommodate everything that is headed this way.

Looking backward down the seasons it is very interesting to me to observe how the last crop has increased with the first two and seems to have been a result of them. Perhaps there is some significance in this fact.

There are three goals toward which all men of ambition strive—toward wealth, power or fame. You may think of a fourth—the goal of pure knowledge—of knowledge for its own sake, taking no account of the other three incentives. But I am inclined to believe that the most devoted and absorbed scientist or the most selfless thinker or scholar actually has a subconscious, if not a conscious, yearning for that power which is knowledge. So it may be safe to say that there are in the end three goals.

When I began my life work I was definitely not interested in money or in money-making, except as a means to an end, and when I lapsed, as I did once or twice, and began to find myself a money-maker, I was compelled to execute a sharp right-about face and get back to my original program. I had no desire to be famous in the ordinary sense of the word, though I was actuated so strongly by an impulse to serve mankind that perhaps approbation of others was more of an incentive than I realized. I did have a great yearning to know, and it was not long before I was aware that there is no more useful key to the gates of all that this world holds for man than the key of exact knowledge.

I can remember now the keen zest I had for every sort and kind of information, whether it applied directly to my work or not, and the reason I remember it so clearly of that slight, active, busy nuisance of a boy and youth I was, is because I have never lost it to this day. A library to me was a gold mine; a book was a trap skillfully baited to entice me in, head over heels! A man who knew something definitely could catch me with half a dozen words, and the great debt I owe some of the solid and substantial and learned men and women of wise years who were my father's neighbors and friends in New England can never be paid. I was not a bookworm or a prodigy; I was much more certainly set down by my elders as inquisitive and sometimes a bother, but I did want to know and I was unscrupulous in stealing something from any store that lay open to me, and tireless—though maybe tiresome—in my anxiety to get at the plum preserves in the closets of other minds.

As a young man I had a good many hardships that were salutary and strengthening to my will and my purpose, even though some of them may have taxed me physically more than was good; but none of those trials and difficulties weighed at all against the growing power I felt through the learning I acquired both from Nature, from the conversations of the experienced and the wise, and from books. I have referred already to the fact that my own course through Nature's school brought me into close and invaluable contact with great and thoughtful and wise men and women; as my mind matured and developed I became more and more free of the honorable and delightful fellowship of those who are committed to a pursuit of knowledge.

If I have gleaned from these associations and this practice a wide and general education, it is no more than natural. The friendships that are mine, the honors that have come to me, the success I have had, the reputation I have gained and the achievements of my life of work with flowers and trees, are all due to my love of learning for its own sake and my habit of testing theories in practical application and of gaining from practical work the theories on which my conclusions about life are based

Concerning the harvest of the years in work accomplished and aspirations achieved, the record is written in flowers and trees and shrubs and grains and vines now growing and reproducing themselves in probably every clime on this planet and in almost every country. My very first work was intensely practical. I saw a need for greater productivity, finer qualities and sturdier plants and I set to work to collaborate with Nature on this task. I had a secret ambition, even in those first years, that I have mentioned to but few people, and that was an ambition to work solely with ornamental trees. A few of the great and majestic trees of New England, such as the elm and the oak, as well as many that were dear to me for their beauty and grace, promised large returns in satisfaction if they could be duplicated in other families of trees less stately or less lovely. When I came to California I was ravished by the redwoods and California live oaks, by the eucalyptus, then newly come to this country from Australia, and by the walnut.

Civilization's Shaded Path

TRAVELING about the countryside of Sonoma and neighboring counties today I am amazed to come on old friends standing in groups or lining entrance roads or following fences—old, old trees that I planted with my own hands for my friends or customers, or raised and sold to them for their own planting. I had not realized how much time I spent in those earlier years on the growing of trees, or how much success I had, in this new country, in inducing others to grow them. You will notice that the substantial, the thrifty, the worthy and the likable classes of people plant trees, no matter whether they are in a new and treeless country or in one already well planted, and that the shiftless, the transient, the careless and the selfish are as little likely to set out sheltering trees as they are to be neat, thrifty or good neighbors.

Show me a developed town with no trees and I will show you a town to avoid as a home for your families. Go through districts where want and squalor and crime and filth are the rule and you will be lucky to find even a gaunt specimen of a tree anywhere about. This is not by chance; the planted and tended tree is as sure a sign of civilization as a revered flag or a church spire or a schoolhouse belfry, and the English, who have carried civilization to every part of their dominions scattered far and wide about the earth, plant shade trees almost before they finish their houses or start their towns.

But my dream of spending my life working at the improvement and development of finer and bigger and more beautiful shade trees was interrupted by the urge of more immediately practical needs of planters and gardeners and orchardists, and I was never able to do nearly as much as I always wanted to with trees. I brought together many varieties of walnuts in crosses and from these developed three trees that have a definite and perhaps an incalculable value to the world. A hardwood tree that will grow rapidly and in temperate climates would, in time, revolutionize the lumber industry. The American Government's newer policy of reforesting timber areas will probably perpetuate our softwood forests to supply the redwood, pine and fir necessary to our country's needs for many generations to come. If lumbermen can add to these old forests extensive plantings of a desirable hardwood, the gain to builders will be apparent. The Royal and the Paradox walnuts, at least, appear from practical tests to meet every requirement.

Meantime, though, my work had been more and more concentrated on the improvement of orchard fruits and the

(Continued on Page 58)

CADILLAC'S program of 50 Body Styles and Types in 500 Color and Upholstery Combinations was the first genuinely new note in motor cars in five years. It made the motor car once again a thing of personal pride and individual distinction.

But color and body variety are not the only new and finer elements in this new Cadillac. In every performance detail; in speed and power; in value and dependability it surpasses any former Cadillac.

All eyes are focusing on the great new

CADILLAC

Proof of this is found in the fact that the demand for the new 90-degree, eight-cylinder Cadillac is far greater than that of all other cars at its price, or over, put together.

Priced from $2995 upward, f. o. b. Detroit

NEW 90 DEGREE

CADILLAC

DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

FRED AND CIRCUSES

"Don't Worry," Said Hilda. "Poor Old Freddie is Highly Uncomfortable. You Must Keep on Saying That You Love it and That You've Never Felt Such a Happy, Hearty Woman"

By Agnes Burke Hale

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

MRS. FREDERICK LAKE and Mrs Douglas Dervish, those two charming ex-actresses, were lunching together at Anatol's, the Park Avenue palace where luncheon is a gesture toward perfection. Naturally, this extraordinary meeting of talents and appetites attracted attention. Aaron Bolinsky, the big theatrical producer, was one of the observers, and he had a long, long thought. He contemplated Mrs. Lake, the erstwhile Kate Kern, the slenderer, fairer of the two women. What a beauty she was still! How that silvery, wicked tongue of hers could fling off words!

He watched her as a cat might watch a luscious bird, then he pushed back his plate, with a word to the waiter, and wandered over to her table.

"You two ladies are the great laughers," he said. "To laugh like this, you must be happy wives, heh?" He beamed upon them, his oily, impressive old face a criss-cross of smiles.

"Oh, Aaron," screamed Mrs. Dervish, "here you are. Sit right down." Hilda Dervish, before her marriage, had been a famous acrobatic dancer and comédienne. Dark, sinewy and active, she had forsaken a life of perpetual motion for Douglas Dervish, millionaire, æsthete and art collector.

He had gazed on Hilda one night at a big revue, and a contrary passion for her provoking vitality had seized him. She was the first live thing he had ever longed for, and, being stubborn, he got her.

"Dear Bolinsky," sang out Kate. "What a joy!" Yes, what a joy to see him again, now that one was no longer at the mercy of his driving criticism. What a cross old bear he was!

"You don't look a day older," said Kate skillfully. "It makes me homesick to see you." She had been his favorite star. Her airy, finished comedy, which came forth from her as effortlessly as lightning darts from a cloud; her bell-like voice; her blond loveliness—these had delighted his exacting and judging taste. She was the perfect high comedian. Moreover, she had an ethereal quality: audiences loved this fragile flower, who had the air of being about to step off into another world, but lingered behind to make them laugh. She was a comic sort of angel.

"You live in the country?" he asked her. "Say, what is a woman like you in the country for?"

"Oh, the country," she retorted airily. "The country can be nice. It is not all Nature and kerosene lamps. Times have changed. There are dogs and horses, babies and dances. There are wild parties. And the fresh, sweet air of dawn," she concluded.

"Pouf." He shrugged his disbelief. "A lot you know about the dawn. That is why you keep young. Now, this crazy Hilda here—she is always jumping around." Hilda threw a piece of bread at him, which he picked up and ate. "This bread reminds me," he said, "of my dinner for which I must pay. Mrs. Kate, I would like you to come to see me this afternoon in my office. I have a little proposition for you. A little business proposition. Where is it you live?"

"Red Rock," she said, "Long Island, where the animals are better bred than the people. You've got me all excited."

"Excitement is life," said Bolinsky, who was the outward personification of a slug. "You always liked excitement. Come before four. In the same office." He rose, bowed, smiled and waddled away.

The two ex-actress wives and mothers stared at each other. "The Rubicon," hissed Hilda. "The big leap. He's got a part for you, and wants you back. Katie, what will you do?"

Katie's eyes were very blue, and wide open. "Oh, my hat, how do I know? This comes at a bad time. I am bored to death with the country. Yet my sweet Freddie, if I suggested going, would cry, 'Are you no longer happy?' Well, I am happy fundamentally, but displeased with my environment. Freddie, in the country, is not the same man he was in New York."

"Move back to New York and take the part," suggested Hilda. "Gosh, how I miss you! Once you get Fred away from the dogs and horses, he'll forget them. If Douglas had Freddie's tastes and Freddie Douglas', we should be better suited. Except that Freddie would drive me mad and Douglas make you loony. Why is marriage such a madhouse?"

They dived into raspberry mousse to rest their minds from this mental strain.

"Make him come to New York," repeated Hilda.

"No. Impossible. Since he inherited the Lake Wrench and Winch Works, he is as tied to Red Rock as the President to the White House. The Pope lives in the Vatican, the King in Buckingham Palace, and the president of the Lake Wrench and Winch Works lives in Red Rock. It's a business tradition. Wrenches from Red Rock. I wouldn't care, if he weren't trying to make me over, too, to suit Red Rock."

That was the sting in the ointment—Freddie, the transplanted Wall Street broker, not content with becoming a sporting country gentleman and capitalist, wished his wife, too, to assume the manners of the countryside.

"All the women are terrible," said Katie. "Great, husky, air-breathing, strenuous creatures. They talk about guns

and dogs, polo and horses. They think Schnitzler is a kind of pepper and Molnar a town in Poland. If Freddie were really busy he wouldn't have time for all this sport. But all he has to do is to motor into Red Rock and count the carloads going in and out. Carloads of wrenches. What can people do with so many wrenches? Don't they last, after all?"

"Some people," said Hilda, "lose everything. But I envy you. To get any exercise, I have to sneak out to Texas Taylor's gymnasium three times a week. I've told Douglas I'm teaching a class of dancing over at St. Faith's Foundation for Retarded Girls."

"You deceive him," said Katie breathlessly. "How exciting. But can't he look it up in the telephone book?"

"Telephone book? Would Doug do anything so modern? He never looked at anything but museums, galleries and *objets d'art*. When he looks at me, he sees a mirage he says I am a fifteenth-century type. Doug's mind is lost somewhere between the Norman Conquest and the Spanish Armada. Let me repeat, I envy you your sport."

Katie shook her head. "I wish I could give it to you. No one likes better than I to see the Giants wallop the Pirates, or to see Ball of Fire win by a nose from Get There First. I like a nice seat in a box, a new frock, and millions of people cheering. But Freddie's sort of sport is the breeder of muscle and the death of delicacy. Where would I be, if I should want to go back on the stage, with my charm ruined by muscle and brawn? Where?"

There was no answer. They were back at the big question. What would Bolinsky have to say?

"What have you got to do this afternoon, dear?" said Hilda, holding a mirror to her saucy face.

"I have a list," said Katie, pawing into her hand bag. "Here it is. But what do you want to do? I suppose I'd better chase around to Aaron's and find out what he wants."

"Come first with me to Lotti's. She's got the most perfect tea gown—all pale yellow and lace—named Butterfly's Breath."

Katie was staring at her list, written out by Freddie on a piece of embossed stationery.

"The Hedges," she read. "Doesn't it sound like English comedy? . . . Listen to my list. Seed, bird cages, dog biscuit, saddle soap, screws, basket for Jingo—she's a Persian cat—bone meal, Paris green, buy baby shoes and jumper. Did you ever hear the like? How can I go to Madame Lotti's?"

Hilda gave her a hard, calculating look—the look she used to wear on the stage when beginning some intricate somersault. Careful now, her eyes said.

"Those things are perfect rot," she said firmly, "on your one day in town. Are you a veterinarian or sort of a second gardener?"

"It does seem absurd," said Katie, looking dreamily out upon Park Avenue and the passing throng of happy city women.

So they went to Lotti's.

She returned to Red Rock by the 7:13, with ecstasy in her heart. In a large flat box she carried the Butterfly's Breath. She would slip it on for dinner, and as Freddie melted before its insinuating charm, she would say casually:

"I saw dear old Bolinsky today. He wants me to take the lead in Be Kind to the Dumb. It's a darling play. He's given it to me to read. Let's take a flat in town, darling, this winter," and so on. She had phrased it fetchingly, a hundred times, coming out on the train.

But there was Freddie on the platform, handsome and bulky in his eye-racking tweeds, his dark, ruddy face pallid by gloom. Had the house burned up? Had a horse collapsed? Had the baby found the scissors? Her thoughts failed her.

"Hello, darling," she sang bravely. "What is the matter with your face?" He made a growling noise and took her box. She seemed to him a creature without logic, and her nonchalance was an assault upon his manhood.

"Too many disappointments," he said. "I've met the 5:18, the 5:54, the 6:12 and the 6:48. This was my last try."

"But why all this meeting? You know you never meet me."

He was striding ahead of her, in the funeral march to the car, when he stopped short and turned, stiff with apprehension. "You brought it, didn't you?" He looked at her comparatively empty arms. She had several small bundles; but —

"What?" she asked. Alas, the golden day was being paid for now.

"The saddle soap. Do you realize that Sampson's been waiting for it all afternoon?"

"Goodness," she replied airily, "how tragic! No, I bought hardly anything. I had no time. I did get the baby some clothes, and this tea gown, and a wave."

He flung the tea gown into the car, sick with disgust. "I could have sent into town for it," he groaned. "Kirchman's stuff is so much better; that's why I wanted you to fetch it. You said you would. What were you doing all day long?"

Why were men so stupid, so unimaginative? "What do you suppose I did in New York? I was too occupied with pleasure to think of a lot of veterinary shops and harness men."

"Please be logical," he begged. "You could have stepped in there from the station."

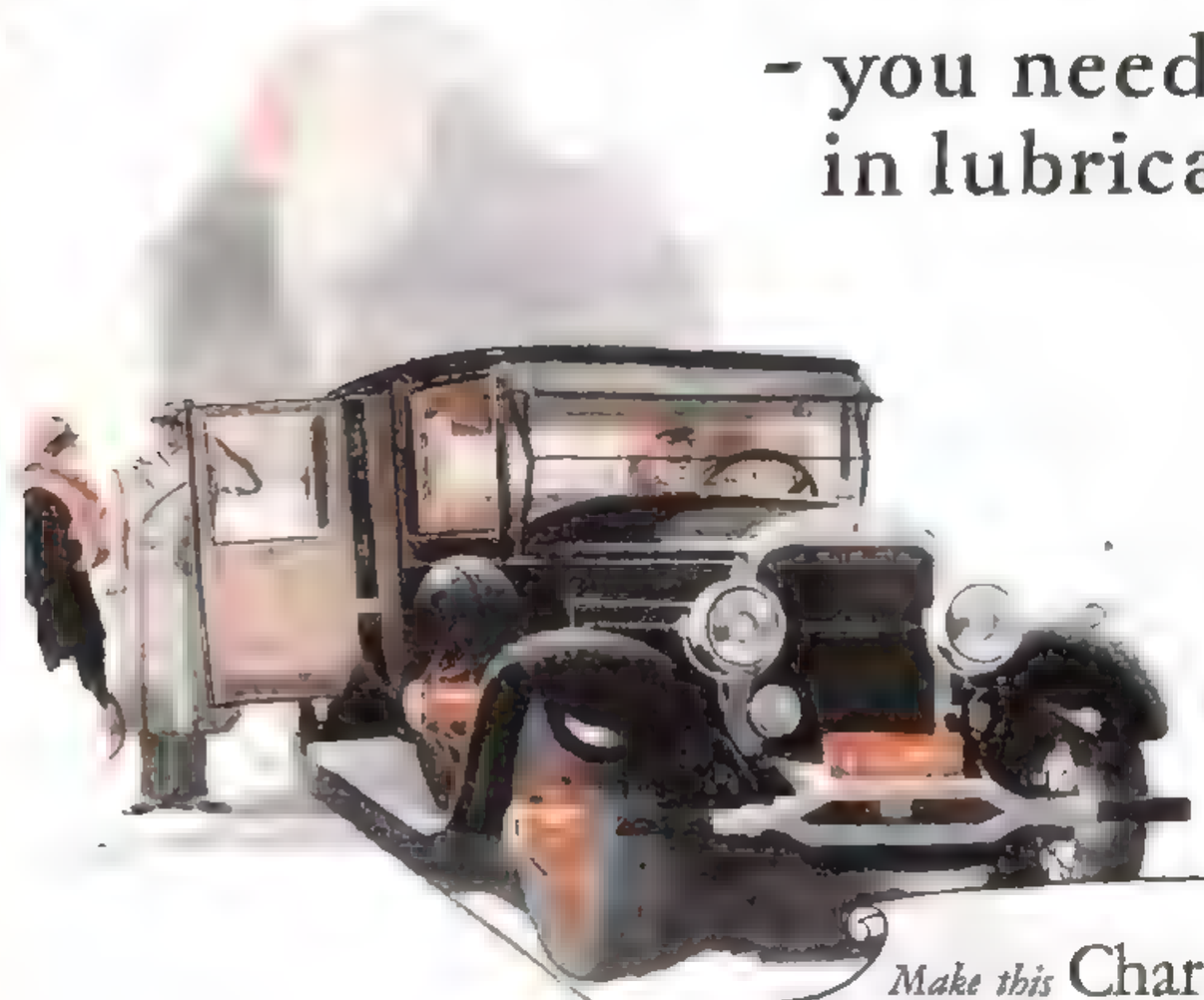
"I stepped into a taxi and met Hilda at Anatol's. We lunched. We talked. We went to the dressmaker's. We had

(Continued on Page 146)

"We Must Begin at Once," Said Hilda. "We Have Time for a Run Around the Grounds Before Sunset"

Now of all times

- you need a wider margin of safety in lubricating your car.



ECONOMICAL car operation always calls for a lubricating margin of safety. Winter sharpens this demand. Engines must start quickly from freezing temperatures. The oil must circulate immediately to every frictional surface. It must resist the gasoline dilution invited by the greater use of the choke.

Has your winter lubricating oil the necessary margin of safety? If you follow the Mobiloil Chart—*it has.*

The winter lubricating requirements of every car have been thoroughly studied by the 42 Gargoyle Mobiloil engineers. Analyses of two prominent 1927 cars are printed on this page. A similar analysis has been made of every car. These are incorporated in the Mobiloil Chart and represent our professional advice. From the Chart you can tell just what grade of Mobiloil will best meet the requirements of your car.

Make this Chart *your guide*

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of prominent passenger cars are specified below

Follow winter recommendations when temperatures from 32° F (freezing) to 0° F (zero) prevail. Below zero use Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic (except Ford cars, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "E").

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1927		1926		1925		1924	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Buick	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc.
Cadillac	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc.
Chandler Sp. 6	A	A	. . .	.	.	.	.	....
" *other mods.*	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc.
Chevrolet .	Arc.	Arc	Arc.	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc.	Arc.
Chrysler 4	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	..	. ..
" *other mods*	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc.
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin . .	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Hupmobile . .	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc.
Jewett	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc.
Jordan 6	....	..	.....	.	Arc	Arc	Arc.	Arc.
Jordan 8	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		.
Lincoln . . .	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Moon .	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc.
Nash . . .	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc	Arc	Arc.
Oakland ...	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc.
Oldsmobile. ..	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc.
Overland .	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Packard 6 .	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	A
Packard 8 . .	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc.
Paige . . .	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc.
Pierce-Arrow .	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Star .	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc.
Willys-Knight 4	....	. ..	B	Arc	B	Arc	B	Arc.
Willys-Knight 6.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	...	...

If your car is not listed here, see the complete Mobiloil Chart at your dealer's.

Overland

THE Overland Whippet is an automobile of unique design; a small, light car powered with a modified European type of long-stroke, high-speed, high-compression engine of four-cylinder, L-head construction. The cooling water is circulated by a centrifugal pump.

A special type of cast-iron piston is provided with three piston-rings above the piston-pin. An oil-control ring is installed in the lowest ring groove and oil-return holes are drilled in the piston to prevent over-lubrication and excessive carbon deposits.

The Whippet engine is lubricated by a force-feed system. A gear-type oil pump forces oil directly to all main crankshaft, crankpin, and camshaft bearings, as well as to the timing chain and sprockets. The cylinder walls, pistons, piston-rings, piston-pins, and valve mechanism are lubricated by the oil spray thrown from the lower connecting-rod bearings. A removable oil strainer prevents sediment from being drawn into the oil pump.

The engine of the Whippet, as well as the Overland six-cylinder and previous four-cylinder models, will operate most efficiently when lubricated with Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" during summer weather. In winter, when temperatures below freezing are encountered, Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic will facilitate starting and insure positive oil circulation on account of its greater fluidity.

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

Make the chart your guide

Dodge

Although Dodge Brothers latest car is not considered a "new model" a number of refinements in design have been made. Among the important changes are a five-main-bearing crankshaft, an air cleaner, and a new two-unit electrical system.

The Dodge Brothers engine is of four-cylinder, L-head construction and is water-cooled by pump circulation. Aluminum alloy pistons of the constant-clearance type are used and fitted with four piston-rings above the piston-pin. The lowest ring is a special oil-control ring which, together with a series of oil-return holes in the piston, tends to increase oil mileage and minimize carbon deposits.

The splash-circulating system of lubrication provides a vane-type oil pump which feeds oil to a well over each main crankshaft and camshaft bearing, and to a splash trough under each connecting-rod. Dippers on the connecting-rod bearing caps splash the oil from these troughs in the form of a fine spray which lubricates all other engine parts except the timing gears, which receive oil from the main feed pipe. An oil strainer is provided in the crankcase at the oil-pump intake.

These and other engineering considerations require Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" for summer lubrication of the Dodge Brothers engine. In winter, use Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic to insure positive oil distribution and easy starting.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

MAIN BRANCHES: *New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Buffalo, Detroit, Pittsburgh, Minneapolis, St. Louis, Kansas City, Dallas.*

Other branches and distributing warehouses throughout the country

"For richer, for poorer.. For better, for worse"

THUS, in solemn little phrases, the marriage ceremony sketches the chances that lie ahead . . . "For richer, for poorer. For better, for worse" . . . Summing up two futures, successful and unsuccessful.

What's going to swing it one way or the other? . . . So many things count! Luck. Work. Brains. Ambition. *And, most emphatically, food!*

With everything else in a man's favor, and his food wrong—what are his chances of success and happiness? Not so good! . . . Who says so? "Doctors and dietitians," of course; but they're not the only ones! 1500 famous Americans, securely settled on the top rungs of the ladder of success, say so, too.

Perhaps you already know the story—how, only last year, these men expressed their opinions on diet at the request of a leading scientific institute. And how unanimously they voiced this opinion:

"Sooner or later in his career, a successful man must recognize the profound effect that diet has upon efficiency. Sooner or later, he must correct his faulty daily diet. Or, if he doesn't—his wife must correct it for him!"

Begin with breakfast! Many of these famous men say that it's the most important meal. *All* of them eat the same kind of breakfast—rather small, well-balanced, readily digestible.

For a breakfast of this sort, no food could be better than Grape-Nuts. These crisp, delicious golden kernels were especially planned to supply *balanced* nourishment. And, because they are prepared by a special baking process, they are particularly easy to digest.

Grape-Nuts is made from wheat and malted barley. These are the elements that it gives to your body: Dextrins, maltose and other carbohydrates, for heat and energy. Iron for the blood. Phosphorus for teeth and bones. Protein for muscle and body-building. The essential vitamin-B, a builder of appetite . . . Eaten with milk or cream, Grape-Nuts is a splendidly *balanced* ration.

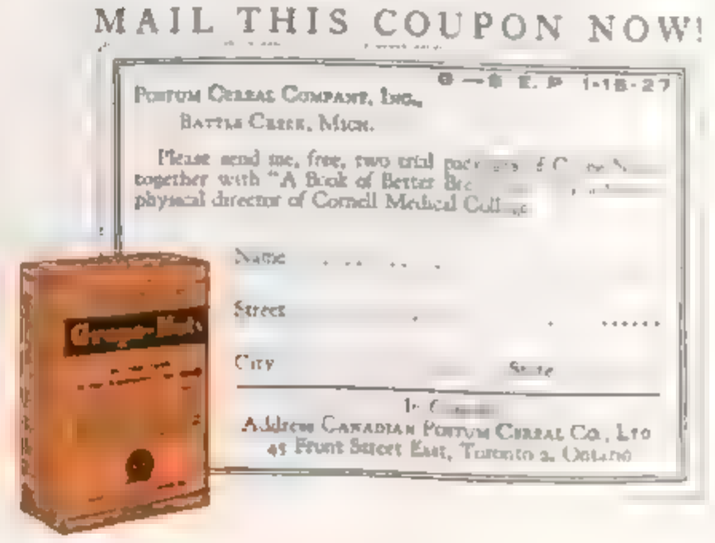
The *crispness* of Grape-Nuts also was planned for your health. This delightful crunchiness adds to your enjoyment of the nut-like flavor, and gives to teeth and gums the vigorous exercise they require for health and beauty.

Try Grape-Nuts, tomorrow morning. Your grocer sells it, of course. Perhaps, though, you will wish to accept the following offer:

Two servings of Grape-Nuts and "A Book of Better Breakfasts" . . . free!

Mail the coupon below and we will send you two individual packages of Grape-Nuts, free—together with an interesting booklet written by a famous physical director.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!


G—8 E. P. 1-15-27
Postum Cereal Company, Inc.,
Battle Creek, Mich.
Please send me, free, two trial packages of Grape-Nuts
together with "A Book of Better Breakfasts"
physical director of Cornell Medical College
Name
Street
City
State
Address Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.
45 Front Street East, Toronto 2, Ontario

© 1927, P. C. Co., Inc.

Grape-Nuts is one of the Postum Cereal Company products, which include also Instant Postum, Postum Cereal, Post Toasties (Double-thick Corn Flakes), Post's Bran Flakes, Post's Bran Chocolate, Jell-O and Swans Down Cake Flour

ON THE FIRST SAND BAR

The Crow's Unique Adventure

By HARRIS DICKSON

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

"YOU ——" Enraged as he was, Col. Monterey Quarles checked a vile epithet as he tore the cards in fragments and flung down his beaten hand. Four queens against four aces had stripped him naked. A moment he sat glowering at Crow, who raked in the fortune that Quarles had already counted as his own. Every sorrel hair began to bristle, and young Victor Guenard felt sure that his hot-tempered friend was going into action. The other players held their breath, while this furious loser leaned across the table.

"Captain Saltoon"—Quarles used the only name he knew, the name that Crow assumed—"you must return my money!"

Of the six men who had that instant broken up their game, Crow's face alone betrayed no tremor. Yet he well understood that such demand was commonly followed by a shot. Often the shot came first. Four startled gentlemen sprang up, kicked back their chairs and dodged out of range; for no duelist in the Southwest had earned a more violent reputation than Monterey Quarles. Yet the professional gambler did not stir. Composedly his long slim fingers proceeded to smooth out the crumpled bank notes and sort them according to denomination. Almost it seemed that Crow had failed to hear.

The great white boat throbbed and quivered, as if laboring under the same excitement that hushed these passengers. Above its hum Quarles caught the maddening rustle of money as he spoke again—spoke more softly, more perilously: "Captain Saltoon, do I understand that you refuse to return what I have lost?"

"I do."

At this ultimatum the drowsy barkeeper jerked himself awake and ducked down behind his breastworks, a bald head showing just above. Old Steve had grown gun-shy in Mississippi River affrays, where lead flew wild and bystanders took their chances. Victor Guenard, Doctor Wailes, and the two strangers from Cincinnati—all glued their eyes on Quarles. Not one thought of wasting glances upon a mule drover who serenely slept in his chair beside the poker table—the unconsidered and passive Jud Brill, who if given his proper cue would become the principal actor. Whenever his partner planned a coup Jud pursued this strategy—to efface himself in apparent slumber, to mask his flabby features with an infantile stupidity; to settle a wide hat brim above his eyes and peer out like a rat from beneath a thatch. Hundreds of games he had sentineled which ran along all night in high good humor; then, toward daylight, the atmosphere became tense, as Crow worked in earnest and the suckers lost. Jud must now be unusually vigilant; Quarles had killed five men. At the colonel's first symptom of peevishness—one foot behind his chair as if preparing to leap erect—Jud caught the movement and made ready to bore him through. But only as a last resort.

At this late hour of morning—past three o'clock—the Choctaw's company had retired. None remained awake except these six players, one dodging barkeeper and one somnolent mule drover. In dead silence, confronting Quarles across the table, black-haired Crow finished smoothing his bank notes, produced a wallet and meticulously arranged the money inside. His air of retention exasperated the colonel, and Steve ducked again.

"Saltoon," the duelist announced, "you must fight—on the first sand bar."

"The first sand bar," Crow repeated coolly, slipping the wallet into his pocket.

Instantly a grinning face uprose from behind the bar. Shooting postponed. Old Steve straightened up, wiped both fat hands on his apron and beamed an expression of "What'll you take?" The code had been invoked. Its polite punctilios forbade all bickering.

As a further sign that the crisis had passed, young Guenard pulled a chair toward him and sat down.

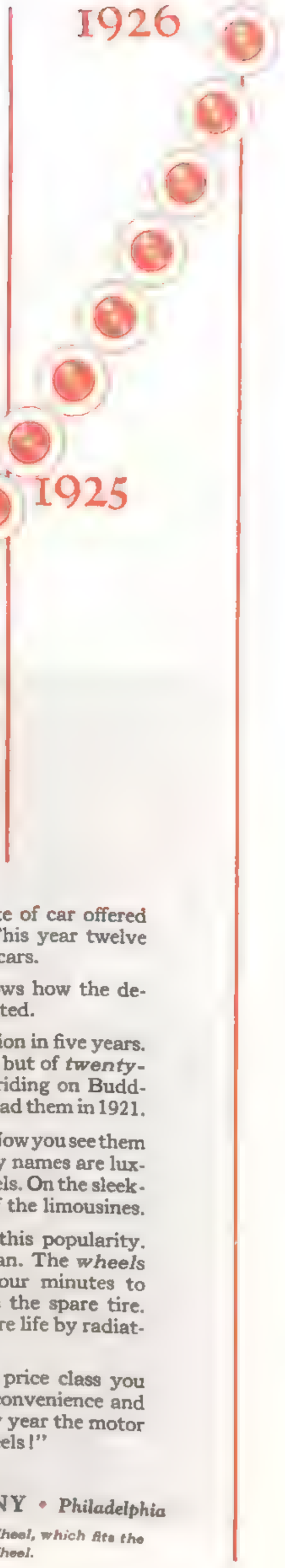
(Continued on Page 43

"Captain Saltoon, Do I Understand That You Refuse to Return What I Have Lost?"

Here's the proof that the world is saying

"Goodbye buggy wheels!"

BUDD
WHEEL COMPANY



IN 1921, at Show-time, only one make of car offered Budd-Michelin All-Steel Wheels. This year twelve makers offer them on twenty different cars.

The red production curve above shows how the demand for Budd-Michelins has skyrocketed.

A twenty-five fold increase in production in five years. Not an increase of twenty-five percent. but of *twenty-five times!* Twenty-five automobiles riding on Budd-Michelin Wheels now for every one that had them in 1921.

You rarely saw Budd-Michelins then. Now you see them wherever you go. On the cars whose very names are luxury. On swagger, road-hungry sport models. On the sleekest of the town cars and the proudest of the limousines.

Budd-Michelin Wheels have earned this popularity. All-Steel. Safe . . yet light. Easy to clean. The *wheels themselves* are demountable. Only four minutes to change to the extra wheel that carries the spare tire. Economical . . the steel discs lengthen tire life by radiating the destructive friction heat.

So with your next car, in whatever price class you wish to buy, you can have the safety, convenience and beauty of Budd-Michelins . . for year by year the motor world is saying, "Good-bye, buggy wheels!"

Detroit • BUDD WHEEL COMPANY • *Philadelphia*

Also makers of the Budd Interchangeable Wire Wheel, which fits the same hub as the Budd All-Steel Wheel.

(Continued from Page 41

Doctor Wailes also eased back into his seat. The gamesters assembled at their old places, and Colonel Quarles requested, "Mr. Guenard, will you act for me?"

"At your service, sir." The creole bowed profoundly, with an inquiring glance at Crow, whose dark face kept unruffled.

These fellow travelers knew Crow only by the name he gave, Captain Saltoon, when invited and urged into their game.

For this voyage he played the part of an easy-going gentleman, and played it to perfection—Old Dominion courtesy, modest elegance, classical calm. His diamonds did not show. They were hid beneath a black stock neckerchief that almost concealed his frilly shirt. In spite of Guenard's inquiry, Crow did not answer until the creole suggested:

"Captain Saltoon will you do us the honor to select your second?"

"Thank you, sir"—with a grave inclination of the head—"I shall require no second."

"No second? The code prescribes it."

"Granted. Our code prescribes two seconds and a surgeon—in an affair of honor."

This ambiguous reply irritated Colonel Quarles, while the creole puckered his brow a moment before he asked, "May I beg of you to explain?"

"Certainly, Mr. Guenard. We are bound by no restrictions because we place ourselves beyond the code."

"How so?"

"For the reason that a combat like this cannot be construed into a meeting between gentlemen."

At Crow's apparently insulting innuendo every splotch grew redder on the colonel's face. His fingers clenched, the muscles twitched in his freckled arm; but Guenard restrained him, and continued: "Out of deference, captain, to my dullness, will you kindly be more explicit?"

Jud Saw the Pilot House Climbing Up on a Cloud of Steam, a Poker Table With It

"Gentlemen," Crow answered amiably, "the idea that I intend to convey is that a combat for the collection of money cannot be treated as an honorable meeting between gentlemen. I am challenged because of my refusal to return some twenty-six hundred dollars, the insinuation being that I won unfairly. The charge of cheating is not a direct assertion, else the cartel must have come from me. In that event I should have been within the code, resenting an imputation upon my honor. Do you follow me, sir?"

The solemnity of Crow's confabulation tickled Jud Brill, who came dangerously near to letting out a snort as his partner proceeded to elucidate the quibble.

"Manifestly no gentleman could return the colonel's losses, and thereby confess himself a swindler. On the other hand, Mr. Guenard, if your principal actually believes me to be a thief, then he cannot afford to meet any thief upon the field of honor. Do I make myself clear?"

According to Jud's notion Crow made himself most brilliantly clear—that he'd never let go one cent of the sucker's money; which Jud might have told the conference in advance and saved a lot of gabble. In fact, the mule drover failed to figure out whether his partner was talking sense or foolishness—foolishness that was so near sense, sense that was so near foolishness—merely to get his hearers muddled.

"A hostile encounter, Mr. Guenard, to collect money is never sanctioned. We can fight, but not under the code. Which, as you perceive at once, operates to the advantage of your principal. The funds in dispute are here"—tapping his breast—"and if by some miracle your principal should kill me, no provision of the code duello authorizes a gentleman to remove cash from the body of his dead antagonist. Thereby and therefore Colonel Quarles does not recover what he is fighting for—to wit, twenty-six hundred dollars. Are you still following me, sir?"

"I—I think so."

In the maze of Crow's meanderings the pack had lost the trail. Now he was about to lose their leader, for young Guenard rose hastily from the table as if he himself had thought of some new obstacle, and led away his principal by the arm, apologizing: "Gentlemen, we crave your indulgence for a consultation."

As principal and second took position near his chair Jud Brill's extension ears began to prick up. Outreaching like a rabbit's funnels, they caught the opening whisper from Guenard: "Colonel, your daughter?" And the colonel's answer: "Yes, yes; Carlotta."

Although Jud squinted with one eye and listened with both ears, he couldn't hear everything—missed a few words, but didn't miss the gizzard of their palaver—that this duel must be finished before the colonel's daughter came out for breakfast. Carlotta would raise a rumpus.

Some folks considered Brill a simpleton, judging from his countenance. Yet he shrewdly foresaw what would happen if Miss Carlotta got wind of this fracas. Several times before Jud had seen a wild-eyed wife stampede from her stateroom, with hair flying forty ways for Sunday, and throttle her man, nigh choke him to death. The duel stopped right there, code or no code.

"That's the way to work it," Jud chuckled to himself, smiling as a sleeping infant smiles when brushed by angel's wings.

Jud was still smiling when Guenard went back to the table, holding his watch and reminding Crow: "It now lacks twenty minutes to five. Daylight will soon be upon us."

"I am quite ready, sir."

(Continued on Page 131)

He Wanted to Get Rid of Quarles, to Be Alone With Carlotta. Now Her Loveliness Embarrassed Him

DOLLAR FUR DOLLAR

By Oma Almona Davies

ILLUSTRATED BY E. F. WARD

FOR a moment Zelda Garms did not hear what the young man was saying, though she was looking at him intently, even inquiringly.

"—— so couldn't you go along to town ower? Come oncet! Leave me show you what a good time looks like. . . . Oho! So you forgot I was here a'ready! You was thinking of some other fellah then. The lucky slinker! Leave me git to him and I won't leave enough of him fur you to think about."

She was not one who knew evasion. She flushed slightly and her eyes lost their bemused expression, but they continued to look at him in their usual steady fashion. "Och, I don't know right how to put it. I am standing with you and all on a sudden I feel like I am seeing you in the sunshine, whiles all the time I know it's the moon. Och, what did you ask me fur? It must be that I am a loony, ain't?"

"That's some bad fur me," he bantered her. "You was telling me a'ready how you perferred always the moonlight to the sun. But I tell you how it is; it's this here round face of mine. When you look at, you think it's the sun rasing up in behind of the chicken coop. Or no; it's this mop of straw." He ran his fingers through his thick curling hair, which already stood out curiously from his head like a natural golden aureole. "But I can't fault you fur that. That's what pop says the first time he ever seen me. 'My gosh! if it ain't a son!' he says."

Her laughter bubbled, but it broke over a little sigh; and this time her troubled gaze went questing past him into the darkness.

"And what was it now?" he insisted, and, as she remained quiet, interpreted her thoughts: "'What am I hanging ower the gate fur anyhow with this here tramp? Elias don't like him and pop don't know if he likes him or not; and don't he ever have any sense by him anyway?'"

This was so near the truth that she turned with an embarrassed movement toward the shadow of the house. "I got to be going insides. Pop can't ever walk the steps up to his bed without me."

He caught at her arm. "Leave me explain you why you're hanging ower the gate with me. You're hanging ower the gate with me fur the reason that you got to used yourself to seeing me. Fur you're going to see me fur the rest part of your life." For the moment his rather full blue eyes were intensely serious; but even as he released her arm a little rivulet of laughter ran from their corners and his voice drawled again in mock seriousness: "And leave me explain you now why Elias ain't liking me. He has afraid I'll make him laugh sometime. And what would happen him then? Why, to be sure, his face would crack into pieces. Fur you got to remember your brother ain't smiled since he was born a'ready."

She swung back into the shadow that he might not see the puzzlement, the amusement, the anger and the pride which swifted over her features. Pride won over them all. She was almost as tall as he, strong and compact of body, with head high-set. She faced him straightly, and her eyes, blue-black under the black sheen of her wound braids, never left his own as she said, "And do you think that I would pass my promise to somebody where ain't got a trade even? Somebody where ain't stopping by one place enough to ——"

"Ain't got a trade yet? Say, I would bet it ain't anybody got more trades as what I have. And off of every one of them I could of got me good fixed too."

"You could of, mebbe," she agreed significantly, and set her foot definitely upon the clam-shell-bordered path.

"Och, come oncet into town with me! Meet oncet my Aunt Sade. She has awful jolly. Leave Elias make with your pop."

She turned and faced him again. "If I would go into town I wouldn't be going anywheres else but to the prayer meeting whiles it's the meeting night."

"Was that it? Was that what stands between us? Because I ain't just so much fur the church? Well, this now I can promise you: If you would come with and set alongside nobody would be able to hist me out of the pew or what it is. But going alone that way, how do I know if I wouldn't git down onto my knees fur one them long prayers and not be falling awake in time fur to git myself up with the rest of them?"

She shuddered slightly. "It squeezes me to hear you talk so onreligious. Ain't you got convictions of no kind? Don't you ever feel fur giving yourself up?"

"It ain't that I'm opposed against the church. And I guess if my family hadn't died off so well fur me—I mean if mom would have lived —— But, anyhow, it ain't too late; and, say, looky here, if it would pleasure you any fur me to go to the meeting tonight—why, I'll head fur it, that's all."

"Ain't, you would then?" the girl cried wistfully.

"To be sure I would. Gosh, who'd have thought it made that much to you. But of course I have got to stop by and see my Aunt Sade a minute. It's owing to her, fur she give me what fetching up I ever had. But after, I give you my promise, I will head in fur the meeting."

The girl went into her clean, large kitchen. Near the lighted lamp her stepbrother Elias sat mending a halter. Her father, in his quilted chair, sat by the stove, his woolen-socked feet in its oven. Neither looked up at her nor spoke; yet the air seemed charged with the vibrations which hang upon momentous words. She had a curious half-conscious impulse to back against the door and to fling her palms defensively against its panels. Instead, she drew a chair quietly to the table and sat down with her mending basket.

"So I say," said her brother in his deliberate, consequential way, "leave this fly-by-nighter go and git some decent one into his place."

The clock ticked twenty times. The girl drew a long thread. Without moving her head, her eyes quested swiftly over her father's stern profile—over the high forehead prominent at the brows, over the high-bridged nose, over the long, shaved upper lip.

"You ain't proving me yet that he ain't decent." The woolen socks stirred. "He likes his jokes, yes; but a body can't help fur their natures. His father took after him that way; every spring and every fall he would come onto his trading wagon—and the things he had in! Most everything he had in, from pans fur the kitchen to orders fur corn cultiwators; and this little yellow-haired tike a-settin' alongside. And once he went out from his way to save me from buying a horse where was glandered. Yes, four miles he drove fur to tell me how Sam Feltbinder had it in his thoughts to trick me. I ain't forgetting him of that. And now fur me to put his son ——"

"It ain't his pop a-working on this farm," put in Elias dryly. "I'm willing to leave the dead lay. But I ain't willing to have such an unmoraled person running loose-lipped around here, a-making light of the farming. Out of everything he gets his sleazy jokes, out of the land and the crops, and the stock even. Of course life is easy fur him—it is fur all the tramps—but I ain't giving him dare fur to make his laugh and say the farming is the easiest of all. I wish he was here once in the corn planting. We would see then if he would fetch his silly laughs at."

"Leave him stay then," old Christian yawned. "Git a laugh fur yourself out of him; it wouldn't hurt you none. Leave him stop as long as he ain't loafing on us; and you say yourself we ain't ever had a quicker worker than what he is. Just because he ain't ever struck roots nowheres ain't exactly a crime fur him."

"Mebbe if he would find him a place soft enough to suit him, he would decide to stop and take root into it. For a while, anyhow."

"What do you mean by that now?"

"Ask your girl there."

Zelda did not look up from her mending.

She could hear her father turning in his chair. She could feel his eyes upon her.

"What does this mean to say?" An edge of surprise sharpened his tone. "You ain't taking notice to this chore hand, was you? Answer me up now."

Her lips opened, but she said nothing. "Who was you hanging ower the gate with a minute back?" prodded Elias.

"Don't act stubborn-headed to me," commanded old Christian. "I ain't having no goings-on here; now take notice to that. What was he saying you out there in the dark?"

Her head lifted. She looked from one to the other. "He was saying where he was going on the prayer meeting tonight."

Old Garms chuckled briefly. "I guess you couldn't say it was exactly any harm in that." He continued to gaze at her, however. "Remember now, I ain't having no goings-on. This here is a harum-scarum nobody from nowheres; don't go forgetting that."

Elias got up. The old rawhide glove from which he had been cutting thongs fell to the floor between him and the girl. "I have changed off my mind. I am going on the prayer meeting myself." The glove lay between them. She did not pick it up. But she looked him full in the eye.

Zelda got the breakfast as usual the next morning. They ate. Old Christian pushed back his chair. Zelda helped him to his quilted chair. Elias pushed back his chair.

(Continued on Page 47)

"Help Him Oncet? That Know-it-All?" Weariness Graved His Ironic Amusement With Wry Depth

I *thought* I SMELLED *SMOKE*

REMEMBER the fire at the Mountain View last summer? You must have seen it in the papers. Well, *I* remember it. It comes back to me now like a nightmare.

Along toward early morning, I was awakened by the pungent odor of something suspiciously like wood smoke. I grabbed my Eveready flashlight, which fortunately was parked on a chair next to my bed. I snapped on the flashlight and, sure enough, smoke was seeping under the bedroom door.

I snatched up what clothing I could carry and made for the hallway. All about me was confusion. It seems that when the fire started, every light in the hotel had gone out . . . *like that!* Except for my Eveready, the place was in darkness. By the aid of its bright, penetrating light, I guided all the guests on my floor to safety before the entire structure broke into flames.

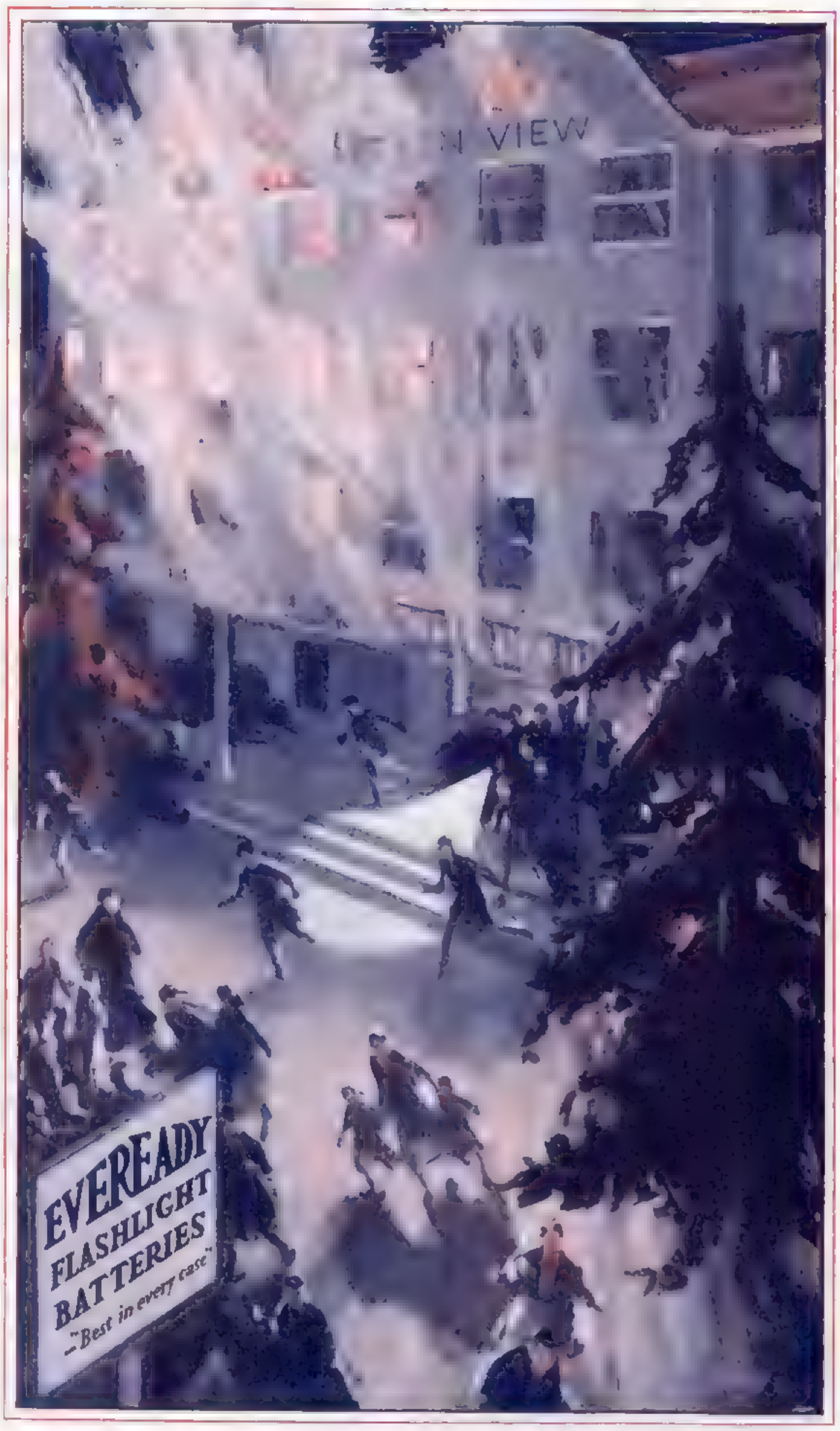
I had paid $1.25 for that Eveready. It was worth a million dollars to me that night!

* * *

Take an Eveready Flashlight with you wherever you go. It is always a convenience and often a life-saver. Keep it loaded with fresh, strong Eveready Batteries, which fit all makes of flashlight cases and are "best in every case." Eveready Batteries are *dated*—you *know* they're fresh.

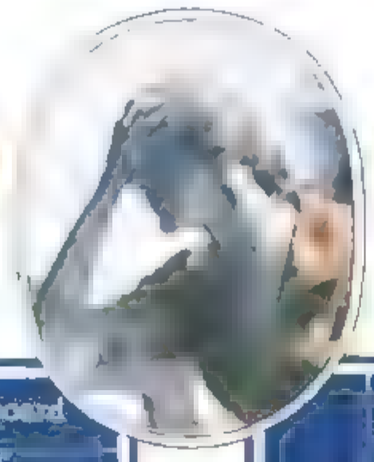
Manufactured and guaranteed by

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, Inc.
New York San Francisco
Canadian National Carbon Co., Limited, Toronto, Ontario

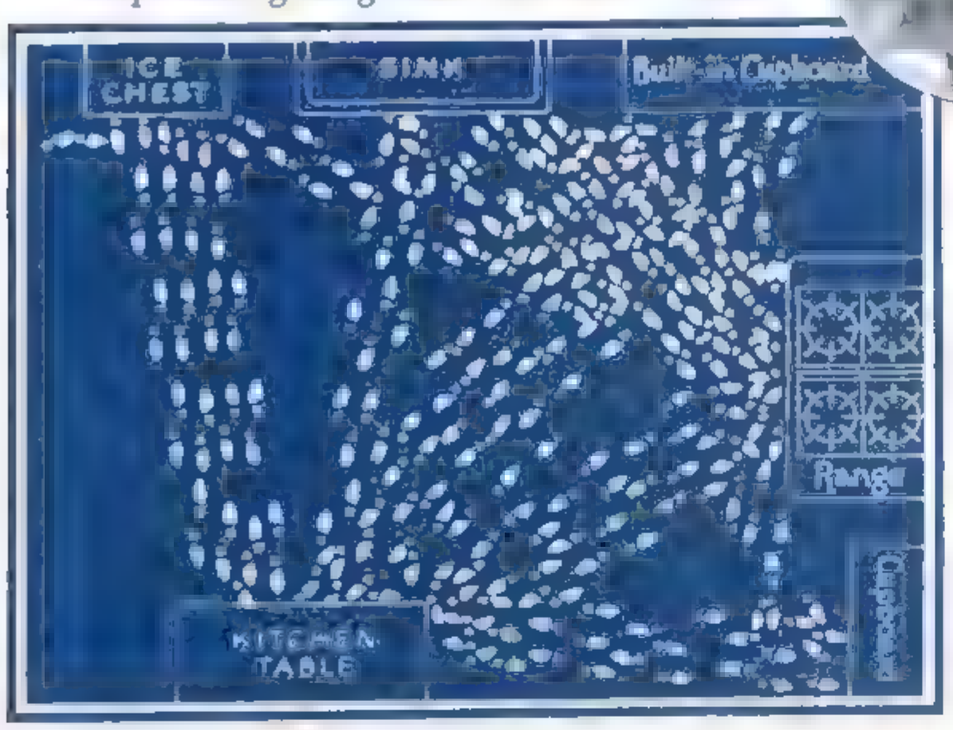


A THOUSAND THINGS MAY HAPPEN IN THE DARK

Shorten her route for 1927



Steps taken getting dinner without a Hoosier



Steps taken getting dinner with a Hoosier

Save 1,000 tiring steps a day with a HOOSIER

SO MANY steps to take—and only one to take them! If you could follow her around for a day you would realize, as never before, how tiring housework is.

Like most men, you probably don't know what a vast difference there is in kitchens—the way they are equipped and arranged.

The Home Economics Department of Antioch College has demonstrated what this difference means in work and steps in a very striking way.

A striking experiment

In a series of public demonstrations, two members of a Home Economics class got the same dinner at the same time. One worked in a model kitchen with a Hoosier working center. The other worked in a kitchen without a Hoosier—with built-in cupboards and a separate work table.

To make the experiment entirely reliable, the girls then traded kitchens and repeated the test.

The results were almost unbelievable! In the Hoosier kitchen each girl got the meal with a total of—*just 56 steps!*

In the kitchen *without* the Hoosier, each had to take 588 *steps!*

The same dinner to prepare, the same working ability. *The difference was in the kitchens!*

"How can the Hoosier—a single piece of equipment—make all this difference?" you ask.

All things in one

The Hoosier makes this difference because *it is* a single piece of equipment. It is *all* things in *one*—spacious work table, roomy cupboard for dishes and utensils, pantry for supplies.

By having everything concentrated in one central working unit, you do not need to waste time and steps running around to assemble cooking utensils and ingredients.

Think of it! A Hoosier saves a total of 1,000 steps a day! Tiring, dragging steps. It saves 40% of the time she has to spend in this old work room. Time she might have to play and read and sew.

Shorten her long weary route of kitchen steps this year. Give her that leisure time she needs so much. Make a new easy routine possible—with a Hoosier!

New low prices

Don't think you can't afford it. A Hoosier is not an extravagance. One of the most popular models costs only $39.75.—And remember, you can buy it on terms to suit your own convenience!

FREE—THIS BOOK ON KITCHEN PLANNING

The Hoosier Manufacturing Co., 127 Sydney Street, Newcastle, Indiana
British address: Louis Matthews, Hoosier Store, 3/5 Preston St., Liverpool
Please send me, free, your new booklet: "Fewer Steps in Your Kitchen."

Name

Street

City State

© 1927, The Hoosier Manufacturing Company

THE WORKING CENTER IN 2,000,000 KITCHENS

(Continued from Page 44)

"It was a fine prayer meeting last night," he observed.

No one spoke. Zelda, her back to the table, stood half stooped above her father.

"I said it was a fine meeting. How do you pass your opinion upon it?"

Daniel set down his cup. His quick eyes flew from the motionless back of the girl to Elias. "A fine meeting. A fine meeting—at my Aunt Sade's. A fine game of rummy."

Elias went out. Daniel rose, stood by his chair for an instant looking at the girl's back, then went out. Old Christian heaved upright. Zelda went to the sink.

"What's that now?" Christian's voice was near cracking. "Ain't he passing you his promise he was going on the prayer meeting? And what was this again? What fur kind of game was he mentioning of?"

"Yes, he passed me—his promise," she said steadily enough. "That there he spoke was—cards"

"Cards?" cracked Christian. "Them wicked picture cards? Them cards off the Ewil One?" He made as though to rise. "I will look a little into this."

The girl turned the water from the faucet full force into the empty sink, then as suddenly wrenched it off again. With its spattered drops upon her hot, white face, she went out upon the porch and down the steps. She stood there. Within the house her father's cane fell sharply to the floor. She could hear the shuffle of his foot. She went around the corner of the house.

A figure stopped harnessing a horse in the barn. Daniel Kistler started swiftly toward her. She turned irresolutely, then stood still

The rising sun behind him made a nimbus of his soft, radiating hair. He might have been a young saint stepping toward her under the winter-naked branches of the trees. His face was not so ruddy as usual in the pale early light and his full, intense eyes were somber in their earnestness.

"I wouldn't have put it out so quick and plain," he said abruptly, "if it wouldn't have been fur your brother. He makes that way with me. He says somepun and then I quick throw it back at him and I never feel fur explanations."

She said nothing.

"But I got explanations," he hurried on. "You got to hear them. I got to my Aunt Sade's and she"

"I ain't caring fur no explanations."

His hand shot out, but she stepped out of its range. "Listen. Listen, now. You got to hear me. My Aunt Sade had got a sprain at her leg. Till Sunday a week she has got to set with it, and she said would I stay by her and play the rummy with her. And I said, I bet you I will. Ain't it as religious, I ask you, to help her pass her bad time as to go and set in a pew somewheres?"

"You ain't owing me no explanations," said the girl quietly, but the emphasis upon the pronoun was so significant that he pitched forward as though the world had rocked upon its foundations.

"Now what do you mean by that?" Acute alarm cut his voice thin. He regarded her as she stood turned aside from him, and he said as though to something within himself, "But I've got to tell. I've got to tell." His shoulders stiffened and he said more slowly, "If you fault me fur that—well, you ain't heard it all. And I ain't the kind to slime nothing ower. I could of got to the church. I could of got to the church, fur all. Two folks come in to set by her. Two jolly folks. And I stayed because I have always such fond fur fun. Now you know it." He threw his arms wide and dropped them. His eyes turned from her fearfully. His voice husked. "You know the all of it now. And what do you say to me?"

"It's nothing to say," she started around the corner. "Only"—her fingers flew to her throat—"go ahead and get your—fun. It couldn't ever be my kind."

"No, I guess it ain't her kind. It ain't any of our kinds." Behind them and above them, upon the side porch towered old Christian, his white beard sweeping the top of his staff. His voice was not raised, but his eyebrows were drawn low and his long stern lip was as though carven. "It ain't our kind to give no to our word once we've passed it. It ain't our kind to touch the ewil cards, them offsprings of Satan. No, you have got yourself into the wrong place. Till your month is all—the end of this week, ain't?—you would better go somewheres else."

The young man had stiffened. His face had crimsoned. Now it slowly paled. He did not look at the girl; nor did she look at him. At the first words from the porch she had swung about toward her father, and she still gazed at him with stricken intensity.

"It's in my mind that on the underneath we ain't so different," young Kistler started to plead, his lips scarcely moving. The old man stood immobile. Kistler threw out both arms in impulsive resignation. "I go now. No. It's something I can't do—to be stopping them three days. No. I go now."

"But your wages ain't owing till three days."

"Take from them what you want. I go now." His throat was throbbing, but his eyes were dry-bright. He drove his fists into his pockets and turned.

A sound, not human, but as of some small animal in extremity of pain, broke from the girl. For an instant she poised between them, the father and the man. Then she flung toward the man and clasped her hands about his arm.

"I go, too, then!" she cried. She looked swiftly into his face, then her eyes sought the porch. But Kistler looked down upon her shining head as though he could not see what he was seeing, and his eyes went water-bright.

Old Christian's grasp, raddled by shock, stiffened upon his cane, then went limp. The staff slipped; he tottered sidewise, clutched at the porch rail. Kistler and the girl sprang to him. They got him into the house. They placed him in his chair. He was shaken and trembling.

The girl sagged down into a chair, facing him. Her face had gone as white as the snowy dish towels upon the line above her head. "Och, my!" she kept moaning. "He could have met his doom fur it."

Old Christian's beard wagged tumultuously. For the first time in many years he became very angry. Daniel stood the cane against his chair and the old man threw the treacherous staff against the wall. It was as ludicrous a climacteric to the epic episode under the gaunt branches of the trees as could well have happened; yet even young Kistler failed to see its humor. He turned now and stared down upon the girl once more, in his eyes incredulous wonder.

"Yes, I should guess I could have met my doom," wagged the beard. "And who would have sent me to it, I ask you? What do you mean by somepun like this anyhow? What do you mean by spiting my cane out from under me? What do you mean by such a furtherness of conduct? Answer me up now. What did you run and ketch onto this feller fur?"

"I don't know," said the girl. She looked up at the young man and shrank a little from him. "I had got to do it. I had just got to do it."

"You had got to do it, heh? You had got to do it! Och, where is that swanged stick? Fetch me that darn-fool stick." And as Daniel handed it to him Garms pounded upon the floor with it. "Now I will tell you what you have got to do. You have got to learn to behaves yourself. You have got to learn to act like you had some sense by you. Such a dumb-foolish actions I ain't seen since I was born. Now diwide yourselfs. Diwide. Diwide. You make finish with your week and then you clear out from here. And you—you set where you are and think still what fur foolish female you have showed yourself to be. Och, *elend!*" He slumped wearily and closed his eyes.

It might have been a chiseled group, the old man relaxed once more into his patriarchal dignity, the girl straight, her fingers clasped, the young man's hand upon the chair, his eyes staring wide through the window.

The girl was the first to stir. She looked up at the young man and she drew her breath as though she were cold. "I've passed you my promise," she said in a sort of helpless awe. "I've passed you my promise now." She got up and began to clear the table.

Daniel Kistler said no word. He drew his arm slowly from the chair. He went to the barn.

Neither saw the old eyes which slowly opened in the quilted chair and followed him. Neither saw the eyes which brooded upon the girl as she went about her tasks.

The three days which followed were strange. There was no love-making. There were no criminations. Each in that bemused household went about the appointed tasks, avoiding the other. Over all was a heavy air of waiting, waiting. For what? The immediate answer in that stern, just household was inherent in the patriarch: and he gave no sign. Outwardly it was as though nothing had happened; inwardly it was as though everything had happened; and between the two worlds—the outward and the inward—the three of them seemed to move in a dead, airless calm.

Even Elias, that self-contained, ingrown man, sensed an alien atmosphere. "What's ower you all?" he grumbled more than once. "You act like you was a lot of dead corpse bodies raised up out of the graveyard or wherever." But now that his sweetheart, the soil, was beginning to awaken from the dream of winter and to bestir herself languidly, he was much occupied. From his father he had purchased the year before a parcel

"It Ain't Our Kind to Give No to Our Word Once We've Passed It"

of fifty acres, and he was busy with his plans for planting and sowing and for hiring additional help that he might care for the large acreage of the elder Garms and for his own.

Upon the last day of the week—the day when Daniel's month was up—Christian ate his breakfast and pushed back his plate. His daughter rose, as usual, to assist him, but he made a backward motion with his palm. "Redd the table," he commanded; and to the two men upon either side of him: "Stay settin'."

When the table was cleared he said, "I have here a proposition to make."

His proposition, deliberately set forth, concerned the two men directly and his daughter indirectly. Time was in the essence of the contract—one year. One year from that fifth day of March they were to gather once more about that table, and upon what would there happen, the unspoken inference was clear, would depend the issues of life so far as Kistler and the girl were concerned.

To Kistler, for the term of that year, he would allow the use of fifty acres of his ground. At the end of the year, if Kistler would hand to him five hundred dollars which he himself had cleared from the land above all expenses, Garms would hand back to him not only the five hundred which the young man had earned, but five hundred in addition to apply upon the purchase of the land. To Elias, who still owed two hundred dollars upon his fifty acres already purchased, he would in like manner return the two hundred and add to it two hundred more. If either failed, he was to forfeit in their entirety the two sums for him involved.

"And," concluded old Christian, moving his finger slowly back and forth upon the table, "it ain't to be argued any which way. It's dollar fur dollar; and you take it or you let it."

But Elias leaped to his feet, his cheeks striated with passion. "You would give this stranger here twicet ower—more than twicet ower—what you would your own son? What fur justice is that there? You would give him one thousand and you would give me four hunert—me where slaves fur you years in and years out?"

"You take it or you let it," Garms repeated severely. He glanced at the distorted face of his son and added more tolerantly, "Don't go forgetting to remember that he has got to work one thousand dollars' worth fur to earn his thousand, and you have got to work only the four hunert."

"But—him!" The hot venom which had boiled up within Elias could not for the moment be controlled; it spumed through his lips and he became unconsciously dramatic as he pointed at young Kistler. "Him—where hates the farming and makes a mock of it! Him—an onregenerate piece a-tumblin' around this here world from one soft job to another! Such a one you would give dare to farm your good land and stick your money into his pocket?"

"Git me to my chair," commanded Garms. As his daughter bent over him to arrange the shawl over his knees, he looked at her for the first time during the momentous interview and warned, "Till one year everything is as it is."

Elias buffeted out. Daniel, who had said no word, went to the door and looked back at the girl. She followed him.

They stood once more beneath gaunt limbs—limbs scant-burgeoned now with the faint promise of swelling bud. In Daniel's face was still the amazement which had held him dumb.

"I can see it," Zelda said. "It's his way of proving if you have roots by you. I heard him fault you once fur not having roots nowheres. And I heard him say again that you was plenty enough young to put out the roots if you had any by you. So he gives you this year to prove you. Och, my, the smart my pop is!"

"Whether I have roots or ain't I?" mused the boy. His eyes swept the dull level of the fields and his arms began to strain behind his back as though bound by invisible cords. "Och, no, I ain't got no roots and that's the truth. What's a good of roots anyhow? A year? My gosh! Say, listen on me. I got two hunert dollars in bank; leave us marry on it and go in town fur to live. The minute I land I got two jobs waiting fur me; honest to goshness, I have. And it has so much more life in the town."

"You think I would marry you without pop gives me dare? What fur kind do you think I am anyhow? No, no. I have got to obey to him sooner than I have to you, even if I am—promised to you." Her voice had sunk to a whisper and she gazed at him in frightened desolation.

He looked at her and his face for the moment was struck to the same tone. Her head lifted proudly and she said steadily and clearly, "But you can go into the town if you feel fur it. I ain't fur keeping you."

His eyes strained once more over the drear dun of the winter-pent fields; then they flew homing back to her. He laughed, and all of his young muscles broke toward her. "Keeping me? And that you are; I should guess you was keeping me! Laugh now! I would saddle myself with a hunert of these dumb acres sooner than see that look onto your face again. Fifty acres? Watch me stick my roots into them fifty acres. Them roots are sprouting at me now! I can feel them." He pinched himself here and there. "Here's one—and here's one—and here's one—gosh! I'll go to seed before you know it."

She laughed too; and the tension of the three days, which had tightened until it was almost unbearable, was gone. For some moments they were very happy

But as they paused without the kitchen door before going in to old Christian, she said wistfully, "You think it's so easy, ain't? The farming? But you have got to remember that you have been here in January and in February and that they are the easy months. Och, no, I give my pop right fur giving you just only the fifty acres."

"Easy?" A crinkle ran from his eyes. "That's the trouble of it. No excitement to it. A body can just lay down into one of their own furrows and—stick their roots in!"

She shook her head, then paused again with her hand upon the knob. "But how will it go with you now that Elias has got a mad on you? I have afraid he won't be giving you the adwices you are needful fur. And pop, he don't take much notice any more—he just lets everything to Elias."

"Elias? Huh! Watch him and me. I ain't seen the person yet I couldn't make like me. We are going to be the same as brothers yet—brothers this year—but next year—next year, somepun else—brothers-in-law."

She did watch them; and she saw, incredibly, that his prophecy was coming true. For two weeks Elias remained glum and silent, his wrath-ridden eyes scarce glancing at one of the three. Then suddenly he began to give the young man curt bits of advice.

Kistler would tell her of them as they hunted the eggs together in that laughing bit of the early twilight to which they both looked forward through the long days.

"And today," Kistler said one night as they sat down for a moment upon the edge of the haymow, "he was telling me how I should diwide that fifty. I was for putting the most of it into the corn, fur I heard once there was much money in the corn; but he gives me no." He drew his knees together whimsically and pointed to one and the other of them: "This here knee I should put into the corn—twenty-five acres mebbe; and this here one—it ain't so big—I should put into the wheat—fifteen acres. And this here calf—it's a spindlin' thing—I should make into oats fer the calfs, when I git them. And this here other calf I should make into the clover—fur the calfs when they grow up into cows a'ready."

"And he has right, too," Zelda laughed gleefully. "How I have glad that Elias will learn you how to do! Fur it ain't any better farmer in the county than what he is. He lives fur his land and he knows how it will make; so if you do always what he says it will go good fur you."

The warm young strength of spring was in the air; the warm young strength of spring was in the ground; and the warm young strength of spring pulsed and bounded in Daniel's muscles. He gave Elias two hours of each day in payment for his board, and the rest of the time he worked steadily in his own fields; yet at night, after the play of the egg hunting and the relaxation of the supper, his merry brain and his active body nagged him for play and for more play. Half of his evenings he spent in the little town and, when he could persuade her, he took Zelda with him. Together they visited with his friends and with her friends; together they attended the church where Daniel earnestly sang all the songs to one lusty tune of his own; and together they drove home, filled with the satisfactions of youth and the swinging stars.

"Ain't you ever tired?" she asked him one night as he shrugged into his overcoat.

"Tired of riding that little merry-go-round in my wheat field? Sure. That kind of work is awful hard play."

Old Christian chuckled, but Elias started as though pricked on the raw. Both Daniel and Zelda saw the quick scowl; and Daniel lengthened his face in imitation of Elias' equine visage and wiped an imaginary tear with the muffler he was winding about his neck. Zelda laughed aloud.

She followed him to the porch. "It spites him when you make your jokes about the land. His fields are near as sacred to him as what his religion is."

"He heads his own funeral procession with them fields of his," agreed Daniel, "and all his little acres come walk, walk, walking along behind him. But, gosh, I could wish it was something more to this farming. It's too easy to be interesting."

"Wait onest till July comes and August," she warned him. "Och, no, you don't know yet what I know."

"And you don't know what I know!" His tone held so much of merry challenge that her lips flew open in demand. But he backed from her. "No. I passed my word to Elias I ain't telling nobody till it's fixed. But—tomorrow night I tell you, mebbe."

"Well, if Elias ——"

"He's the one where got me onto the hint of it."

She had to be content with that. She went within.

"What's a difference?" her father was saying. "I was some like him whiles I was a young single." He sighed and tried to stretch his rheumatic leg. "He give me his word he ain't touching the ewil cards or the pools and the pilliards no more. Leave him git his jolly times whiles he can. Life will settle him plenty soon."

"I guess you mean to say some girl might be loony enough to marry him some day," Elias' mouth twisted in a snarl toward his stepsister. "That would give a match!"

Young Kistler told her his secret the next night; told her buoyantly, tilting the egg basket upon his knee. He had rented fifty more acres. He had rented them from one Adlai Kutz whose sizable farm adjoined the fifty acres he had from his agreement with Garms.

She slanted from him, her face smit with terror.

"That makes a surprise fur you, ain't? A hunert acres I will have now. Seventy-five acres in the corn where fetches the good money. Five hunert dollars! Your pop can ask a thousand off me now if he feels fur it."

"But you don't see—you don't know —— Och, Elias never told you to do such a thing!"

"Whether he told me? Well, no, mebbe not just to say. But what makes you look so funny? No, he ain't said if I was to do it; but he was saying me one day where Kutz was willing fur to rent him that fifty and he was saying he was wishful he could do it, fur, he says, it's good land, he says, and I could get off it at least seven hunert fur the corn. And I said him the question why he didn't do it, then. And he says, now look at me, he says; I have got three hunert and fifty on my hands a'ready, he says. And I laughed, and I says, look at me, I says; I have got fifty on my hands and I am a bigger feller than what you are, I says. And he come pretty close to making a smile—yes, honest if he ain't!—and he says, well, it's you and Kutz fur it, he says. So I ——"

"Och, *elend!*" She spun upon a distracted heel. "Elias had ought to have told you you couldn't do that. What could he mean, using you like that? Och, it spites me so! He knows plenty good enough that no man living can tend to seventy-five acres of corn and twenty-five else. You haven't wrote your name in the ink fur Kutz, have you? If you haven't, don't did it. Or ask him can you tear it away."

He was sober now, gazing at her distraction with puzzlement. "Yes, I put my name to it today." His chin lifted. "And I ain't going backward on it. No, your pop give it to me stiff from the jaw oncet. He said where his kind wasn't ever going back on no promise. Well, I am that kind too."

Her dismayed expression remained, but her hand went with wistful tenderness to his arm. "But don't go putting it into the corn then. Put it into the timothy, the clover; something where won't squeeze you like the corn."

Again he shook his head. "No, and that I can't. Fur two reasons: In the first place I promised Kutz I would put it into the corn, and in the second place I drew it out of bank and paid him a'ready fur the seed corn. But that was all the money I had got to put into it, fur he takes his pay out of the shares of the crop. But ain't you trusting me then? What's a matter of me anyhow? Here your brother has got three hunert and fifty acres and little Kutz has got better than two hunert. Couldn't you trust me, then, to bring it off with one hunert?"

"Oh, I do trust you! More and more I trust you. But Elias and Kutz are old at the farming and have got the money to pay fur the exter help when it is needful to them. I tell you, till July everything comes to pass at oncet, and then what will you do? What will you do then?"

He slipped his palms beneath her nervous elbows and lifted her off the ground. "What will I do then? I will pack you off to a Fourth of July picnic somewhere!

"But we ain't waiting fur no Fourth," he said as they went up the kitchen steps. "Till next Thursday a week the Sisters of Bethany give their all-day social at Flathead. You and me will go to that there. Ain't so?"

Her eyes flew from him; he interposed his palm. "No, I ain't giving you dare to look toward my fields. Till three days my wheat and my oats will be sowed all; and ain't it owing to me a holiday, I ask you, before I start on the plowing fur the corn? Gosh, you are harder on me than what Elias is; he says, sure, take a day off when you feel fur it, he says."

"Elias says that—when you are late anyhow in the plowing fur the corn? I cannot understand that of my brother."

"You told me to do whatever he said," he bantered her. "So if he says fur me to go to the socials, I guess I have got to go yet, whether I feel fur it or not."

But there was no more talk between them of the Flathead social; for upon the following day the news arrived that Christian's only surviving sister had been stricken with her death illness. Old Christian was with difficulty

(Continued on Page 108)

FISHER BODIES

GENERAL MOTORS

You will find the symbol "Body by Fisher," on every car which leads its price division in beauty, in value, in staunchness—*and in sales*

BODY by FISHER

SOME OTHERS AND MYSELF

By George Broadhurst

PHOTO FROM THE ALBERT DAVIS COLLECTION

Raymond Hitchcock in One of His Early Successes

IN RECENT years suits for plagiarism have become a favorite indoor sport. In my opinion the majority of the litigants have really persuaded themselves that they have been defrauded of their rights, although there may be no real grounds for their contentions. There are lawyers, some of wide experience and goodstanding, who will accept such suits on a contingent fee.

The money involved in these decisions is at least hundreds of thousands of dollars, and it is quite probable that it runs up into the millions.

Much publicity is naturally given to such important cases, especially when the verdict favors the plaintiff, but nothing is heard of the numerous suits which are either dismissed or in which judgment is in favor of the defendant. So prevalent now is the habit of bringing suits for plagiarism that authors and managers are taking great precautions and many preventive measures to avoid becoming involved.

It is surprising how many manuscripts are sent voluntarily to successful playwrights, the authors of them asking for criticisms and suggesting collaboration. One prominent dramatist, to avoid entanglements, will not read another author's manuscript under any conditions. When anything arrives which is unmistakably a play, it is immediately returned, unopened, by registered mail, and a registered letter is sent stating that the author does not read other writers' plays, and calling attention to the fact that the original package was returned intact on the day that it arrived. If there is a doubt of its being a play, it is promptly opened by the secretary when the playwright is not present. If it is a play the secretary immediately replaces it in its envelope, unread, and returns it to the writer, stating the circumstances under which it was opened and also the fact that its arrival has not been mentioned to the dramatist, so that he can honestly swear that not only has he not read the play but that he has never even heard of it.

Seeing is Believing

UNTIL recently the target aimed at most frequently was David Belasco. For years it seemed impossible for him to produce a play, written by himself or any other author, without someone, when it proved to be a success, claiming that it was stolen from him. Becoming tired and disgusted with such proceedings, Belasco decided to take a radical step.

Suit having been brought about a play, Belasco asked the judge to witness both plays and then decide if there was any infringement. The same company appeared in them and played them with the same seriousness and intent, and the judge was present at both performances. Never have I heard such laughter in a theater as greeted the presentation of the claimant's drama, the most explosive and uncontrolled merriment coming always in the serious scenes. To the character played by Albert Bruning, the author had given the line "Dirty work! Dirty work!" to be said in what he imagined to be the most impressive climaxes. Before the play was over it had developed into the greatest laugh line ever written. Naturally the judge decided in favor of Belasco, and I do not recall any similar suit having been brought against him from that day.

In respect to suits for plagiarism I have been more than generally fortunate. Only one such suit has been brought against me. Years ago I wrote a play that was produced in Los Angeles. It was extremely successful there, being the first play ever to achieve a run of ten weeks in that city. Later it was produced in New York by Wm. A. Brady, with a superb cast. In spite of the fact that the Los Angeles verdict was promptly reversed and the play was a flat failure, suit was brought against me for plagiarism by a man who had written a play which had the same title as mine.

PHOTO BY LUCAS SARAFIAN

Sidney Blackmer

He had given his play to a man employed by Brady to read, and his theory was that the man had handed it surreptitiously to Brady, who in like manner had passed it along to me, and that on discovering its merits we had entered into a conspiracy to deprive the writer of his rights and authorship. Although the man to whom the play had been given was in court ready to swear that he had returned it to its author saying that it was impossible and that he had never shown it to Brady, and that both Brady and I were there ready to swear that we had never heard of the play before the suit was brought, we were not called on to testify. The plaintiff was unable to prove the slightest similarity in the two plays except in the name, and the case was thrown out of court by the judge on the first day.

Once I was threatened with a suit which, however, was never brought. After The Man of the Hour had been running for several months I received a note from a writer saying he had been informed that the play was founded on a political novel he had written, and threatening to bring immediate action unless I sent him $5000 within twenty four hours

Good Form

HE WROTE that there was no use in my trying to see him, as the only thing that could talk to him was the money. My answer was just three words, the first two of which were "Go to." It must have been effective, for that was the last I heard of the matter.

Channing Pollock and the late Rennold Wolf once wrote a musical play for Raymond Hitchcock. A prominent dramatic critic claimed that they had stolen it from a manuscript which he had sent to the comedian, and brought suit against them. The trial took place in the city where the critic lived and worked. Both Pollock and Wolf denied having seen the critic's play and also that Hitchcock had ever mentioned it.

On the stand, and under oath, Hitchcock denied that he had read the play, whereupon the critic's lawyer produced a letter written by Hitchcock saying that he had read it, that he thought it extremely clever, but that, unfortunately, he did not think that he was suited for the principal part. The lawyer then asked the comedian if he could explain the discrepancy between this testimony and his letter.

Hitchcock smiled his blandest smile and in his most suave manner replied, "I can explain it easily. That is Form Letter Number Three."

Being pressed for further explanation, the comedian added, "It is the business of my manager to find my plays, and I leave that work to him. But writers will insist on sending their librettos to me. If I do not know the author I send Form Letter Number One, saying that I do not read plays and suggesting that the play be sent to the office. If I do know the writer I send Form Letter Number Two, saying that at the moment I am extremely busy and that I, personally, am sending his manuscript to my manager for his consideration. But if the libretto is from a critic it has to be handled differently. A critic with a play is a dangerous thing. So to him I send Form Letter Number Three, which is the one that has just been read."

Pollock and Wolf won their case, but it cost them $7000 to defend a suit which should never have been brought.

In England the loser of a suit at law is often sentenced to pay all the costs, including the lawyers' fees, of the victorious side, and this is invariably the case when in the

(Continued on Page 53)

STEWART-WARNER

Matched-Unit Radio

Model 300
$50

Radio Tube
501 AX
$2.00

Model 415
Reproducer
$35

Model 400
Reproducer
$17.50

Model 305
$75

Model 345
$80

Stewart-Warner offers a complete line of one-dial and three-dial receivers, table and console types, priced from $50 to $400. (Slightly higher west of Rockies.)

The Name is Everything

EVERY radio manufacturer, including ourselves, claims pure tone, volume, distance and selectivity. Has not the time arrived when it is just a question of the price you should pay and the name on the set?

You know, and we certainly know, that a manufacturer who has established a name for reliable products and service over a period of twenty years must offer the public the highest possible quality in a radio set or jeopardize the institution's good reputation.

And now a word or two about the Stewart-Warner Matched-Unit Radio shown above—

Every part in the set is matched with every other part for mechanical and electrical co-ordination. The Reproducer is designed and built to match perfectly with the set—there's your pure tone.

It's a five tube set—we recommend Stewart-Warner Tubes—there's your volume and distance.

It has three dials, the middle dial marked with wave lengths for easy tuning—there's your selectivity.

And right under the center dial, where you can't miss it, is the name of "Stewart-Warner"—there's your guarantee of quality.

There is a Stewart-Warner Blue Ribbon Dealer near you who will serve you promptly—if you don't know his address, write us.

STEWART-WARNER SPEEDOMETER CORPORATION
1826 DIVERSEY PARKWAY, CHICAGO, U. S. A.

YOU SHOULD KNOW

that on the millions and millions of automobiles in this country and foreign lands you will find in nearly every instance some Stewart-Warner product.

It may be a Stewart-Warner Speedometer or Vacuum Tank, a Stewart-Warner Bumper or Shock Absorbers, it may be parts made by the Stewart Die Casting Corporation; perhaps it is hardware fittings manufactured by the Bassick Company—and practically every car is lubricated by the Bassick Alemite System—all Stewart-Warner products.

Buying the product of such a tremendous organization is a guarantee in itself of absolute satisfaction.

Enjoy the programs of WBBM, the Stewart-Warner Air Theatre (226 meters). They offer you a world of fine entertainment every day.

No Wonder men say that Realsilk makes *"the best-wearing silk socks in America--bar none"*

Exclusive Patented Process—an exclusive patented process which determines accurately the satisfactory wearing qualities of Realsilk Super-Service Socks

Only our unique and direct method of manufacturing and selling makes it possible for us to offer you such remarkable values.

1 Realsilk SUPER-SERVICE Socks use only 100% pure, FRESH silk—seldom more than 24 days from filature to foot.

2 Toes and heels are friction-tested by an exclusive (*patented*) process which absolutely proves their wear-endurance.

3 The elastic tops will not rip loose; are double-reinforced for garter protection, and have positive ravel stops to prevent runs.

Men, Listen! Realsilk SUPER-SERVICE Socks did not achieve their popularity by accident. They earned it. We set out in the beginning to make them "the best-wearing silk socks in America—*bar none*" . . . and men everywhere will tell you that we've done it.

You can't find any other socks which offer so many wear-resisting features . . . That's why increasing millions of well-informed men will consider no other brand.

If you're looking for complete sock satisfaction, give us an opportunity to show you what Realsilk SUPER-SERVICE Socks can do. A 'phone call to our local office or a card to the Mills will bring our Service Representative to you immediately.

REAL SILK HOSIERY MILLS, INDIANAPOLIS, IND., U. S. A.

World's Largest Manufacturers of Silk Hosiery and Makers of Fine Lingerie

350 BRANCH OFFICES IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA

Consult 'Phone Directory for Your Local Office

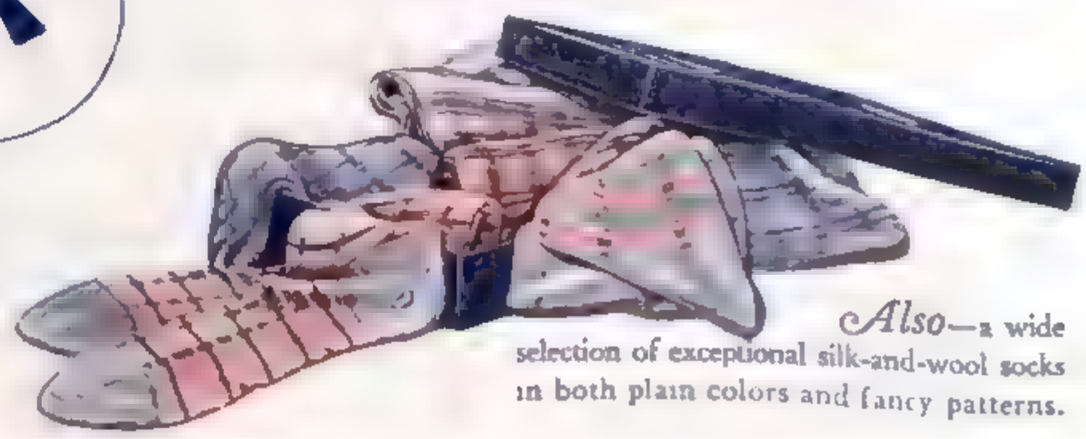
REALSILK

Gold Button Brand

SUPER-SERVICE SOCKS

REAL SILK HOSIERY MILLS INDIANAPOLIS FROM MILL TO MILLIONS REAL SILK

This gold button identifies the Bonded Realsilk Service Representative when he calls at your home or office



Also—a wide selection of exceptional silk-and-wool socks in both plain colors and fancy patterns.

© 1927 REALSILK

(Continued from Page 50)

opinion of the judge the suit is trivial, unfounded, or is of such a nature that it should not have been instituted, due either to the justness of the cause of the defendant or the righteousness of the case of the plaintiff. But in the numerous suits for plagiarism of which I have had personal knowledge, I have never known the judge to assess the costs against the man who brought the suit, even in such a case as my own, where it was thrown out of court on the first day.

In the case of Pollock and Wolf, matters were even worse. Their case being tried out of New York, in addition to the regular costs and fees, they had to pay all traveling expenses for their lawyers, for their witnesses, and for themselves, as well as the hotel bills during the period of the trial. In my opinion, were the costs of the trial assessed against the losing side, many suits for plagiarism which are now brought would never be instituted.

In one other case of litigation in which I was interested, the phrase in an actor's contract concerning "the run of the play," which even now is an exceedingly troublesome one, was first brought into court for adjudication.

In most contracts between an actor and a manager there is what is called "the two weeks' clause," which means that either party to the contract may terminate it by giving two weeks' notice in writing.

When an actor has attained such standing that he declines to put himself at the mercy of a manager by signing a contract with the two weeks' clause in it, thereby enabling the manager, when the play is firmly established, to replace him with a cheaper player, or when the manager realizes that the services of the actor are vital to the success of the play and he wishes to restrain the actor from leaving the company to secure a more profitable engagement, then a run-of-the-play contract is signed, which means that neither party to the contract can give the other any notice to terminate it while the play is having its run.

The most and much disputed question is what constitutes a run, and when does it end? In the agreement between the Actors' Equity Association and the managers, it is stated that a run of the play, so far as a run-of-the-play contract is concerned, ends on the first day of the first June following the date on which it is signed. The clause is definite and unequivocal. But some managers have crossed out the words relating to the first of June, and some actors, without realizing the significance of the elimination, have agreeably signed the contract. The question then arises when does the contract terminate and for how long is the actor bound to the manager? Can the manager compel the actor, who must be an important or established player or no run-of-the-play contract would have been given him, to remain in the same part and at the same salary on the road for a third or even a fourth season if the manager is still presenting the play? If not, when do the manager's rights to the services of the actor cease? This point has never been settled, but I know of one instance where a manager compelled a player, under threats of the law, to play a second season in a play for which he believed he had only signed for one.

How Long is a Run?

LET us now revert to the case in which I was concerned. The firm of Broadhurst & Currie had under its management two comedians, who had important parts in a successful play. The season closed early and the manager of a musical play which was produced for a summer run wished to secure the services of these actors. Our contract with the comedians stipulated that we had the exclusive use of their services and that they could not appear for anyone else without our consent in writing. Not wishing to deprive them of a chance of adding to their income, and realizing that it was only a summer engagement, our consent was given.

The engagement ended about the first of August, but just as we were ready to send out our play for its second-season opening in the middle of September, we were served with an injunction restraining us from using the services of the comedians on the ground that they had signed for the run of the play on the roof, and as it was to be resumed in October they were still under contract to the roof manager.

When the case came to trial our contention was that the run of the play ended with the closing of the engagement, while the plaintiff contended that the run was not finished but was only suspended.

In support of this, a representative of the company swore that he had posted a notice on the call board stating that the run was only postponed and would be resumed in a short time. Another witness swore that he had typewritten such a notice for the first witness and the first witness swore that he had signed it

"You are sure that the notice of closing stated that the run was only suspended?" asked our lawyer.

"Yes," replied the witness.

"And was to be resumed at a later date?"

"Yes."

"It did not say that the run ended?"

"No, indeed."

"You don't only think it?"

"No."

"You swear to it?"

"Yes."

"How is it that you remember the wording so distinctly?"

"Because I anticipated that the trouble which has arisen might come, and like a prudent man I was preparing for it."

Twice our lawyer dropped the subject and started on another line of examination and twice he returned to it, the questions and answers being practically the same.

PHOTO BY DOROTHY WILDING, BY COURTESY OF CHARLES FROHMAN OFFICE
Gladys Cooper

PHOTO BY APEDA, NEW YORK
Anne Nichols, Author and Producer of Abie's Irish Rose

When the witness, as comfortable and unperturbed as a kitten sleeping on a forbidden chair, had sworn to his testimony for the third time, our lawyer handed him a paper.

"On whose letterhead is that written?" he asked.

"On mine."

"Do you know the signature at the bottom?"

"I think I do."

"Do you know it or don't you?"

"Yes, I know it."

"Whose is it?"

"Mine."

"What is that paper?"

"It is the notice of the closing of a company."

"The one about which you have been testifying?"

"Yes."

"Read it."

Stammering and hesitating, the witness read the notice. It did not say a single word about the run being suspended to resume on a later day.

But it stated definitely and explicitly that the run of the play ended.

How we happened to have the original call in our possession is one of those mysterious and miraculous things which make one at times fervently believe that "There's a divinity that shapes our ends." On the closing night of the play, for some unknown reason, without any premonition of impending trouble, and for no cause which anyone connected with the matter has ever been able to understand or define, one of the comedians, absolutely without motivation, carelessly and unthinkingly had torn the call from the board and had tossed it into his theater trunk.

Steeplechase

SO LITTLE impression did the act make upon him that it passed completely from his memory. Even when our lawyer, Currie and I were discussing the question of the call with the comedian and his partner, and were praying that in some providential way it might fall into our hands, the thought that it was in his possession never entered the comedian's mind. Two or three days before the case was to come to trial, opening his theater trunk to examine his wardrobe for the tour which he hoped would eventuate, to his supreme astonishment, the comedian found the much-coveted and greatly desired paper lying naked and uncovered on the top of the tray.

E. Milton Royle, whose play, The Squaw Man, has been successfully produced in practically every civilized country, wrote a comedy for Marie Cahill entitled Marrying Mary. It was produced at the Madison Square Theater and failed by the narrowest possible margin of being a success.

Nat C. Goodwin saw it and was so impressed with it that, although the star part was written for a woman, he made a contract with Royle to produce it "throughout the season," feeling sure that he could make the leading man's rôle more dominant than that of the leading woman.

Failing in this, Goodwin, after only a few weeks' performances, notified Royle that on account of illness his tour was closing. Two weeks later Goodwin, fully recovered, opened in Chicago in a different play and continued in it uninterruptedly until the end of the season.

Royle sued for royalties from the time Goodwin closed in Marrying Mary, stating that Goodwin's illness was too opportune and his recovery too prompt to be genuine, and that in any case Goodwin had agreed to produce his play, after having seen it, "throughout the season," and I was called in as an expert witness to testify as to certain clauses in the contract and also as to what was meant by the word "season."

Royle won his suit and Goodwin appealed, his lawyer thinking that he could win on the ground that the amount of the royalty was purely speculative and so could not be computed. Royle won his case again on the appeal, and Nat Goodwin had to pay.

Although I appeared as a witness for Royle, Goodwin, while the case was on, made a contract with me to write him a play for the following season.

When the rumor started that Goodwin was about to take unto himself a fifth wife, De Wolfe Hopper, who, having also negotiated four hurdles in the matrimony stakes, was running with Goodwin neck and neck toward the water jump, went to Goodwin and said, "Nat, is it true that you are going to marry again?"

Goodwin answered, "Yes. I'm a glutton for punishment."

(Continued on Page 134)

The most reliable, quiet, economical and simple writing machine in the world is a Dixon "Ti-con-der-oga" pencil.

5¢ Each

60¢ a tiger

Write for Sample

Write direct to us if your dealer does not have Dixon "Ti-con-der-oga" Pencils — enclose five cents—and we will send you a full-length sample pencil.

Higher on the Pacific Coast Three for a quarter in Canada

DIXON
"TI-CON-DER-OGA"
An extraordinary five cent pencil

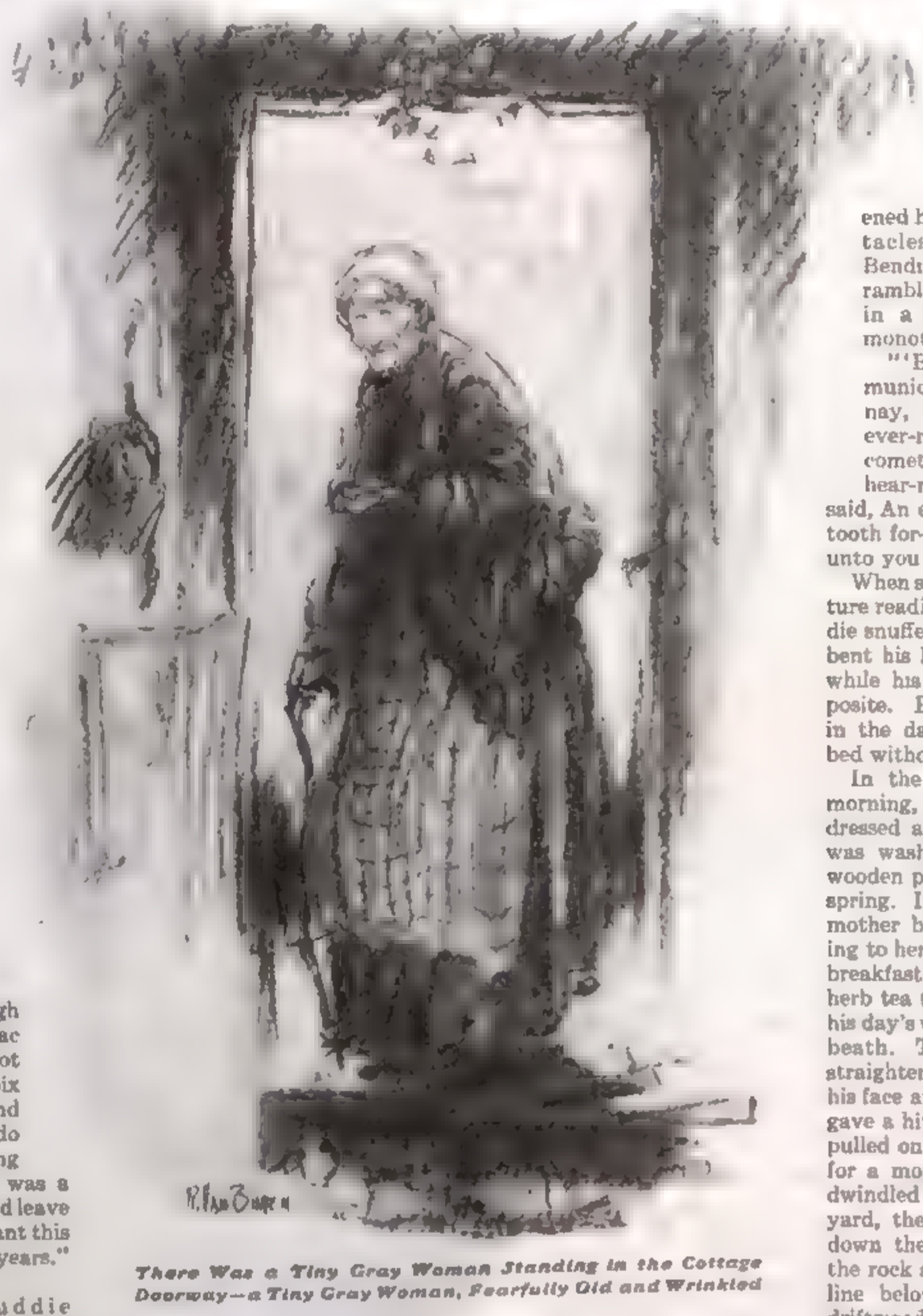
Made in the U. S. A. by
JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO.
Pencil Dept. 8-J Jersey City, New Jersey

THE MacGILLICUDDIE

(Continued from Page 7)

Harcourt leaned back in his deck chair and clasped his hands behind his head. "I smoke a pipe—you smoke cigarettes. You put milk in your coffee—I drink mine black. Personal preference. The MacGillicuddie buries his dead—I don't. Personal preference. You'll get used to it and learn to love the old duffer. I did before they took me out of his flight and gave me C. You call him a hypocrite. Perhaps. Fact is he lives up in Ross and Cromarty—northern tip—no railroads—four-day trip His leave starts tonight and he's taking twenty-four precious hours to bury this Hun and mark the grave before he goes. Another point: I suppose it never occurred to you that he's the only pilot on the Western Front with twenty machines to his credit and no jewelry to show to his grandchildren for the job he's done. Why? Ask the major some day. Old Taintor had this squadron when I joined first. The Mac came in from patrol one day with a slug through his stomach and his left arm smashed in three places. As he lay on the stretcher waiting for the ambulance, he grabbed Old Taintor's flying coat by the skirt.

"'Ye will nae,' he says, 'say ought o' this fight tae any mon wi' brass on his cap. It is unbefittin' a Christian tae get wee baubles o' gowld an' siller wi' ribbons on it for-r cowld mur-rder-r!' The major's afraid to cite him. There isn't anyone at Wing with guts enough to face the lecture the Mac would hand out if he got as much as a Belgian croix de guerre for a fight. And I've seen the Mac do stunts that would bring him an earldom if he was a politician. Go to bed and leave him alone unless you want this war to go on five more years."



There Was a Tiny Gray Woman Standing in the Cottage Doorway—a Tiny Gray Woman, Fearfully Old and Wrinkled

The MacGillicuddie tramped up over the hogback spine that leads out to Kinloch Head. He stopped for a moment and shifted the strap of his traveling haversack to the other shoulder.

At his feet the deserted blue waters of Loch Kinloch were graying slowly in the cold evening light. The MacGillicuddie's chest expanded as he sucked in a great gulp of his native air. Below him, on a slight rise of the rocky shore line, there was a small white cottage with a square of fence hedging it in. Smoke was rising from the rubblestone chimney in a straight thin plume.

"Aye," said the MacGillicuddie. He took his dead pipe from his mouth and tamped the white ash heel into the bottom of the bowl; tamped it lightly, so that it would not work loose and drift into his pocket as he walked. He had come thirty miles since early morning. Slowly, he wound down the narrow pathway floored with sponge rock and scrub gorse, and pushed open the little white gate. There was a tiny gray woman standing in the cottage doorway—a tiny gray woman, fearfully old and wrinkled. She took her pipe from her mouth and smoothed her apron absently.

"Ye'll be hame, Tammas?"

"Nae Tammas, muther-r. 'Tis Gamahel. Tammas hae been kilt now these twa year-rs."

"Aye, I mind th' noo. But m' eyes'll nae be sae gude, ye'll mind. Ye'll be wantin' a wee bite. Ye've cum a long walk frae Glenelgbeath, bairn."

"Aye."

Gamaliel MacGillicuddie unhitched the strap of his haversack and hung it on the wall beside the door. For half an hour—meanwhile he washed and changed his breeches for old tattered kilts and stockings—he said nothing to his mother and his mother said nothing to him. In silence they ate their porridge and in silence Gamaliel took out his pipe and relighted the dead heel for his after-supper smoke. They went out to the bench beside the door and sat staring across the dark waters of the loch.

"I'll be gaein' back i' th' mornin'," said the MacGillicuddie. "'Tis a long way I've cum frae France."

His mother nodded silently in the darkness beside him. And presently—"'Tis a fearful long war-r, Tammas. Nigh twenty year-r th' noo since th' mon went away."

"'Tis nae th' same war-r, muther-r. 'Tis twa war-rs. The father-r was kilt i' th' last, ye mind."

"Aye, 'tis a' th' same tae a womon, bairn. 'Tis time for-r prayer-rs."

The MacGillicuddie went inside and groped for the huge Bible in the darkness. After he had found it, he opened it on the table and then lighted a lone, sputtering candle. He stared at the open pages for a moment and then drew back and bowed his head.

"Ye will r-read, muther-r," he said. "For-r 'tis unbefittin' a mon fr-resh frae th' war-rs wi' blood on his hands tae touch th' Book o' th' Lor-rd."

The old woman blinked at him and smoothed her apron nervously. "But war-r, bairn, is killin' an' killin'?"

"Aye; but 'tis nae right i' th' Lor-rd's eye an' I cannae r-read th' night."

She sat down and straightened her iron-rimmed spectacles upon her nose. Bending close to the great rambling print, she read in a cracked trembling monotone:

"'But let your-r communication be, yea, yea; nay, nay: For-r whatsoever-r is mor-re than these cometh of evil. Ye hae hear-rd that it hae been said, An eye for-r an eye, an' a tooth for-r a tooth: But I say unto you ——.'"

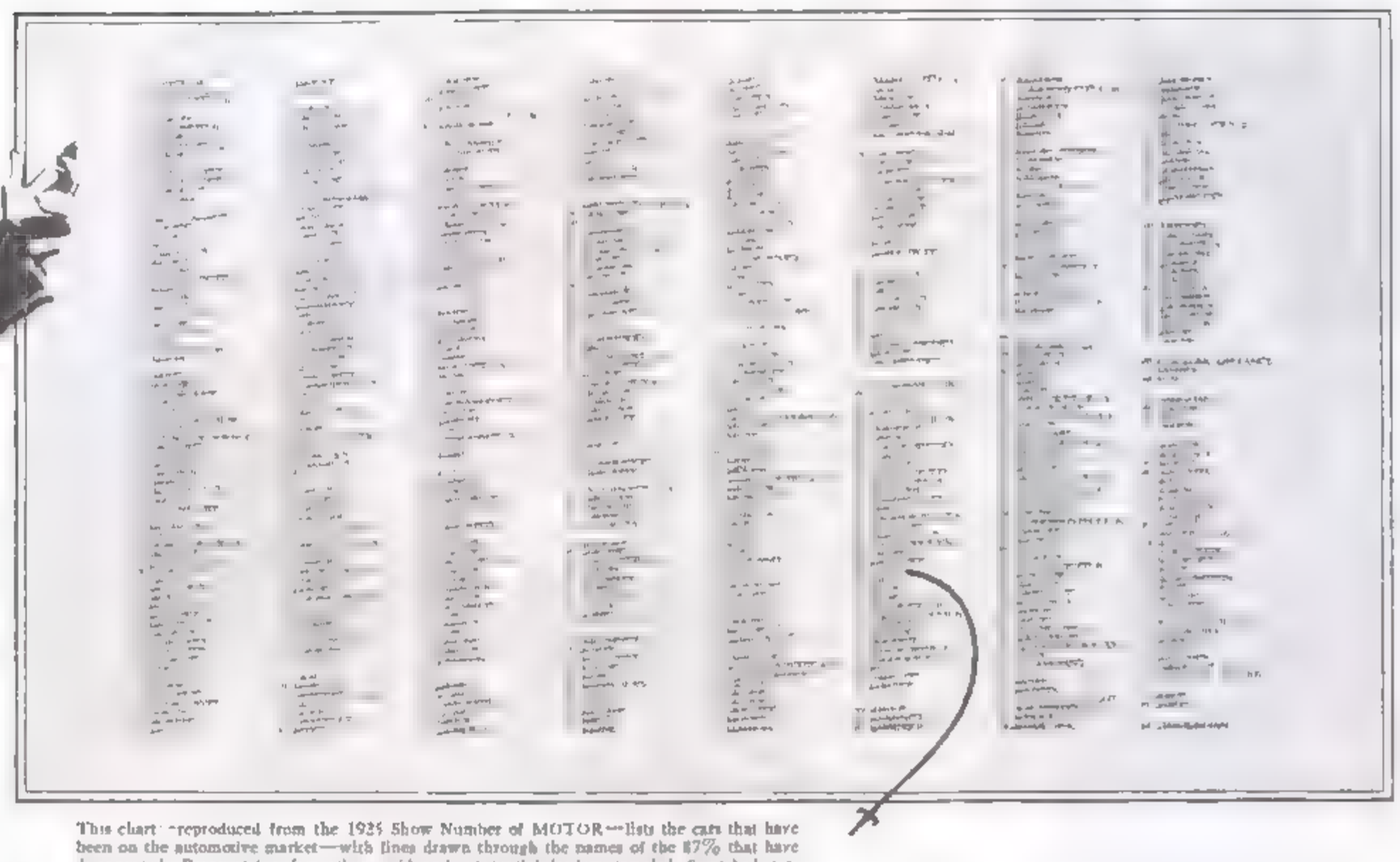
When she had finished Scripture reading, the MacGillicuddie snuffed out the candle and bent his head in brief prayer, while his mother nodded opposite. Presently they got up in the darkness and went to bed without another word.

In the cold light of early morning, the MacGillicuddie, dressed again in his breeches, was washing his face in the wooden pail at the curb of the spring. Inside the cottage, his mother bustled about, crooning to herself as she stirred the breakfast porridge and steeped herb tea to strengthen him for his day's walk back to Glenelgbeath. The MacGillicuddie straightened up and toweled his face and neck roughly. He gave a hitch to his braces and pulled on his tunic. He stood for a moment looking at the dwindled woodpile in the side yard, then slowly he trudged down the path that led over the rock shoulder to the shore line below. There would be driftwood there—too heavy for the old woman to carry. The sea breeze was strong on his face. He bent his head and scrambled down the rocky face to the edge of the cove waters. For a moment he stood looking at the scattered balk ends that had drifted in since he had last been home. The inshore bits he collected and heaped into a pile to carry up to the cottage.

Bobbing and scraping against a snub-nosed rock, there was a deck chair, its varnish quite white with salt crust. The MacGillicuddie reached over and fished it out with a length of wood. Carefully he set it up and tested its usefulness. The cane of its seat was slack and weak. However, carefully dried out, it would do. But suddenly the MacGillicuddie stiffened and his knees cracked with the quick tension of his old muscles. Slowly his calloused fingers coiled until his fists were clenched so tightly that the knuckles showed white through the cold blue of his hands.

(Continued on Page 56)

Others Come and Go~ PAIGE *Stays and Grows!*



This chart—reproduced from the 1925 Show Number of MOTOR—lists the cars that have been on the automotive market—with lines drawn through the names of the 87% that have disappeared. Paige and a few other solid and substantial leaders remain! Scratched cars with the same name as cars still in production have no connection with existing cars.

WHEN a man appropriates more than a thousand dollars for a motor car, he wants to know—and of right ought to know—something of the responsibility and reputation and permanence of the manufacturer of that car.

Because of the soundness of Paige policies and the worth of Paige motor cars, the position in the industry of the Paige-Detroit Motor Car Company today is sound and solid. Its ratio of assets to liabilities is high. Its cash position is strong. Its dealer organization blankets the world, and is still growing. Its present cars are by all odds the finest, as they are the smartest and most beautiful cars Paige has ever built.

Many things have come to pass in the motor car industry during the 18 years of Paige growth. For others, there have been lean years and fat—but Paige has made money every year. There have been upheavals and reorganizations beyond number—but the same group of able men who founded Paige direct its destinies today.

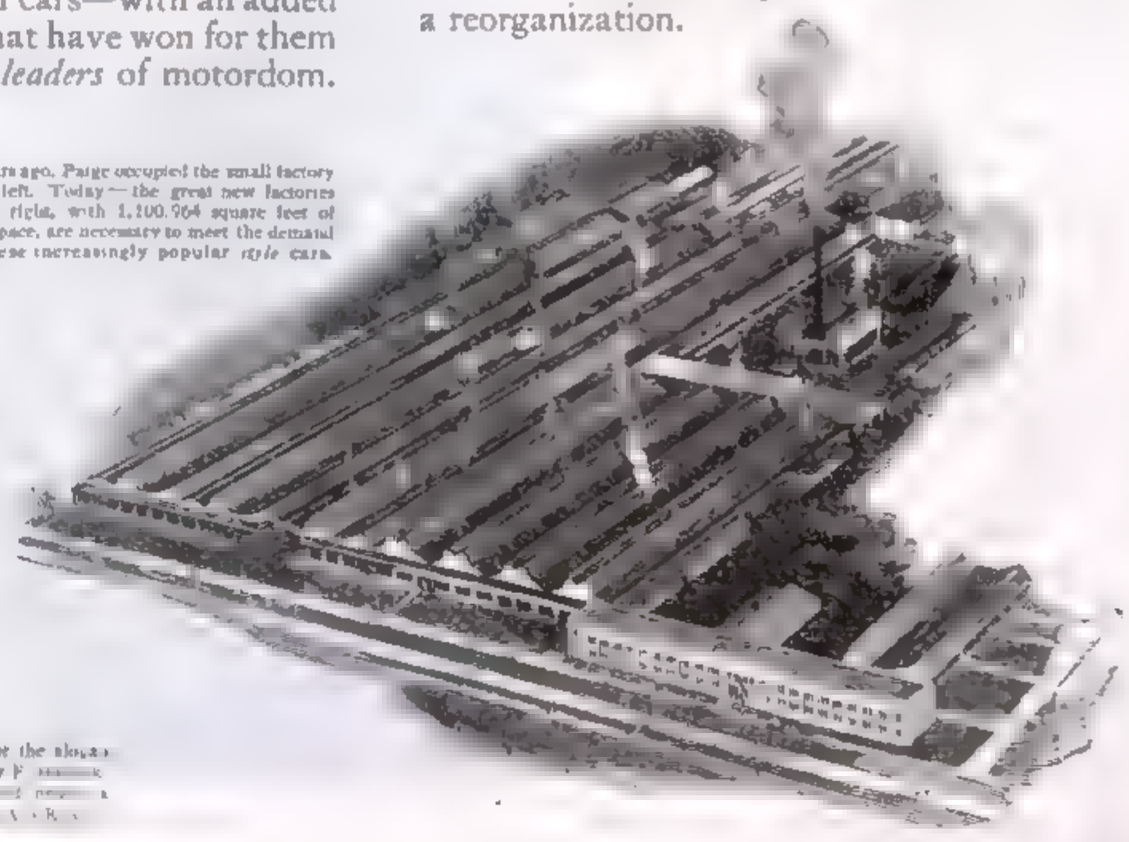
Hundreds of new cars have appeared on the automotive stage in these 18 years—played their brief rôle—and then retired into oblivion forever. But Paige—and those few other solid and substantial *leaders*—have stayed and grown, stronger every year.

Today's Paige cars embody all the finer workmanship and enduring quality of former Paige-built motor cars—with an added beauty and smartness that have won for them recognition as the *style leaders* of motordom.

Today's Paige cars are built in a great new factory designed according to the latest methods for modern manufacturing practice, and generally regarded by foremost automotive engineers as the most efficient plant in the industry.

These facts are published to guide you in your selection of a motor car. For it cannot fail to be a very heartening thing to know that the Paige motor car you eventually buy comes from an organization that for 18 years has enjoyed uninterrupted success—with never a backward step, never a failure, never a reorganization.

18 years ago, Paige occupied the small factory at the left. Today—the great new factories at the right, with 1,100,964 square feet of floor space, are necessary to meet the demand for these increasingly popular *style* cars.



PAIGE

Winners of the $10,000 CONTEST

First prize—$10,000 in Cash—was awarded to J. Luther McFarland, Cairo, West Virginia, for the slogan: Built to W[illegible] 6-45 sedan—to Mrs. Walter F[illegible] New Bern, North Carolina, for the slogan: [illegible] With Every Mile [illegible] beautiful new 6-45 sedan—to F. A. Dragoun, Pe[illegible]

(851)

Watch This Column

If you want to be on our mailing list send in your name and address

Laugh Month!

Motion-picture theatre owners have named January "LAUGH MONTH" to send a regular gale of merriment sweeping over this great republic of ours—to stimulate jaded spirits and give old and young a chance to "laugh their heads off."

Universal has come to the front in comedies with such tremendous strides this year that we are particularly proud of our contributions to Laugh Month.

For instance—*"Buster Brown,"* his dog "TIGE" and "LITTLE MARY JANE," created by Cartoonist R. F. Outcault. Our reproductions of these cute characters are well-nigh perfect.

"The Newlyweds," with "LOVEY" and "DOVEY" and the marvelous baby, "SNOOKUMS," created by Cartoonist George McManus. The antics of this clever child will evoke screams of laughter.

"The Gumps," with "ANDY and MIN," created by Cartoonist Sidney Smith, and still very popular in the funny sections of the great newspapers. Be sure to see "ANDY" in the person of the chinless wonder, JOE MURPHY.

"The Collegians," written by Carl Laemmle Jr., and featuring GEORGE LEWIS, DOROTHY GULLIVER and HAYDEN STEVENSON. These are comedies of college life with all the atmosphere of the campus, the gridiron and the track, as well as much youth and beauty.

I want to thank the many readers of this column who have forwarded me lists of the five favorite classics which they would like to have Universal do in pictures. Your comments and selections are very helpful.

If *you* have not already sent a list I wish you would do so. It is a matter very important to me and your kindness will be deeply appreciated.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

Send 10c each for autographed photographs of George Lewis and Dorothy Gulliver

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

(Continued from Page 54)

On the other side of the snub rock there was the back of a life belt, gray and wet, bobbing and sighing against the stone with the slight lift and fall of the waters. The MacGillicuddie stared at it—at the mat of golden hair that floated in the water around it. Quickly he leaped out upon the snub rock and again he stiffened and his fists clenched. There were more life belts on the waters beyond. Four, he counted, caught in the sheltering arm of the cove, bobbing gently in the raft of driftwood. He stood there, etched against the gray morning sky for a long moment; then he knelt upon the rock and prayed. Presently he lifted the little girl at his feet and carried her to the sands beyond.

He stumbled up the rock shoulder to the cottage and pushed open the gate. "I'll nae gae back till th' mor-rnin', muther-r," he said.

All that day the MacGillicuddie labored. Up and down the shore line he worked, wading out into the bitter waters swimming once when the waters were too deep to wade in. Twelve he gathered and carried tenderly back to the narrow beach. And not a word escaped him, neither a prayer nor a curse; but as the afternoon wore on, his blue lips became thinner and thinner and tighter and tighter.

Only once did he speak. The fire had died to a heap of rose ashes that writhed and crawled in the darkness under the sharp breeze of evening. "Aye," he said, "women an' childern. Women an' childern. 'Tis nae war-r—'tis murder-r—cowld murder-r! I hae hear-rd o' it—but now I hae seen!"

Carefully he heaped the shallow sand over the ashes and formed it into a single low mound by the side of the sighing waters. At one end he piled a small cairn and put up his cross—a cross with no name upon it.

Late that night he leaned over his mother's bed. "I'll gae back th' now, muther-r."

"I' th' night, Tammas?"

"Aye. 'Twill be mor-rnin' soon an' I'll be in Glenelgbeath by noon."

"An' ye'll cum back again?"

"Aye—when I cum. Ther-re is siller on th' table—ten pound. 'Twill last ye till I cum."

"God gae wi' ye, Tammas."

"Aye, muther-r. . . . 'Tis Gamaliel."

"'Tis a long war-r —— Aye, I mind th' noo. Tammas is kilt these twa year-rs."

He wrapped his tartan tippet around his neck and buttoned his trench coat. In silence he went out and closed the door. The gate clashed softly shut behind him and he trudged up to the hogback that leads down by Kinloch Head. On the ridge, he paused and turned his head toward the sea.

"May th' gude Lor-rd hae mercy on m' miser-rable sowl an' gie me strength," he said. Then he raised his right hand, fist clenched, and shook it fiercely at the darkness that shrouded the Head and the heaving sea beyond.

"I wish," said Martin Blake, "that they would stop this stupid war before we get to Berlin." He drew deeply on the stub of his cigarette and tossed it away. "First of all, I've lost half my kit on the last three moves we've made. And Berlin is a rotten city."

"Lucky man!" Harcourt strapped his chin strap and pulled on his gloves. "I haven't a stitch left and I'm brushing my teeth with button polish."

"And the MacGillicuddie," said Martin Blake, "is driving me crazy."

Harcourt laughed. "First he drove you crazy because he buried his dead and now he drives you crazy because he doesn't."

Martin Blake turned sharply. "I suppose you don't know what he's got in his kit bag," he snapped.

"No," said Harcourt.

"Well, take a look-see sometime. You'll get a shiver or two yourself." He turned on his heel and stalked over to his machine.

The MacGillicuddie was already in his cockpit, warming his engine with a careful hand. The other pilots in the flight were climbing in one by one and revving their motors. The Mac waved for his wheel chocks to be pulled and taxied into the center of the pounded 'drome that had belonged to a German squadron four days before. In a moment his engine sang into life and he streaked off into the wind, the flight in formation on his tail.

He led them out at a low altitude for the morning troop strafe. Valenciennes peeped from her mist shroud far to the right and behind them. The MacGillicuddie turned northward on a winding trail, searching for the new line of the morning. There might, with luck, be strips of shiny tin on the backs of the men who groveled and crawled in the mud on the ground below. More likely there would be a red Very light, or a green one, fired under the assumption that anyone in an aeroplane would simply read the mind of the man who fired it and know what he meant.

In one spot along what had once been the road to what had once been a little place called Mons, there was a tremendous racket Martin Blake squinted at the clustered grenade bursts and shot his nose forward. Sharply his gun chattered above the roar of his straining engine. With the MacGillicuddie to the right of him and slightly in front, he lashed down toward the brown slime below and raked it with his steel-jacketed flail. They zoomed together close enough to see upflung arms—and turned northward for the next job. Martin Blake didn't know it, but he had helped an ancient feud. Eighteen hours later, the ——th Canadian Highlanders would have clubbed and hacked and blasted their way into Mons whence the ——th Imperial Highlanders had been driven forth four years and three months before. For the MacGillicuddie, he had merely seen kilts below him.

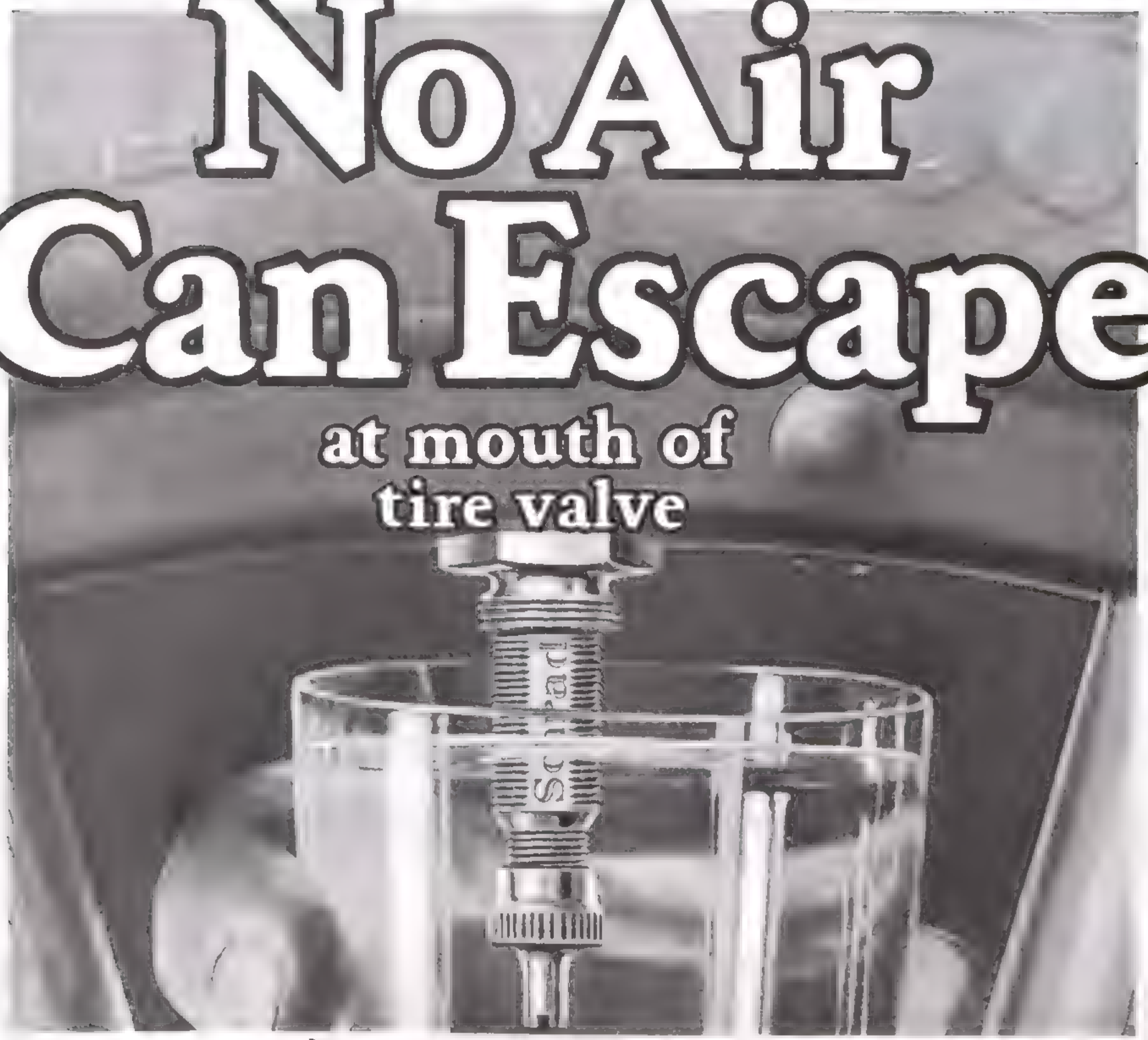
The rest of the flight had beggared off into the mist on individual strafes of its own—or perhaps for more sleep. The air above was clearing slowly as the MacGillicuddie led Martin Blake on toward Nivelles. Blake closed in on his tail and sawed wood. Presently the MacGillicuddie began to climb. He had decided, evidently, that hedge hopping was poor business for a good flying day. Martin Blake's altimeter needle trembled across the ten-thousand-foot mark and inched steadily upward. He pressed his Bowden trigger to warm his guns against the cold bite of the November air. The shots snickered coldly as the guns stuttered into life. And still the MacGillicuddie climbed into the upper silences. Eighteen thousand feet.

"Ass!" snorted Blake. "Silly old Scotch idiot! Trying to freeze a man to death for no good reason!" They were in the mist wisps of clouds, still climbing, when suddenly the MacGillicuddie's arm snapped up. Blake looked and the MacGillicuddie was gone, straight downward in a quick dive, engine full on. Blake followed him and thundered down above him onto the poor lone wretch below. It was all over in a second, and the Hun, with a smoke feather trailing him, flopped aimlessly downward in a flat spin. The MacGillicuddie circled

(Continued on Page 58)

Lake Beauvert and Pyramid Mountain, Jasper National Park, Alberta, Canada

No Air Can Escape at mouth of tire valve



Improved valve cap guaranteed air-tight up to 250 lbs.

Make sure that a Schrader No. 880 Valve Cap covers and protects every one of your tire valves, including the spare. No air can escape at the mouth of the valve when this improved valve cap is screwed down tight by hand. It is guaranteed air-tight up to 250 lbs.

Five in the red metal box cost but 30c.

Should the valve inside become worn out or damaged, the Schrader No. 880 Valve Cap prevents escape of air at mouth of the valve until you have an opportunity to replace the inside. Schrader products are sold by more than 100,000 dealers throughout the world.

Schrader

Makers of Pneumatic Valves Since 1844

TIRE VALVES — TIRE GAUGES

Week of January 17th

Mr. Work bids one heart in the Bridge hand below. Second hand passes. What would you say on Mr. Whitehead's cards? With perfect bidding and play, North and South can make a Grand Slam. Can you?

Milton C. Work, New York, dealer, South—
Spades..... A, J, 5
Hearts..... A, K, 8, 5, 4
Diamonds..... K, 9, 2
Clubs..... Q, 4

C. Drummond Jones, St. Louis, West—
Spades..... 6, 4
Hearts..... 9, 7, 2
Diamonds..... Q, 10, 8, 7, 4, 3
Clubs..... J, 3

Wilbur C. Whitehead, New York, North—
Spades..... K, 8, 3, 2
Hearts..... Q, 10, 3
Diamonds..... A, 6
Clubs..... A, 10, 7, 6

G. H. Levy, Hamilton, Ont., Canada, East—
Spades..... Q, 10, 9, 7
Hearts..... J, 6
Diamonds..... J, 5
Clubs..... K, 9, 8, 5, 2

Tues., Jan. 18, 10 P. M. (E. T.)

WEAF, WSAI, KSD, WCAE, WCCO, WTAM, WEEI, WFI, WGN, WGR, WJAR, WOC, WCSH, WTAG, WWJ.

See papers for broadcasting time of following:

WRC	Radio Corp.	Washington
WGY	Gen'l Elec. Co.	Schenectady
WPG	Municipal Stadium	Atlantic City
KPRC	Houston Post Dispatch	Houston
WFAA	Dallas News	Dallas
WSMB	Saenger Amusement Co.	New Orleans
WSB	Atlanta Journal	Atlanta
WMC	Memphis Commercial Appeal	Memphis
KTHS	New Arlington Hotel	Hot Springs, Ark.
WDBO	Rollins College	Winter Park, Fla.
WDAE	Tampa Daily Times	Tampa
WSOE	Wisconsin News	Milwaukee
WOAW	Woodmen of the World	Omaha
WDAF	Kansas City Star	Kansas City, Mo.
KOA	General Electric Co.	Denver
KGW	[illegible]	Portland
KPO	Hale Bros. & [illegible]	San Francisco
KHJ	Los Angeles Times	Los Angeles
KFOA	Seattle Times	Seattle
CFCX	J. R. Booth, Jr.	Ottawa, Can.
CKNC	Can. Nat. Carbon Co., Ltd.	Toronto
CKAC	La Presse	Montreal
CKY	Manitoba Tel. System	Winnipeg
CJGC	The Electric Shop	Saskatoon
CFAC	Calgary Herald	Calgary
CJCA	Edmonton Journal	Edmonton
CKCD	Vancouver Daily Province	Vancouver
CFCF	London Free Press	London, Ont.
CFCL	Radio Assn. of Prescott	Prescott, Ont.

Splendid finish, big indexes, lasting quality. Single or two-pack cases.

You cannot get [illegible] quality [illegible] cycle price.

BICYCLE
and CONGRESS
PLAYING CARDS

FREE! Reports of Games and Advance Hands

Write your name and address in margin, and mail to The U. S. Playing Card Co., Cincinnati, U. S. A., or Windsor, Canada—or Auction Bridge Bulletin, 30 Ferry Street, New York.

(Continued from Page 56)

and took the lead again. Out of the corner of his eye, Blake watched the Hun flop and stall and whip off his wings—and his heart was sick within him.

Again they were climbing into the cloud wisps. Blake stared at the MacGillicuddie's back and followed on. Another half hour and the MacGillicuddie would circle back for home. But the MacGillicuddie didn't. He kept straight on, rimming the clouds, looking from side to side as he wound in and out.

"All right, you old ass, I'll stick it!" Blake muttered, and he shook his fist at the machine ahead. It was cold—the thin cold of the upper reaches that deadens the blood and coils the sharp, cruel wire of weakness around the heart. Surely he'd get enough of it soon. Almost three hours now.

And then, below him, he saw a Hun two-seater skulking homeward. Probably some photography bus trying vainly to get information of the hopeless smash-up for the tottering minds of German Great Headquarters. The MacGillicuddie saw it too. His nose dipped into the dive and then suddenly pulled up, only to dip again. Blake watched him and followed him down. For a moment or two more the MacGillicuddie hesitated; then, with his throttle full on, he pushed his nose straight down on the two-seater's tail. Blake dived with him and opened fire. He could see the Hun observer whip his gun into action and start firing. The smoke trail of tracers zipped past his left aileron for a moment and then stopped as the observer collapsed under the return fire. The pilot tried desperately to Immelmann out and bring his own gun to bear, but the MacGillicuddie got him half over. There was a burst of pink flame that rippled along the Hun's fuselage in hungry licking tongues. His nose dropped and a kicking black something leaped out and fell away into the mists below.

The MacGillicuddie's machine was on the ground when Martin Blake landed at the airdrome. He taxied into the emergency hangars, shut off and climbed out. As he lighted his cigarette a hand touched his elbow. He turned and stared down from his six-feet-two into the upturned face of the MacGillicuddie.

"Ye will say nought o' the last one, d' ye ken?"

"The two-seater?"

"Aye," said the Mac. "Say nought o' the twa-seater tae any mon. 'Tis nae m' practice to fight wi' twa-seaters. 'Tis m' first offense. Ye be a young mon an' ye will nae unner-rstand what I'm tellin' ye. 'Tis true I've kilt thr-ree times th' mor-rnin', an' I took yon twa-seater because I needed tae kill thr-ree times an' ther-re was nae mor-re single-seaters up. Yon war-r will be endin' soon an' I could nae take chances o' missin' m' thr-ree, d' ye ken?"

"So you popped two at once?"

"Aye."

"So be it," said Martin Blake. "I'll keep a tight lip."

"You'r-re a braw lad," said the Mac. "An' th' gude Lor-rd hae mercy on your-r sowl."

"Bother my soul!" said Martin Blake.

The MacGillicuddie stepped backward and his eyes widened. "Dinna say that, mon! Ye hae kilt, an' th' gude Book says thou shalt not kill."

"True," said Martin Blake. "And if you've read further, you'll find it says 'An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth.'"

"Aye," said the Mac, "I hae read; but 'tis nae excuse. 'Tis the old law, God help us, 'tis nae th' new!"

"Well, then," said Martin Blake, "let's eat."

The MacGillicuddie pushed open the small white gate in the darkness and dropped his kit bag in the tiny front yard. The bag clacked and clattered softly. He crossed the grass plot and opened the cottage door: "Muther-r!"

"Aye"—from the darkness.

"'Tis Gamaliel."

"Aye, bairn." There was a rustling sound and a thump from the corner of the room. "Ye'll hae cum a long tr-ramp frae Glenelgbeath. Ye'll want a wee bite."

"Aye."

The MacGillicuddie closed the door again and went out into the yard. He picked up his kit bag and stood for a moment staring into the darkness that drowned the blunt nose of Kinloch Head, then slowly he crossed the yard and took the path down over the rocky shoulder to the cove beach below. His feet slipped and scraped sharply against the night softness of the plashing waters. Presently he stood upon the beach. With one hand he groped for his pocket flash and turned its white finger upon the mound with its single nameless cross.

Then carefully he opened his kit bag and piled its contents upon the sands. He walked over to the cairn and removed the cross.

Half an hour later, when he trudged up the path again to the cottage with his empty kit bag in his hand, there were twelve crosses bristling the mound—twelve nameless crosses that the MacGillicuddie had carried home from France—one for each of the men he had killed since he had made the mound.

At the gate he stopped a moment. "'Tis th' old law, mayhap, but 'tis right! Aye, 'tis right. May th' gude Lor-rd hae mer-rcy on their-r sowls for-r the poor-r little childer-rn, for-r the women they've kilt!"

He drew a deep breath and stared out toward the shadows of Kinloch Head. "Aye," he said aloud, "'tis right, an' ther-re is nae blood on m' sowl for-r it!"

Presently he was eating his porridge in the flickering candlelight.

"Ye'll be goin' back i' th' mor-rnin'?"

"Nae, muther-r. Th' war-r is over-r these six weeks agone. I'll gae back nae mor-re."

"'Tis gude. 'Tis shear-rin' time an' I can nae manage sheep th' mor-re. 'Tis owld I am, bairn, wha' wi' Tammas an' th' mon an' you awa."

"Aye, I'll bide wi' ye th' noo. Gie us m' kilts, muther-r. Breeks is nae a mon's clothin'."

"'Tis time for-r pr-rayer-rs first, Gamaliel, while th' candle is alight."

"Aye," he said.

She got up and crossed to the window ledge for the great Bible. Hugging it close to her breast, she lugged it back to the table and opened it at random.

The MacGillicuddie stood up and touched her bent shoulder. "I'll r-read th' noo," he said. "D' ye ken?"

THE HARVEST OF THE YEARS

(Continued from Page 35)

development of new varieties. It is a satisfaction to me to contemplate the number of new plums, prunes, cherries, pears, chestnuts and other valuable varieties that have first leafed and blossomed and come to fruit on my farms. I have described my methods with these members of my big family sufficiently in these papers; the practical results of the work may be inferred. The work has not only brought into the orchards of the world numerous new fruits and berries, but the lessons learned there, and communicated, as fast as they were proved, to the world of plant breeders and orchardists everywhere, have made possible an enormous and productive activity on the part of others. So it has been not only new trees but new ideas and new examples that have been found and developed and given out.

Still from the purely practical angle some mention should be made of the work accomplished with vegetables. When you remember that all our vegetables a hundred years ago, and most of them fifty years ago, were accidental, purposeless or incidental developments, by selection, from wholly wild and native plants, you can get some idea of the distance plant breeding has gone with the vegetables daily on your table. Man had been sharing the roots and the green things and the vegetable fruits of the earth with the animals for ten thousand years before he began to study possibilities for improvement in them. True, he had picked over his leeks and corn and celery and greens, using the best and discarding the inferior pieces, and he had employed some selection in saving the seed for his next year's planting. But this selection had been casual and instinctive; probably, in a sense, æsthetic. The real improvement came so recently that some of us can remember the poor strains in use in the middle of the nineteenth century.

My beginnings as a gardener led me to give this matter a good deal of thought, and I have already recounted a few of my experiences in improving table vegetables. For twenty-five years I worked with corn and tomatoes; I had a long acquaintance with peppers, chard, artichokes, asparagus and other members of the tribe, and I demonstrated conclusively that there is no edible root or leaf so humble or so long used that it does not offer the plant breeder an interesting and important field for research and concentration. There remains much to be done. What is more important, there is today, just as there has always been, an almost endless list of plants not at present thought of as edible or as offering anything to man or beast that can, and some day will, be bred and selected and improved until they will be added to the world's food supply. This sort of doctrine, preached in season and out, has been part of my job and part of my achievement.

Considered as a contribution to the material wealth of the world, my work with flowers has been least important of all, but I have said here again and again that the urge to beauty and the need for beautiful and gracious and lovely things in life is as vital a need as the urge for bread, even though it is a newer and less cultivated hereditary impulse than other appetites and cravings. It is very interesting to me to observe that beauty has been definitely listed on the stock exchanges of the world and that art and decoration and the creation of lovely things have been given seats on most of the boards of directors of the business institutions of our time. Long before this was generally true I preached the doctrine of beauty as an asset and said that it was a need as definite in the human race as the need of clothing or the preservation of the species, though maybe not so strongly felt or quite so vital. I have preached it steadily for sixty years; perhaps I would have been a voice calling in the wilderness or would have been humored as a tiresome but well-meaning old bore if it had not been for the fact that I was able to prove my point and demonstrate my theory from Nature and in the experiences I had with people who showed a need for my creations and developments in flowers.

In three large boxes hidden away in my study I have the manuscript for a five-volume set of books on the flowers, ornamental vines, trees, shrubs and plants that have passed under my hands in the past half century; each flower is listed separately, its name is given, its description, something about its origin, family relations, habits and possibilities, my own work with it is detailed, and what remains to be done in further development of it is suggested. The three hundred thousand words written in these pages cannot, of course, give more than a hint of the arduous, tireless,

(Continued on Page 60)

THE NEW FINER

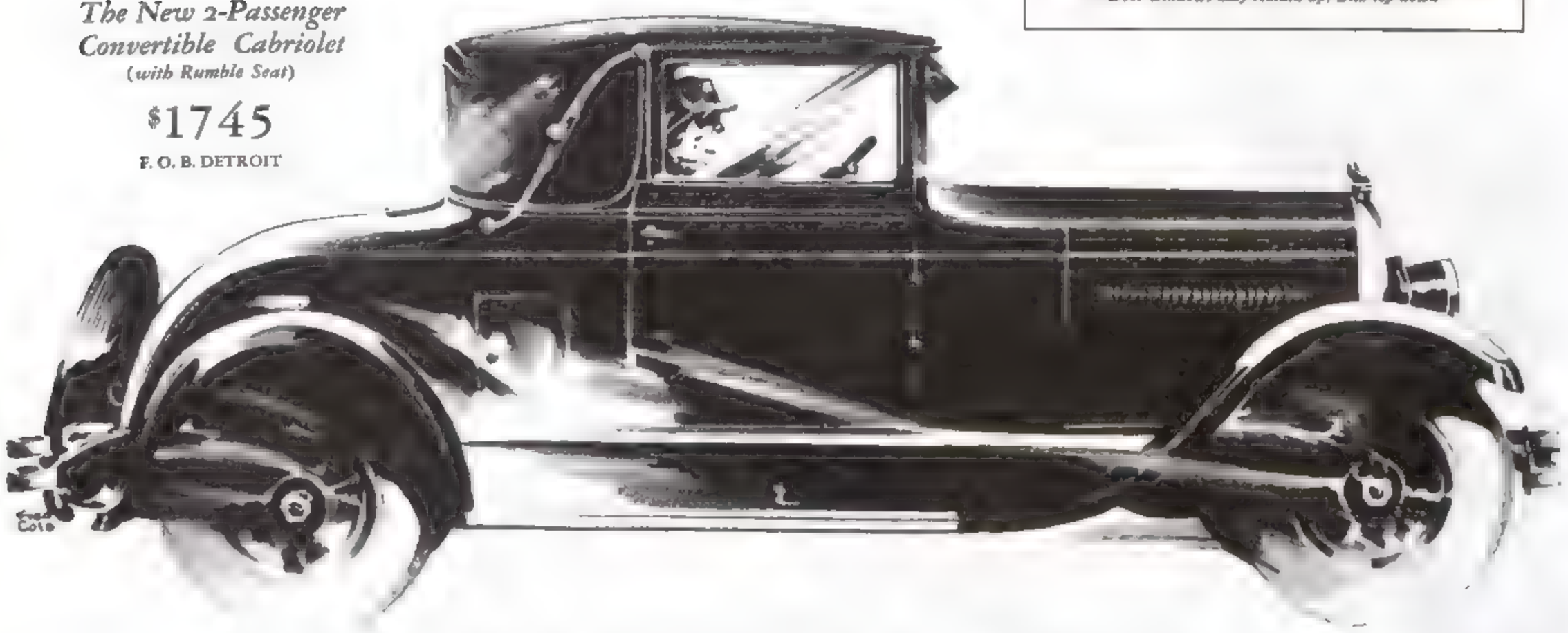
CHRYSLER 70

CHRYSLER MODEL NUMBERS MEAN MILES PER HOUR

Door windows may remain up, with top down

The New 2-Passenger Convertible Cabriolet
(with Rumble Seat)

$1745
F. O. B. DETROIT



Upsetting All Ideas of Motor Car Beauty

The real reason for the remarkable interest aroused by the *new, finer* Chrysler "70" is the quick recognition that here is a car whose newer smartness and beauty establish a vogue in motoring design even more emphatic than that of the first Chrysler.

Three years ago that first Chrysler initiated in its price class such outstanding improvements as 7-bearing crankshaft, oil-filter, air-cleaner, thermostatic heat control, tubular front axle for hydraulic 4-wheel brakes, new type of spring mounting, indirectly-lighted instrument board, new lowness of design, and an entirely new idea of color harmonies.

Today—the *new, finer* Chrysler "70" compels a complete revolution in all previous ideas of appearance that is bound to be reflected in tomorrow's motor cars.

Newer, more exquisitely graceful bodies—newer, more distinctive silhouette with military front and cadet visor—newer luxury of comfort—newer, greater riding ease—newer richness of upholstery—newer, finer hardware—newer refinements in controls and lighting—newer, more attractive color harmonies far in advance of current blendings.

Combined with this newer standard of appearance is the same performance whose sheer speed and power, flexibility, economy, dependability and long life have been a never-ending marvel and delight to the hundreds of thousands of enthusiastic owners.

Phaeton $1395; Sport Phaeton $1495; Two-passenger Roadster (with Rumble Seat) $1495; Brougham $1525; Two-passenger Coupe (with Rumble Seat) $1545; Royal Sedan $1595; Crown Sedan $1795.
All prices f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax.

All Chrysler models—"50", "60", "70" and Imperial "80"—will be exhibited at the National Automobile Shows; at the annual special model display at the Commodore Hotel, during the New York Show, Jan. 8-15, and at the Balloon Room of the Congress Hotel during the Chicago Show, Jan. 29-Feb. 5.

CHRYSLER SALES CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

(Continued from Page 58)

exhaustive work performed, but they do show the scope of the experiments.

Running through this manuscript at random, I find interest enough and reminders enough to keep me absorbed by the day. The whole alphabet of flowers, shrubs, fruits, nuts, ferns, vines, berries and vegetables is told. In the folio devoted to flowering plants I begin with Alstrœmeria and end with Zauschneria. In the vegetable folio I encounter a division on the Solanum family—some thirty pages of it—and with pictures and memories rising unbidden from every phrase, I read:

Solanum belongs to the nightshade family, and is a genus of nearly one thousand species of plants growing all over the temperate and tropical parts of the earth. In this great family may be found some of the most important plants grown for food, as the common potato, the melon shrub or melon pear, which is a highly prized food in the warmer climates, and the different eggplants. Besides these there are a number of most beautiful climbing vines like *S. Wendlandi*, *S. Jasminoides*, the bittersweet, and so on; shrubs such as the ornamental eggplants, the Jerusalem cherry, and so on, and many beautiful flowers.

Solanum tuberosum, the common potato, was introduced into Europe early in the 16th Century, went to England with Sir John Hawkins in 1565 and, at the suggestion of the Royal Society of London, was sent to Ireland in 1663. Here it soon became a weed growing along all the roadsides. It grew wild for many years and was generally considered poisonous, but there came a famine and the people were forced to eat the tubers to preserve life. They soon found them not only not poisonous but a delicious and nutritious food.

The people of Ireland made the potato their principal ration, whence the name we give the tuber; but after a while, for some reason, the potato began to decay, and the very vegetable that had saved them from starvation in the first instance had become so much their staff of life that this disease or trouble with the crop brought about another famine. The breeding of new varieties of potato and importation of new kinds stamped out this disease and at the same time brought new varieties into common use and showed the world that potatoes were capable of being improved. My work came long afterward, but it was an improvement and modification of the first efforts, and nothing radical or new. . . .

In California I crossed the so-called Darwin potato with the common variety and . . . produced amazing results. Most of them were quite small potatoes, but among the larger ones curious colors were developed in the flesh bright crimson, scarlet, bright yellow, white, black and purple. . . . In other cases the flesh was variegated with crimson and gold, purple and white. Every imaginable form and figure was to be found, and by slicing the potatoes in thin slices pictures of various forms would appear—landscapes, faces, geometrical designs and cloud effects.

All these crosses have been gradually weeded out from my gardens, as they were not sufficiently valuable for introduction, and now there is not one of them left on the earth.

In the hundred or more pages devoted to my records of work with bulbous plants I find lilies of a thousand varieties and scores and scores of species—gladiolus, dahlia, calla lily, Watsonia, Chinese lilies, *lilium regale*—an endless list. By chance my eye falls on this paragraph from the pages on the Crinums:

This is a splendid class of flowering bulbous plants. The bulbs grow to enormous size, and some of my hybrids produced bulbs eight inches in diameter, eighteen inches in length, and weighing as high as fifteen pounds. The pale, greenish, bulblike seeds on the same plant and in the same pod will vary from the size of the smallest pea to that of an English walnut, yet when they are planted the plants grow apparently to about the same size and vigor from the smallest as from the largest seed. Some ten years ago I had probably 20 species on my grounds, collected in order to get some of the good qualities of the tropical crinums combined with hardier northern ones, and the result is now a hybrid strain thoroughly hardy, at least in California and similar climates, and producing very large white, pink, rosy crimson and purplish flowers which have broad petals and a large portion of which are fragrant.

Here is a reminder of a gigantic business operation that will sound fantastic to you, but that is entirely true. It is brought to my mind by encountering in the folios the division relating to so-called "everlasting" flowers.

I did definite work with ten of these and made extensive notes on the results in a few cases, but I was not greatly interested in this family of plants and never went far with more than one.

That one, however, called the *cephalipterum*, interested me because it was a hardy grower and came in a wide variety of pastel-shade colors. When picked it would last indefinitely, though with a slight tendency to fade and become brittle. Someone heard about my flower that would last forever and wrote a newspaper story about it, and right away I had a call from the representative of a syndicate of French milliners. He unfolded a scheme to me that reads like fiction

He said that Paris milliners could use a great quantity of these everlasting flowers for decorating ladies' spring hats. I told him the flowers would become brittle, and he shrugged and said they would take care of that, as they knew a preparation or process that would preserve the flowers without changing their color. Would I undertake a contract to grow the *cephalipterum* in wholesale quantities?

I told him I was a pretty busy man, but that I thought I could ship him ten or twenty thousand of them if the price was right.

"Ah!" he said, "the price is of no consideration, *monsieur*. But the quantity! Ten thousand? Twenty thousand? We could not afford to bother with such little business. We will give you one cent each for ten million of these flowers everlasting. One hundred thousand dollars in two years' time, or in one! That is business, no?"

It certainly sounded like business to me, but I had to turn the offer down. I would have been growing the *cephalipterum* all over Sonoma County and my other experiments would have gone into the discard. So that was the end of that enterprise.

Under a 1907 date I find this record, showing me what I then considered a trifling experiment, performed at a time when I probably had as many as ten thousand under way, each necessitating the growing of from fifty or a hundred to a hundred thousand plants:

Rudens atrosanguinea. These plants seem to stand between the dahlia and the coreopsis. I have raised hundreds of thousands of seedlings, but I did not succeed in doing much, over

(Continued on Page 62)

ALL the ingredients for oral cleanliness are pictured above.

Ipana keeps the teeth brilliant. It is very good for the gums. A few minutes' massage twice each day, after the usual cleanings, will prevent your tooth brush "showing pink."

And a swirl of the water will bring out Ipana's delicious and refreshing taste!

IPANA
Tooth Paste

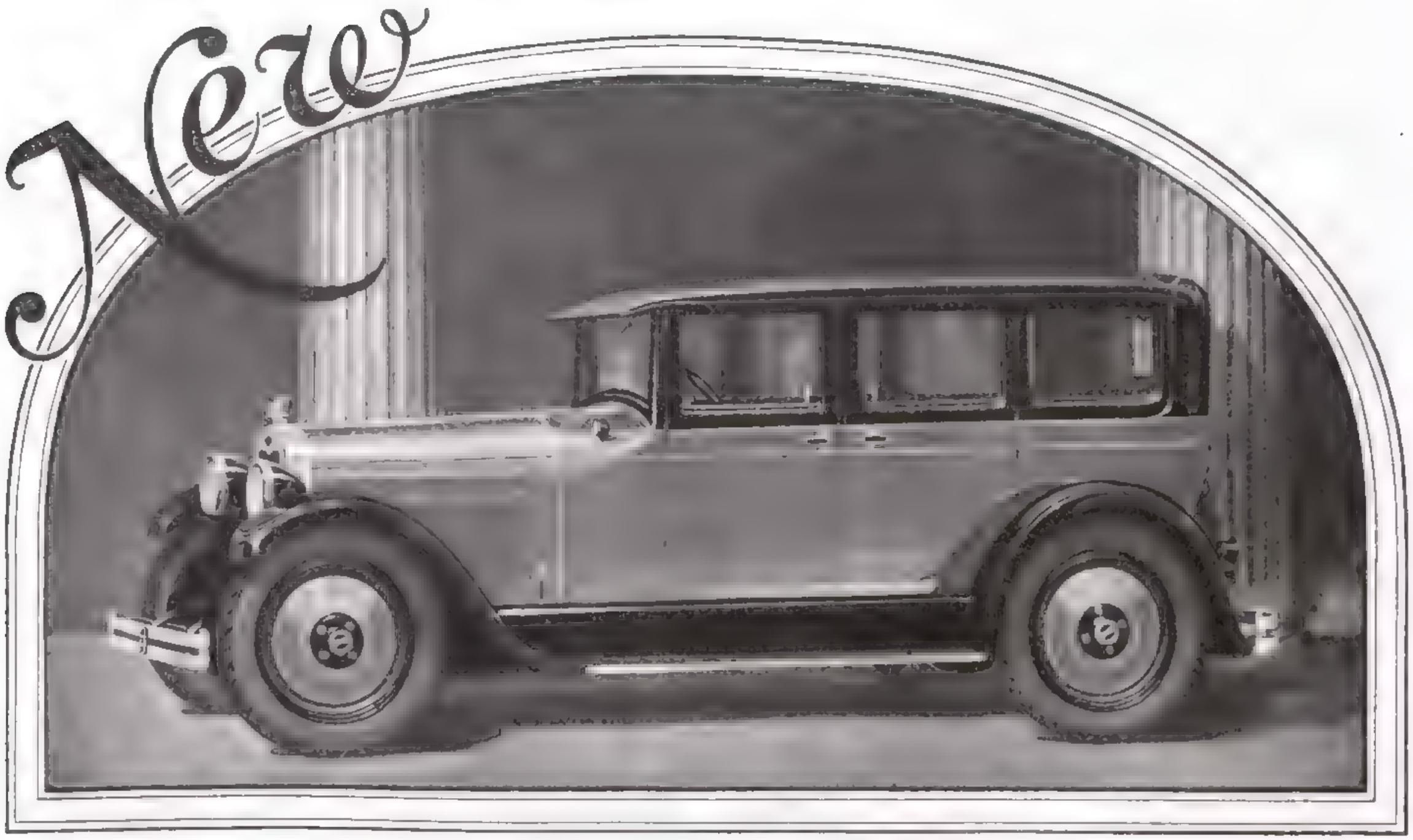
BRISTOL-MYERS COMPANY, NEW YORK

On the Sky-Line Trail in Rainier National Park

NASH

Leads the World in Motor Car Value

Presents the



De Luxe Light Six Sedan

A Luxurious Car at Low Cost

Again—at the New York Motor Show—Nash takes the center of the motor car stage with the introduction of this superb new *De Luxe* Light Six 4-Door Sedan.

Finished in lustrous lacquer that is toned an exquisite shade of blue, this beautiful new Nash model constitutes an example of value-giving at its price that is unparalleled in this field.

The seat upholstery is of the genuine Chase Velmo Mohair Velvet; there's a motometer atop the graceful winged radiator cap; the steering wheel is of genuine Circassian walnut; and there are bumpers in front and bumperettes at the rear.

Both the headlamps and cowl lights are patterned in the smart bullet-type of design; and a decorative note is achieved in the interior with the walnut-finished instrument board and window ledges.

$1085

f. o. b. factory

4-wheel brakes and 5 disc wheels are included in its standard equipment and the car possesses the superlative performance ability of a 7-bearing motor —*the world's smoothest type.*

(4596)

The same bevel edge—the same rigidity as an old fashioned razor!

BECAUSE we give Ever-Ready a keener edge, it gives you smoother, quicker, more joyous shaves.

Structurally Ever-Ready is like a hollow-ground straight razor. It has the same bevel edge. It has the same rigidity. And because it's scientifically ground, it has the keenest edge in the world!

See how thick and substantial the Ever-Ready blade is. Notice the sturdy steel backbone. Ever-Ready won't bend or give. It meets the whiskers at right angles and shaves clean as a whistle. It's the perfect blade!

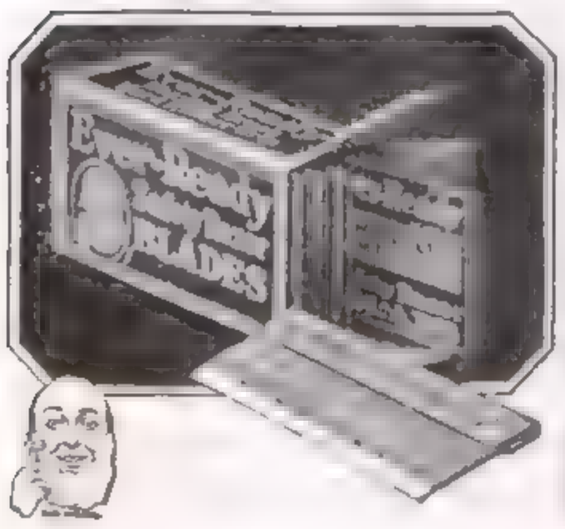
About Ever-Ready Razors

Ever-Ready is the finest razor human ingenuity can design. It's the most scientifically designed, most carefully made. No matter how old your Ever-Ready Razor is, if it doesn't satisfy you 100%, we'll replace it. Send it to

AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CORP.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Ever-Ready Razors and Blades are sold everywhere

Ever-Ready Blades



(Continued from Page 60)

a period of five or six years, except to enlarge the flower to about twice its original size, make the petals rounder and fuller, add a few extra petals to the flower and make the bush more compact, also, to change the color from its usual deep dark purplish crimson to a light crimson, almost scarlet pink, and in a few cases pale pink approaching white. The experiments were given up because of lack of time and means to carry them on.

I am more easily impressed by hard work nowadays, or I think I am.

In the large folios devoted to flowers I encounter plenty of data, interesting to me as though I had never seen them before, although most of them I wrote in longhand some time in the past fifteen years. A laughable incident comes to my mind when I come across the division relating to the Gaillardia. The record runs:

One of the most interesting natural flower shows I have ever seen was the fields of gaillardia on the sandy plains along the railroad between Calgary and Edmonton, Canada. I remember stopping at one station where there were acres of them in bloom, and among these I found more beautiful variations than I have ever seen among the cultivated varieties. I could easily have picked out one hundred distinct varieties on an acre, ranging from lemon yellow to almost purplish black, single, semi-double, with laciniate or complete petals and with different forms of flowers and the habits of the plants varying. I have thought that if I could again visit the locality when the plants were ripening seeds I could get a better variety of gaillardia than any I have ever seen under cultivation. I have cultivated gaillardias for the last forty years or more, but never made selections that proved of commercial value according to my standards of value, but only for my own satisfaction.

What happened exactly was that when I got off the train and became excited over those wild gaillardias the conductor signaled "All aboard" without missing me, and I had to leave the flowers and make a dash for the train that broke every running record for the shorter distances in the history of athletics.

No Interest in Orchids

I could go on—and would, if it weren't for the editor—for many pages with these records. One box of manuscripts has such folios in it as this: Ornamental Small Trees and Some Shrubs, Climbing Vines—Large, Cactus, Palms, Tree Succulents, Textile Plants, Grains and Grasses, Vines, Mistletoe, Parasitic Plants, and so on, Gourds, Orchids, Water and Bog Plants—Flowering, and Miscellaneous. I was curious to know what I had put in Miscellaneous, and on examination discovered fifteen thin pages about plants I myself have forgotten all about. That miscellaneous folio only goes to show that everything was grist that came to my mill, and that I experimented with plants even though I did not know, and could never find out, what they were.

Under the cover of orchids I find this note:

I have never worked with orchids, though I have studied them and grown thousands of the plants. The truth is that I could never interest myself in any but hardy or fairly hardy plants.

The reason is plain to me now, though I may not have recognized it then. I have not been plant breeding for the benefit of the rich, with their conservatories and their artificial tastes, or for florists who make fortunes out of exotic and expensive varieties. I have worked all my life for the people who love gardens and the beauty and utility of flowers, trees and growing things, and who grew them in the open field or garden, and who had no money to waste on extravagances or imported fads. Nurserymen and seedsmen have thought I ought to make a fortune; the reason why I did not may be guessed from this brief statement about orchids.

Yes, my harvest of the years in arduous work and in tasks boldly undertaken and patiently carried through is fairly large. There was much I wanted to do that I could find neither time nor money to undertake; there were enterprises that failed and projects that had to be abandoned; there were disappointments and disillusioning experiences; there were periods of discouragement and days of ill health that interrupted the progress of the work. But taken as a whole I suppose I have done my share, and it is with a good deal of satisfaction that I view the whole record as, more mellow and less impatient than when I was younger, I look back over the pages and try to sum up their contents.

As regards my own work I have long since ceased to think of it as anything more than a contribution to the whole body of knowledge, and an addition, in its results and conclusions, to the technic and practice of plant development. For me it has become the work. It still remains to be done—the most energetic and the most gifted and the most successful man could only add a little to the precious store of information and lay a board or two in the platform on which science must stand. The horizon of plant breeding, as one of the richest and one of the least occupied of all the territories of science, is illimitable. On it a few men have sketched vague pictures of the possibilities yet to be realized. Only a hint of what may be done has been revealed to us. It remains for the next few generations to develop and expand the discoveries and explorations and acquisitions of the pioneers, but that there lies beyond that horizon a new world of beauty, utility, wealth and good for all mankind cannot be questioned. I myself have had a little glimpse of the promised land!

Friends Unseen

I have already written something about the friendships that have been mine and what they have meant to me. They came unsolicited, as all true friendships must come; they were brought to me at my home, because I was too busy often to get away from there. And these friendships, as I have shown, were more often made and maintained through letters than through personal contacts. For every friend whom I have met and talked with I have a dozen whose faces I would not know if they were to appear in my room at this moment, whose characters and lives and histories I can only infer from what they have written me, and whose voices I have never heard and shall never hear. Yet these have been marvelous and profitable friendships for me. And I am sure that on both sides there exists through them a loyalty, an understanding, an affection that could not be heightened or deepened if we were to be thrown together constantly to the end of our days.

The elaborate or formal honors that have been bestowed on me are gratifying to me, not so much for themselves—for the gold medals struck, the medallions etched, the testimonials illuminated, the resolutions spread or the headlines set up!—as for the kindly spirit made manifest in them and the gracious motive behind them. Honorary societies, states, the nation and foreign governments have recognized my work, two colleges have given me degrees, the Government has passed an act of Congress designed to do honor to my services in horticulture, scientific bodies have voted resolutions or made me a fellow of their orders, and a considerable number of fraternal organizations, clubs, societies, and associations have presented me with honorary memberships to show their appreciation.

In one sense medals and ribbons and decorations and honorary memberships are part of the tinsel and pomp of life, and I have never worn a badge or a tag, or signed doctor before my name or a string of letters behind it. Yet in a record of the harvest of the years I suppose such matters have their place and play their part. What it seems to me they demonstrate more than anything personal is that the service of mankind is always recognized in one fashion or another, if the man or the woman concerned is sincere and zealous in that service. The service itself is, of course, the measure, but the honors bestowed are tokens, if they are not taken too seriously or overemphasized as to importance, that will serve with some accuracy as the scale by which that measure can be read. And there is no use saying that any of us despise such honors. Now and then we pretend to, for purposes of public consumption, yet I notice that I myself often have occasion, when there are visitors around, to leave the safe door a little wide so that someone will see the trophies there and will insist on knowing what they are. They are always accommodated and shown the whole collection—a ream of papers and about a quart of medallions. We don't grow up entirely. I can get as much satisfaction out of a transaction like that as any boy with a sore thumb to display or any mighty warrior whose breast is hidden under a quarter of an acre of coveted medals.

In my harvest of the years I find, finally, a store of philosophy deduced from my experiences, my thoughts, my contacts, but particularly from my lessons in Nature's school. Philosophy is still a flourishing branch in our universities, but philosophical reflection grows a rarer thing day by day. We are so intent on efficiency, money-making, getting ahead, keeping abreast of the times, and all those shibboleths and fetishes of our age that we cannot find leisure to examine ourselves and each other and Nature sufficiently to draw conclusions and morals as we might well do. True, the old philosophers covered the ground pretty well—though I cannot find them agreeing on more than a few points—but it seems to me that philosophy, to be useful, should, like religion and science and knowledge, be brought up to date. Sophocles, Plato, Aristotle, Socrates, Kant, Spencer, Emerson—all contributed something to our knowledge of why and whence and wherefore, but our modern day not only demands new thought and fresh vision but makes both necessary because of changes it has brought to us in the facts and conditions of living.

What is civilization? What is idealism? Which way does our future lie? Why do we progress so slowly? After more than thirteen centuries of Mohammedanism, nineteen centuries of Christianity, twenty-five centuries of Buddhism and Confucianism, and four thousand years of Hebrew religion, we are still greedy, cruel, selfish, shortsighted in our relations, and ready to go to war on almost any pretext and dissipate in a few months the savings of decades, the flower of our youth and the friendliness that it has taken half a century to build up. After hundreds of years spent in fostering education and encouraging scientific research we will throw all our hard-earned lessons aside in a moment of anger or of rapacity, and become savages again. Is there no hope for us, or are we to go forever, like the frog in the well, slipping back one foot for every two we gain?

The Force of Life

If we look in the textbooks or the histories or the creeds of man we are certain to be baffled in our search for an answer, but if we go to Nature and inquire into her processes we discern more than one glimmer of light. The truth is that life is not material and that the life stream is not a substance. Life is a force—electrical, magnetic—a quality, not a quantity, and if we start there we can understand a lot of things about man and his works and orders and processes.

This force is positive and negative, constructive and destructive, building up and pulling down, forward moving and retrogressive. There is a pull of two powers all the time, and sometimes the upward pull is stronger and sometimes the down pull has the mastery. We get discouraged with the material, but if we could think of the force we would see how steadily and surely it is impelling us all toward a better and higher and nobler destiny. The duty of each individual is to make himself an influence on the right side; electrons and molecules and all those particles that physical science deals with have no choice, but must pull or push, attract or repel according to their order It is only man who can

(Continued on Page 64)

"I WAS TROUBLED WITH INDIGESTION while training for the National and International Speed Skating Championship. I was handicapped by feeling bloated. Going without food left me too weak. Rub downs did not help. Finally I tried Fleischmann's Yeast. I soon noticed a change in my condition and with the use of Yeast won the championship."

EVERETT MCGOWAN, St. Paul, Minn.

"I WAS DRAGGING AROUND always too tired to do anything and taking quarts of awful tonic all spring, and then a friend told me Yeast would be good for my complexion. I got hold of your booklet and read that Yeast was good for all the troubles I had, so I followed directions and ate Yeast regularly, giving up my tonic. Now I can dance and ride my horse for hours and not be a bit tired."

BETTY HAYNES, Dallas, Tex

"I COMMENCED HAVING SEVERE SKIN TROUBLE. I used various kinds of medicines but still the eruptions continued to come. At one time I had six on my neck and at another time five under one arm. I decided to take Fleischmann's Yeast. In a very short time the eruptions disappeared and I have not had any since."

ALBERT LUPPMAN, Jacksonville, Fla.

Nothing succeeds like Health

Their old ills banished, new life and energy achieved *through one simple, fresh food*

"FOR THOSE SUFFERING FROM CONSTIPATION I advise Fleischmann's Yeast. I had suffered for years and taken almost every kind of medicine. Nothing would relieve me. My sister told me to try Fleischmann's Yeast and today I feel like a new man."

OWEN S. YOUNG, Germantown, Pa.

"I COULD NOT EAT and gradually my general health began to suffer. I felt tired out all the time. My skin got sallow. I didn't care whether I kept up my writing or not. Finally I began taking Fleischmann's Yeast, three cakes a day, in milk or water. It acted as a life preserver. My spirits began to rise. My chronic sluggishness disappeared and I was soon my old energetic self."

HENRIETTA LOVELESS, San Jose, Calif.

THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system—aids digestion—clears the skin—banishes constipation.

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active, daily releasing new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day, one before each meal: on crackers, in fruit juices, water or milk—or just plain, in small pieces. *For constipation dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before meals and at bedtime. Dangerous habit-forming cathartics will gradually become unnecessary.* All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days.

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. D-28, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.

SEALRIGHT
Pouring Pull and Liftright
MILK BOTTLE CAPS

Try this New Easy Way to Open Your Milk

SEND the coupon below for Free Samples of these two helpful inventions. See for yourself how easily they do away with all the spilling, splashing and bother of removing a milk bottle cap.

The new Sealright Liftright Cap (shown above) is a little wonder. Simply insert finger nail in patented groove, lift tab, pull gently and cap is out in a jiffy.

The Sealright Pouring-Pull Cap (shown below) provides, in addition to the patented groove, an opening through which to insert straw for serving in original sterilized milk bottle. No glasses, bother or mess and much more sanitary than old fashioned caps.

FREE SAMPLES

Send coupon below today for Free Samples. See why Sealrights are superior to all other milk bottle caps. Try them. Ask your Dairyman to use them.

Mail Today

Sealright Co., Inc.

Dept. PC-1, Fulton, N. Y.

Please send me, free of charge, samples of Sealright Liftright and Sealright Pouring-Pull Milk Bottle Caps.

Name _____

Address _____

(Continued from Page 62)

make himself a tiny fragment of good influence and join the positive and constructive element in this eternal and necessary tug of war toward progress one way and toward chaos the other.

If it were not for the tendency of strong, wise and good men, of most of the women, and of practically all the little children of the world, to want to get on the right side and make the pull an upward movement instead of a downward drag, I could well be discouraged with civilization. If I have seemed, in the past ten or fifteen years of my life, to be impatient with education and religion, it has been, not because I am naturally faultfinding or troublesome, but because those two forces have always been powerful in the world and always will be, and their service and influence in the struggle have not seemed to me to have measured up to their great opportunities. The religion that belittles or denies or stultifies knowledge and science and the search for truth is a dangerous religion, casting its vote on the side of darkness; the education that makes a machine of itself and turns all the steel of its children into the pins and needles of mediocrity is an influence on the conservative, and so on the reactionary side of the scale.

What is wrong with the world? Not commercialism, the movies, war, sensational newspapers, sex stories, short skirts, joy riding, drinking or jazz. It is the spirit and tendency and disposition of the human family. If we were on the right side, putting all our little strength on the rope and heaving together on the upward drag toward better things, little details of conduct and little tempests of social behavior and little fads and foibles and silly habits would be of no more weight than the fly on the back of the horse which leans into the collar and moves the load. It is what we are trying to win for ourselves and the world that counts; and if an automobile, a talking machine and a season baseball ticket are all we care about having, those are about all we will get, and our contribution to the whole enterprise of life will be as negligible as though we were Hottentots.

The state of civilization is not due to the length of time we have had religions or education or science or ideals. The present state of civilization is due to the use we have made of those factors. Their influence has been on the moral side, but has it always been on the ethical side? It has been long on formula and creed, but short on practice and elbow grease. And influence is the greatest power and force in the world. Nature teaches us that it is the moving, bending, impelling, directing, determining factor in all life.

I believe in the immortality of influence. In my opinion it is the one sure, certain, permanent, eternal thing we can know positively anything about. It is in our own keeping and possession; it is ours to make what we will. It is given us as the greatest and most potent gift of all our benefits and possibilities; we can strengthen and enlarge it by thought and study and care and the right heart, or we can dissipate and misuse it, and so weaken it and ourselves and the race, until we are negative and worthless and a load on the backs of our fellows.

Your influence is your birthright and your epitaph. It can make you ephemeral, inconsequential, or it can sing through the years.

Luther Burbank summed up this philosophy of his concerning the immortality of influence only a few days before his final illness.

That came suddenly, on March 26, 1926 At first his family and his physician believed that the attack he suffered was no more serious than several he had had in recent years. But his frame was weakened by overwork, his heart tried by an effort to keep up with an unusually heavy correspondence, his system undermined by former sicknesses. He died just after midnight on April eleventh.

He was buried, because he had requested it, under a great cedar in the yard of his old home in Santa Rosa that looks out on the gardens where he worked and experimented and built his fortune and his fame.

Eight days before his illness a chance caller made the last photograph of him that anyone of the thousands who had made them in his lifetime was ever to make. This visitor was Mr. George R. Hemingway, Oak Park, Illinois, and it happened that the place chosen for the picture was among the drooping branches of the cedar, where they sweep nobly to the ground.

Perhaps half in fun, Mr. Burbank took off his hat with a sweeping gesture; it is as though he were making a whimsical and merry farewell that the photograph shows him.

During his illness, as during forty years of his life, Mr. Burbank kept by his bedside a pad of cards on which, often without turning on a light, he would jot notes and memoranda, either regarding his work or as a record of some of his thoughts on life and mankind.

This last sheaf contained fifteen cards, and at the bottom of the last of these he wrote what may safely be called one of the most noble and illuminating paragraphs in all the literature of final sayings. His words, boldly and surprisingly firmly penciled, are these:

> Mankind has always been compelled to recognize the infinite forces which are beyond his control—fundamental lines of energy—force—which through long aeons of the past have resulted in animals, plants and man; an evolution from the simple to the complex.
>
> Mental evolution is the reaching of man toward more and more freedom from outside aid and the steady growing toward a better mental and moral fiber from within himself.
>
> Do I ignore what is generally called the spiritual nature of man? No; it is the corona, the flower of life, the fruit of which is altruism—the desire to help ourselves and others to higher and better thoughts and actions; in other words, to a more perfect state of harmony with environment.

Editor's Note—This is the last of a series of articles by Mr. Burbank and Mr. Hall.

THE HAPPY PILGRIMAGE

(Continued from Page 32)

Once in so often she flung her ears back, lifted her heels with a mean little squeal and kicked the dashboard, not destructively but maliciously, simply to indicate her contempt for us, the Gospel and everything else. I remember how Lundy admired me because I showed no signs of feminine terror under this trying circumstance. Having been accustomed, during my girlhood at Farm Hill, to pawing, kicking, biting, balking horses and mules, I was, you may say, casehardened to the heel temper of an irritable old mare. One of my earliest recollections as a small, very fat little girl was of being seated in the foot of our old buggy at home, when Polly, the vicious mother of many outlaw mules on the plantation, kicked the dashboard off without touching a hair of my tousled head. Mother screamed and father snatched me up, but I was no more dismayed than a modern child is who escapes the wheels of a motor car by the fraction of an inch.

Lundy and I were to spend that Saturday night with Brother Bill Fleming and his family. The next day he was to preach at old Redwine Church, so frequently mentioned in the Circuit Rider stories.

When we drove up in front of the sweet old farmhouse the Flemings welcomed us with a great to-do of cordiality. And little Mose Fleming stood shyly by, waiting to take the horse to the barn. He must have been about twelve years old, tow-headed, very fair, pop-eyed, very large blue eyes set wide apart. He had a touched-up, thick, red-lipped mouth, twisted at one corner with the sly end of a grin; the wit of the same grin twinkling in those prominent eyes, so quickly cast down beneath my glance—not embarrassed, but too much fun in them to reveal to a preacher's wife, however young she was. This is the last recollection of Mose during that period. I do not even remember whether he was converted under Lundy's ministry, but I doubt it. What I recall is that the Flemings were very generous, hospitable, and prominent in the Redwine Church.

All these years had passed—thirty-nine of them—when the phone rang one evening in my room at the hotel in Los Angeles, a man's voice coming through:

"Mrs. Harris?"

"Yes."

"Doctor Lundy's wife?"

"Yes." A pause then.

"Remember Redwine Church?"

"Yes. Who is this speaking?"

"Remember the little boy that took your horse the first time you came to spend the night with Bill Fleming's folks?"

For a moment I could not answer. Memory rose like a wind and blew through all the leaves of these years. Visions flew past with incredible swiftness. Lundy and I driving along the winding country road. No fear in my heart. Such bliss! Uphill and down to the clattering tune of the horse's feet, going very fast. Dead stalks of goldenrod waving their bleached plumes stiffly in the cold wind above the dead grass. The sun shining across fields of tender green wheat in this somber winter grayness. Another turn in the road, and a little white church stood upon the edge of the wood, looking at us. Lundy's church! How I felt—proud and holy. Then the Fleming farmhouse and two hounds rushing out to bay at us. The door flung open, with the whole family flying through it; the women's skirts fluttering in the wind; Brother Fleming's bellow of welcome; so many glad sounds; that little boy with the rumpled blond hair bringing up the rear, going directly to the horse's bridle reins, too timid to come nearer, and then the years and years of visions that brightened and faded after this happy day. Don't tell me that we are not immortal! To be able to recall in the briefest moment of time what it took forty years of living to accomplish; still to believe and still to hope, in spite of all that, is proof of immortality. Mere creatures can't do it! Their memories always change to instincts.

"Mose!" I exclaimed, endeavoring to speak calmly.

"It's me!" he returned, making no effort to conceal his emotion.

"Come over here, son. I want to see you!" I cried, with the vision of the little boy simply grown up fixed in my mind.

"Son, my eye!" he snorted. "I'm coming, and you'll see what sort of old Abraham you are calling 'son'! Be there in ten minutes."

That many minutes later I was standing in the gallery of the hotel waiting for him. Other people were there, walking about, looking, waiting, expecting friends. I joined the procession, glancing this way and that for Moses Fleming.

At last there were only two of us wandering up and down this long place—a very tall old man with a bald head fringed with white hair, clean shaven, wearing a dress suit, looking like a slim black beetle walking on its hind legs. I cannot tell how many more times we might have passed each other if I had not caught sight of that noonday-blue beam in his prominent eyes; not a grin, but wit.

"Mose!" I barely murmured, in case I should be mistaken in this incredible vision of the little country lad I used to know.

"I thought this was you all the time!" he exclaimed, clasping my hand.

(Continued on Page 66)

4 Hydraulic Shock Absorbers—heretofore found only on the most expensive cars. 4-Wheel Hydraulic Brakes. Internal—not external. Equally effective whether hot or cold, wet or dry, in reverse or going forward. 7 Bearing crankshaft with torsion vibration absorber—motor full rubber-floated at four suspension points.

Without *all* these features you have *less* than a REO FLYING CLOUD

Finger Tip Control, simple, single-disc, easy-action, jerk-proof clutch
Quickly adjustable front seat
Dynamically balanced wheels
Finger Tip Steering
Increased power
Automatic, positive crankcase ventilator
Thermostatic heat control
Double filament headlights

Thermostatically controlled generator preventing overcharging
Air Cleaner
Oil Filter
Gasoline gauge on dash
Parking brake
Bodies in the Continental manner, clear vision
Interiors tailored in an entirely new treatment
Front and rear bumpers
Shoalwater Blue exterior
Cellini pattern fittings
Tornado-like acceleration
Speed like a storm cloud before a hurricane

Single piece windshield opening outward—vanity case—smoking set—rear traffic signal—transmission lock—automatic windshield cleaner—cowl ventilator—parking lights—genuine full balloon tires—integral sun visor—rear-view mirror.

Not Just Another Model but— ENTIRELY NEW

The Reo Flying Cloud is not just an improved Reo. It is an entirely NEW Reo—new from stem to stern. To all of its exclusive features, and to all the improvements which are typical of today's finer cars, there is added one thing that no one else can have . . . Reo construction so sturdy that Flying Clouds, after running 100,000 miles, have *in every part* set a new standard of durability for America's Longest Lasting Car—the Reo.

REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY, *Lansing, Michigan*

REO
Flying Cloud
SEDAN

NO OTHER AMERICAN CAR LASTS AS LONG AS REO—*NOT ONE*

Only strong, clean looking hair is healthy

Is *your* hair thick and strong?

PROTECT it from the two common ills every man's hair and scalp are subject to—*dandruff* and *falling hair*.

Besides robbing your hair of health and good appearance, either one of these ills, unchecked, can bring complete loss of hair.

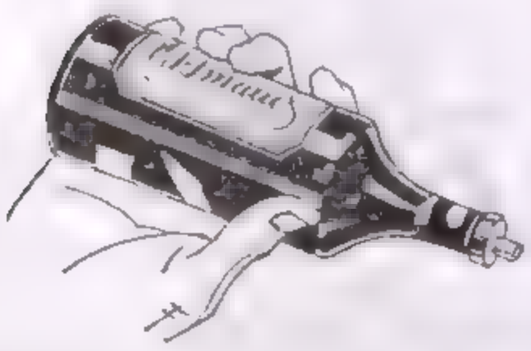
Yet you can restore your hair to health even if they have long been sapping its vigor.

The following simple treatment will do it:

EVERY MORNING moisten hair and scalp generously with Ed. Pinaud's Eau de Quinine. Just shake the bottle with its convenient shaker top, over your head. Then with the fingers pressed down firmly, move the scalp vigorously in every direction, working the tonic thoroughly into every inch of the scalp. Comb and brush your hair while still moist. It will lie smoothly just the way you want it.

This quick daily care gives your hair new health and vigor—makes it grow thick and strong. The dandruff infection disappears completely. And invigorated scalp circulation feeds the hair to new growth. Your hair is worth the trouble!

Get Pinaud's Eau de Quinine at any drug or department store today. Each bottle bears the signature of Ed. Pinaud. Pinaud Incorporated, 90 Fifth Avenue, New York—sole distributors for Parfumerie Ed. Pinaud, Paris



ED. PINAUD'S
Eau de Quinine

(Continued from Page 64)

"Your hair don't change," he added, giving me the once-over. From which I inferred that this mere fringe of myself was all that was not changed in my appearance.

I was now able to walk short distances. The crowds on the streets enchanted me, so different from the fierce indifference of people I have seen thrusting past each other in New York and other great cities. These men and women seemed to be rushing along together toward some common purpose, even if they were going in opposite directions. What I mean is that they were humanly mindful of each other, ready to smile, give you a smile whether or not.

The trouble was that I could not walk far, or stand at all. I solved this problem by dickering with the old man who had a news stand at the next corner beyond the hotel. He agreed to allow me to sit on his box and sell papers without commission while he engaged the crowd hand to hand. I doubt if such a business arrangement could have been anywhere this side of the West, for I had no character recommendation. We did a thriving business that afternoon. Such an exhilarating throng, all in a good humor! It was better for me than lying in bed with a trained nurse in attendance.

When I had my fill of it I stepped off, a trifle groggily and decidedly short-winded, having outlasted my strength at that business. But I slept like a laboring man that night. Not that anyone can sleep all night without waking, in Los Angeles. The people there are busy day and night. One night, coming in late from a preview of a motion picture in Pasadena, we met a house traveling at a moderate rate of speed along one of the wider boulevards, as if it positively must get to the site where it was to stop before traffic started the next morning, which I suppose was actually the fact in the case that hurried it along. They use balloons to advertise real estate after dark. They talk furiously all night in the business sections. I have heard the most astoundingly intimate confidences, lying on my bed in a fifth-floor room of the hotel, between two men in the street below who were discussing the next day's deal in real estate. If a crime is committed anywhere in the city sirens scream in all parts of it as the police start in pursuit of the criminal.

Some of the happiest days I spent were in the old Chinese shops and antique shops—looking for that chain of golden blossoms!—buying real pekoe tea and foolish foreign things which looked so out of place in this old cabin that I have been obliged to hide them in the storeroom, and always listening to these people talk who are so glad of themselves! I have heard them criticized for this, but I cannot imagine the reason why. It does not spring from vulgar boastfulness, but from a sort of childish joy they have in their great possession—the West. The Lord who made it cannot admire it so much as they do. This is beautiful—to be enchanted with your own land. These people are delightfully and incurably adolescent. Never have I seen such frivolous spiritual enthusiasms, with or without the sense of God to sustain them. A rich woman can found a sort of church, endow it with doctrines and scriptures of her own making, and fill it with enthusiastic worshipers, not of herself, but of some light idea she has of blessedness.

I spent a month in one small town of less than twenty thousand people. They had nineteen churches and forty-three creeds, all in active practice! If a religious war should break out in California it would resemble that between the ancient feudal lords of the Old World—hardly enough men under any single banner to make a respectable battle line.

It was the adolescence of these people which made the deepest and happiest impression upon me, because it is a quality of mind and spirit which they never lose, even in extreme old age; but it is not to be confounded with the spirit of pioneers. Pioneers are sober-minded men and women who struggle against the wilderness, adverse conditions and dire poverty to sustain life. Your Californian has no such sustained soberness of mind. He is the only inebriate I ever saw Nature make with just air and sunshine. He fears nothing, least of all poverty. They are all capitalists at heart, whether they are or not in fact; and California is their pool—the great shining pot of wealth they share in common—and the sky is the limit! They are a trifle beside themselves about their natural scenery, and have built the longest, widest systems of macadamized roads in this country so that they may travel as far as possible every day to look at this scenery and rejoice.

It is a queer thing to say about them, but they do not believe in earthquakes; at least not for more than a moment or a few days when some city has been shaken. The next day they are busy denying what happened. The morning in June of last year when Santa Barbara was shaken, Los Angeles rocked, yet promptly at seven o'clock, one moment after the tremors ceased, I saw workmen perched on the very top of the steel frame of a lofty tower, adding another cubit to its height. The Angelus bells were shaken out of tune, but they were adjusted in time for the noonday chimes. For several days after that slight tremors made discords of these chimes, and every day they were hastily tuned again. Not by the false note of one bell would they confess that the earth beneath them was still a trifle unsteady. A quarter before six o'clock that morning Pershing Square in front of my hotel was filled with clad and half-clad and practically unclad men and women engaged in old-fashioned prayers of fear to the Lord. Before noon no native of Los Angeles would admit that he had felt this early morning tremor. Whatever mean interpretation others may place on this wholesale destruction of the truth, to me it was sublime—an evidence of such courage and gallantry of spirit as only immortally young and brave people possess.

They simply will not endure a reference to their earthquake, any more than a devoted son will permit a slighting reference to his noble mother without letting you have it on the jaw. I committed an unforgivable breach of good manners only once during my pilgrimage through California by referring mildly to the fact that the earth at least switched its tail in Los Angeles during the Santa Barbara quake. The man to whom I addressed this discourteous remark purpled up with indignation. He reminded me of every cyclone and tornado that earned a name for itself in any part of this country for the past fifty years. He had them all on the tip end of his tongue, including a complete statement of the damage they had done to life and property, to the last yearling found ten years ago, lodged in the top of a tree after a flood in the Mississippi Valley!

I can imagine the vast bookkeeping operations that are going forward since the late hurricane which swept part of the east coast of Florida. They are grieved for the suffering deaths and losses of property sustained there. Santa Barbara was one of the first cities to wire condolence and offer assistance. Still that hurricane went far toward balancing the earthquake and storm losses between Florida and California, because until now they did not have much beyond torrid heat and mosquitoes to cast into the teeth of that competitive state.

As far as I can make out, California has barely one advantage over Florida. I am reliably informed that men and women do grow old in Florida, and they do not in California. Their legs and eyesight may fail them there, but they remain to the last amazingly young in mind and in the mighty hopes that make us men.

With no help from the psychologists or other learned students, I venture to account for this phenomenon. California is a mountainous country, but it does not produce the doleful, austere mountaineer type any more than the flat surface of Florida can, because those mountains are too lofty and too barren to sustain human life. They remain beautiful and inspiring, but unattainable. These Californians cannot grow up to them. They remain forever the young sons and daughters of immortal heights, ever aspiring but never arriving. This is the history of all youth, except in other places they measure their stature and their achievements by their forefathers, not by such heavenly altitudes as these. Take my word for it, this circumstance has its profound effect upon the people of California. If you do not believe it go out there and observe what an obsession their mountains are with them. They are perpetually gnawing like valiant ants at the lower slopes, terracing them with highways, building sky-line cities up there. Still, there is a point beyond which they cannot go—not and pump enough water up for a bath or even a drink!

Besides, there is the desert on the other side—a great continent which needs only water to make it the richest country in the world. This desert literally is the subconscious mind of California—a deep silence of the future which they do not admit to themselves. Still it is there—the determination to possess and water this desert and make it blossom like a garden. Such aspirations and plans keep people young, especially if they are without a drop of water to spare, as in the case of these Californians. But give them time, enough millionaires and tourists, and they will cut a canal across California and filter the Pacific Ocean through it into that desert if they capsize this earth in the effort. Because they are young—immortally young—and will remain so as long as their mountains stand and the desert beyond remains dry.

It is not often that we can tell to the very minute when we had a certain dream. I had this unique experience at fifteen minutes to seven o'clock on the morning of June twenty-ninth, as I lay asleep in my room at the hotel in Los Angeles.

I dreamed that I was in a great ship on a rough sea. Almost immediately I was awakened by the creaking of the timbers of this ship. I sat up in bed, saw the sun shining on the buildings across the street, no ocean waves anywhere. Still, waves of sufficient violence were passing underneath everything to cause the oranges to jump out of the basket on the table, roll the length of the room, then, as we seemed to go down in the trough of the waves, they rolled back against the opposite wall.

I am subject to seasickness, and now I had as bad an attack of it as I ever suffered on an ocean liner. Some crass person may say this was due entirely to fear. That is possible, though I have always carried my fears as gracefully as the ablest gentleman can carry his liquor.

I perceived that we were having a "slight tremor" of the earth, and the moment I was able to recover a normal interest in surviving it I staggered to the door of my room, opened it and stood there, lest the wrenching of the timbers should jam the door and make escape impossible. I was not dressed for any kind of public appearance, still I meant to make one the moment I was sure of my stomach, which was still squeamish. A curious kind of human silence had fallen like a pall over that noisy city. No sounds save the screeching of the timbers in that steel-ribbed hotel and the ominous shuddering rumble which always accompanies one of these bad dreams of the earth. After a while the earth got easy and began to quiet down.

I remembered no more until eleven o'clock, when I found myself fully dressed lying upon the bed. If I had not been asleep I had been unconscious. I prefer to believe that I had the nerve to fall asleep, but the facts do not bear me out in this vanity, for it was three days before I was able to be moved to a hospital, where I spent the next two weeks fretting the doctors and nurses, and trying to make up my mind what I should do next.

Editor's Note—This is the seventh of a series of articles by Mrs. Harris. The next will appear in an early issue.

Quality

The first *different* smoking tobacco in a generation

15¢

Guaranteed by
The American Tobacco Co.

MADAME LUCK

(Continued from Page 17)

know what this will mean to me! M'sieu Salem, please!"

The four bridge players looked on in open-mouthed wonder. Salem himself was dumfounded. "But I don't understand, madame," he protested.

"Then listen to me, please, M'sieu Salem!" The girl was trembling with excitement. "You know nothing about me except that I am a Russian, a refugee. But listen, please listen. I left behind me in Moscow a mother and two sisters. They are starving. I was the only one that could get away—it's a long story and I won't tell you all—but I bribed, I flattered, I begged my way out of the country. I hid in the woods. I ran through machine-gun fire. I escaped. And always with one thought—I would help my mother and my sisters escape too.

"I came to America. There I thought I could make money—teach, sew, entertain, anything—I did everything. I was a waitress, a seamstress. I worked from morning to night, and I saved my pennies and my dollars, and then when I needed just fifty dollars more, my mother wrote me she could not get a passport without bribing an official five hundred dollars. Five hundred dollars! A fortune! I went mad thinking how, how, how!

"And then I began feeling ill. I went to a very kind doctor. I had sewed for his wife. And he told me unless I went south my lungs—he didn't give me much time to live. I told him my story. I was ready to die. Then he called his wife. Two sweeter people never lived—never—and they dragged me to this boat, they put me here, and they said I must save my own life, then I could help my mother and my sisters. And so, M'sieu Salem, I am here, in this luxury, in this beauty. But it stabs me; it stabs me when I think of my mother and my sisters shivering, starving, living in terror, perhaps prison. Oh, you don't know, M'sieu Salem!"

The girl began to cry. The three men squirmed uncomfortably. Mrs. Lennigan rose and embraced her clumsily. The girl made a brave effort to keep back her sobs. Mr. Lennigan blew his nose vigorously.

"What can I do?" Salem asked the girl helplessly.

"You can help me!" cried the girl. "You can come with me to this very Casino. I have exactly one hundred dollars. You can play for me. The numbers you play I shall play. And then—oh, M'sieu Salem, you will make me the happiest woman in the world! My mother, my sisters —— Oh, I know, it is a curse to you; but to me it will be a blessing, M'sieu Salem."

Salem sat immobile, but in the hardening of his gray eyes they could see a struggle.

"Please, M'sieu Salem. I beg you. I ——"

"Look here," growled Lennigan truculently, "what's the harm in it? What do you care what the Casino loses? They're not your friends. Come on, we'll all go."

Salem rose, and the little distorted smile played upon his lips. "Madame Lubovskaya," he announced, "we shall play tonight."

Salem stopped the carriage and they alighted. He led them through innumerable narrow medieval streets, flanked here and there by villas hidden behind luxuriant hothouse foliage. It was quite dark, for the new moon was shrouded in clouds; and they followed the broad shadows of Salem obediently, as so many trusting children. No one spoke. It was oppressively still as they entered the palm garden to the Moorish villa nestling in the hills above the sea. This, apparently, was the club, for Salem stopped here.

Brenshaw, slightly out of breath, complained: "Why the dickens couldn't we come up here in the carriage?"

Salem raised a protesting hand. "They don't like a row of carriages clattering up here," he explained—"would give the place away to the tourists."

They were now in front of a massive door, unadorned by any signs. Salem rapped sharply. "I'm not sure we can get in," he warned. "But we'll see."

The door opened slowly, not more than three inches, and the face of a Japanese appeared. Narrow slit eyes peered at them inquiringly.

"Tell M'sieu the Manager that an American acquaintance of ten years ago is here," said Salem.

The face disappeared. The door closed. They heard light footsteps retreat. Then the footsteps came nearer. The door opened wide. The little Japanese butler in livery bowed low, and they were ushered through the hall into a huge drawing-room with high paneled ceilings, dull-red tapestried walls, floors soft and deep with Chinese rugs.

"M'sieu the Manager will be here at once," said the Japanese. "Will the ladies and gentlemen be seated?"

But the ladies and gentlemen remained standing, in uncomfortable silence; Madame Lubovskaya twining and untwining her gloved hands slowly; Salem quiet and observing; the two gray men trying hard to appear nonchalant, and the two plump wives just a little bit frightened with adventure. Finally the manager appeared. He was a stout little Continental, with a flawless black Vandyke and wise, hard, black eyes. He bowed low, and then his eyes caught sight of Salem and his mouth grew tight.

"You!" he said finally.

Salem bowed. "I thought m'sieu would not object after all these years—ten years."

The manager did not reply immediately. His eyes narrowed. He seemed to be debating. Then he smiled mechanically. "I am delighted," he assured Salem -"delighted! How long is it? Ten years? Well, well, I welcome you, and I welcome your friends. Won't you come in? Hashinkurai, the wraps!"

They followed the manager into the enormous gaming room, brilliantly lighted from the myriad-lamped chandeliers, which caused them to blink as they emerged from the rather dim drawing-room. They saw in the center of the room a solitary roulette wheel and beside it an ordinary cashier's cage. Chairs and divans were spread profusely against the walls, and over the cashier's cage hung a garish portrait of the Prince of Monaco.

Already the croupier had seated himself at the table, rake and chips in hand. He was smoking a cigarette reflectively.

"Hot stuff!" said Brenshaw. "Are we the only ones here?"

"It is unfortunate you come so early," the manager murmured with the suavity of a cabaret host deploring the lack of gayety. "Most of the guests have not arrived yet. But if you wish you can play."

"Yes," said Salem, "it's better to play without a bunch of outsiders who will want to bet with us. They get quite hoggish when they see a man win consistently." The manager disappeared behind the cashier's cage. "We must exchange our dollars for chips," Salem guided them.

Brenshaw took Salem aside and whispered in his ear. "Are you sure they're on the level, Salem?" he inquired, for Brenshaw had been a public accountant and was trained in caution. "Fact is, Salem, Lennigan and I were talking it over, and we decided to bet big—if they're on the level. Got ten thousand dollars apiece from the purser before we left. But, naturally, we've got to be shown—you know what I mean."

Salem smiled understandingly. "They couldn't afford to be dishonest," he whispered back. "Their guests are some of the most distinguished men in Europe."

Brenshaw seemed reassured. But Salem was the first to move. "I'll take five hundred dollars' worth at the current exchange," Salem told the manager.

"That's forty-six francs to the dollar," said Brenshaw.

"We give fifty," said the manager.

"You can afford to—usually," said Salem.

"Yes," snapped the manager, "we can afford to, except when our guests have your devilish luck of ten years ago."

"I"—Madame Lubovskaya smiled pitifully—"will take one hundred dollars' worth "

Brenshaw looked at Lennigan and Lennigan looked at Brenshaw. Brenshaw nodded. "Let's cash in a thousand dollars apiece. We don't have to play all of it."

The two women gasped. Before either could protest Brenshaw amended hastily, "Two hundred is my limit, of course. If we lose that, out we go. And you girls can play too."

The two gray men extracted rather heavy purses and each deposited ten one-hundred-dollar bills at the cage.

"So much money!" Madame Lubovskaya marveled naively. "Perhaps I, too, shall have so much money before the night is over."

Brenshaw smiled feebly. "Say, Salem," he said, gathering up the chips, "you better be cursed good and heavy tonight."

"I probably shall," replied Salem, clicking the big blue chips nervously.

They advanced upon the croupier. Brenshaw removed from his coat a pad of paper and pencil. A slave of system, was Brenshaw.

Salem towered over them all, studying the table. His brows were knit. An unnatural flush appeared in his full cheeks. Then he took a hundred-franc chip and placed it upon red.

"First," he explained, "we shall experiment."

The girl leaned forward with trembling fingers and put her chips on top of his. Then the four followed suit.

The little white ball danced dizzily. The girl held on to the table. Lennigan mopped his brow.

"*Rouge*," called the croupier

"Red! We've won!" shouted Brenshaw.

Madame Lubovskaya threw her arms around Salem and kissed him. The two plump women smiled sympathetically. Russians are so impulsive! They saw the dignified little manager frown heavily.

"We bet two hundred dollars among the four of us," said Brenshaw, writing in his pad, "and we are now exactly two hundred dollars ahead. Let 'er go, Salem!"

"High and handsome," breathed Lennigan. "This looks like a big night."

The two wives with one accord seated themselves in the red plush chairs. They were beginning to feel a little faint.

Salem put his hand to his brow. His eyes closed. "Red again," he whispered finally. Before he could place his chips in the red square, Lennigan, Brenshaw and the two wives extended eight eager hands to the spot and left behind a row of chips. Salem waited for Madame Lubovskaya to place her comparatively modest stack, and then threw his own down. Madame Lubovskaya smiled up at him tremulously.

The croupier spun the ball with bored expert fingers. "*Rouge!*" called the croupier. Madame Lubovskaya sighed in joy.

"We've won!" shouted Brenshaw.

"Oh, Mr. Salem!" squeaked one of the wives adoringly. Lennigan rubbed his wet hands.

"We put four hundred dollars down and we're four hundred ahead," Brenshaw announced from his pad. "What do you say, Salem?"

Salem didn't reply. They hung breathless for his command.

"I think," he said slowly—"I think"—his eyes scanned the board—"thirty-six. But remember, we're just starting. I'm not yet quite sure of myself."

"None of that," growled Lennigan. "Shoot the whole works. You may not be sure of yourself, but we're sure of you, Salem. Let's put all our winnings on it. I never hedge when I'm riding in luck."

"Well, I don't know," hesitated Brenshaw.

"Oh, come on," Lennigan muttered impatiently. The wives were silent.

"I'd play carefully," Salem warned again.

Lennigan thrust the chips on thirty-six and the rest, as if hypnotized, followed.

"What shall I do?" plaintively inquired Madame Lubovskaya.

"Try it with only one chip," advised Salem.

The croupier announced he would accept no more bets. The little white ball danced.

"Thirty-five," called the croupier.

The Lennigans and the Brenshaws were stunned.

"I warned you," Salem said.

"He told you," Mrs. Lennigan berated her spouse. "He told you, didn't he?"

"Oh, all right," growled Lennigan. "I thought you said you couldn't lose."

Salem lifted his hand. "This time thirty-six will come out. I felt it was either thirty-five or thirty-six. My hunch wasn't clear. Now it is. Madame Lubovskaya, you can safely place all your chips on thirty-six "

"I don't know about this," complained Brenshaw.

Salem turned on him, frowning. "I might remind you, Brenshaw, that I consented to come here only for the sake of Madame Lubovskaya. If you don't wish to play, don't!"

He hurled his chips angrily on thirty-six. Brenshaw and Lennigan hung back.

"I'm going to watch," said Brenshaw.

"Thirty-six," called croupier, unnecessarily, for six pairs of eyes were fixed upon the fickle ball. It hopped about and ran into thirty-six, where it rested.

"You are an angel!" cried Madame Lubovskaya, seizing Salem's hand and pressing it. He withdrew the hand gently.

Brenshaw muttered under his breath; crestfallen, Lennigan looked his apology.

"Anything you say, Salem," Lennigan breathed contritely. "Anything you say."

"Now"—Salem's voice was casually assertive—"you can put everything you have on twenty-three—twenty-four cheval. Cheval, or horse, means that you win if either of the two numbers appears. And you get seventeen times your stake, Madame Lubovskaya."

Without a word, the Russian lady thrust her chips upon the line between the two numbers.

"Let 'er ride," said Lennigan.

"That's nineteen hundred dollars we're betting," announced Brenshaw, looking at Lennigan.

The two wives looked at each other, and then watched the croupier with the rest; watched his maddening leisurely lighting of another cigarette; watched his beringed fingers seize the ball, twirl it And then their eyes flickered as they watched the ball, and their heads spun with it For thirty seconds it seemed so many minutes they hardly breathed

"Twenty-three!" called the croupier.

Brenshaw discovered he had bitten off the end of his cigar. Then they all spoke at once, and Lennigan thumped Salem heavily upon the back. The two plump women gurgled incoherently. Madame Lubovskaya began to tremble and her long lashes were wet with tears. Salem looked at them quietly, with his distorted little smile.

"The evening has begun," he said with a touch of bitterness. "I can't lose any more. I'll win as long as we stay."

Brenshaw was busy with his pencil. "We put nineteen hundred dollars down and we get seventeen times that for the horse.

(Continued on Page 73)

It must be a Frigidaire

Frigidaire uses no brine tank The frost coil thoroughly chills the food compartment in a simple, efficient manner. It occupies little space, freezes quicker, provides greater freezing capacity and saves electric current

for quick freezing of delicious desserts *and* salads

QUICK freezing of ice, delicious desserts and tempting salads—or the *keeping* of ice cream in perfect condition—is just one of the many points of Frigidaire superiority—just one of the reasons why there are more Frigidaires in use than all other electric refrigerators combined.

Frigidaire is known everywhere today as the dependable, economical electric refrigerator. It has no brine tank; but cools directly from the efficient frost coil. The intense cold of the freezing compartment is sealed in with overlapping tray fronts, which provide a perfect shield between the freezing temperature in the trays and the ideal cold of the food compartments.

Frigidaire offers greater food space, finer finish, quieter operation. It is a product of General Motors, sold and serviced by a nation-wide organization. It is endorsed by more than a quarter of a million users—more than all other electric refrigerators combined. And it costs less.

If you want the things that Frigidaire, and *only* Frigidaire, will give you—*be sure you get a genuine Frigidaire.* Visit the nearest sales office. Or mail the coupon for complete information.

FRIGIDAIRE CORPORATION, *Subsidiary of General Motors Corporation,* Dept. B-1004, DAYTON, OHIO

Frigidaire
PRODUCT of GENERAL MOTORS

Mail this

FRIGIDAIRE CORPORATION,
Dept. B-1004, Dayton, Ohio.
Please send me complete information about Frigidaire Electric Refrigeration.

Name ..... City .....

Address ..... State .....

Human beings simply *are* this way—that's all—

MAYBE it isn't just laziness. Maybe it's simply human nature. But unless you are very unusual, you are like the majority of us.

You forget to change the oil in your car every 500 miles, as you should; you neglect to water your radiator and you forget to watch the inflation of your tires.

And how often you are tempted to wear a shirt the second day because the buttons are already in it.

Even when it comes to small daily tasks that have a very direct bearing on our own personal well-being, we are often inclined to be remiss.

Tooth brushing, for example. Despite the fact that after you have brushed your teeth you feel wonderfully refreshed, tooth brushing is just another one of those irksome early morning jobs that have to be done.

Realizing the truth of this, the makers of Listerine set out deliberately to formulate a dentifrice that would furnish the *easiest, quickest way* to clean teeth.

In short, a tooth paste efficient even in the hands of lazy people—for in tooth brushing, at least, the word *lazy* applies to so many of us.

Listerine Tooth Paste is really very *easy to use*. It works fast. With just a minimum of brushing your teeth feel clean—and actually *are* clean.

You have the job done almost before you know it.

This is on account of the way Listerine Tooth Paste is made. It contains a specially prepared cleansing ingredient—entirely harmless to enamel*—plus the antiseptic essential oils that have made Listerine famous.

And how fine your mouth feels after this kind of a brushing! Then, besides, you *know* your teeth are really clean—and therefore safe from decay—*Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, U. S. A.*

P. S.—By the way, Listerine Tooth Paste is only 25 cents for the large tube.

*This specially prepared cleansing medium (according to tests based upon the scale of hardness scientists employ in studying mineral substances) is much softer than tooth enamel. Therefore, it cannot scratch or injure the enamel.

At the same time it is harder than the tartar *which accumulates and starts tooth decay.*

LISTERINE

COPYRIGHT 1927, LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO.

"—even for lazy people"

TOOTH · PASTE

-- easy to use

UNITED HOTELS
OF AMERICA
EXECUTIVE OFFICES
NEW YORK
September 1, 1925.
Mr. Edward Clinton Pogg,
Managing Director,
Hotel Roosevelt,
Madison Avenue at 46th Street,
New York, N. Y.
Dear Mr. Pogg:
For some time we have been making a study of various brands
of letterheads and envelopes with a view to standardizing
the business stationery of the United Hotels. After care-
fully weighing considerations of price, quality and reputa-
tion of the paper, we have decided to use Hammermill Bond,
as applies to the 17 hotels in the United States but not
the 6 hotels located in Canada.
We feel certain that Hammermill Bond will be acceptable to
you and to the communities which our various hotels serve.
standardizing on this brand we will effect a saving of
re than $35,000 a year.
Very truly yours,
J. Leslie
Vice President

Does it pay to *standardize* on letterheads and envelopes?....*"It does"*.. say the United Hotels

IN almost every business there are certain extravagances that have a way of escaping detection. Often they hide away under the general heading, "Office Supplies" and particularly under the items, "Letterheads" and "Envelopes."

Sometimes your letterheads and envelopes are *too expensive* for the purpose. Sometimes they are printed on different brands and qualities of paper according to the preferences of various executives and various units in your organization. Either of these situations is costly. Both deserve careful scrutiny. For when you can standardize on a single brand and quality of paper for business correspondence and for other business forms, you are certain to effect a worth-while saving.

About a year ago the United Hotels of America decided to study the business stationery of their seventeen American hotels. They found too many brands and qualities of paper, too many prices. They decided to standardize on Hammermill Bond —and the estimated saving was $35,000.

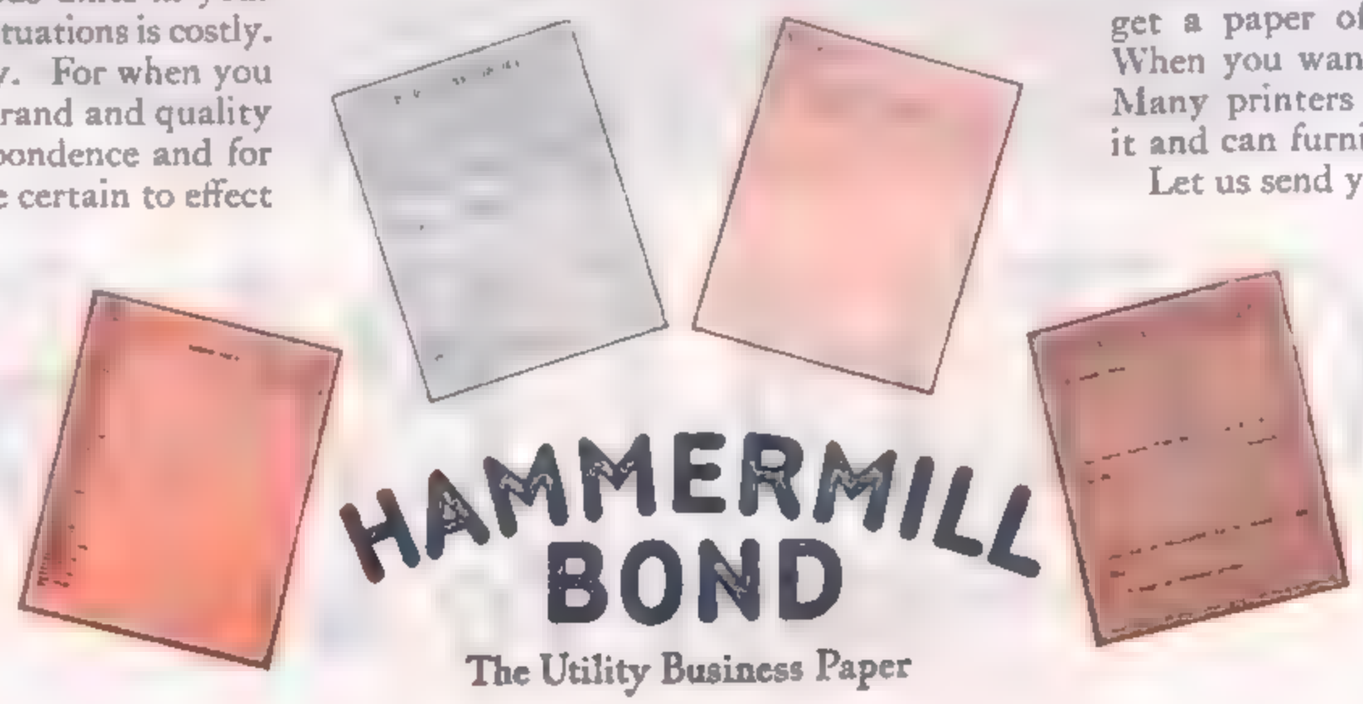
Use Hammermill Bond for all your printed forms

Envelopes and letterheads are just two among dozens of business paper requirements for which Hammermill Bond is ideally suited. Hold to the light some of the printed forms that you encounter in the day's business—order blanks, statements, memorandum blanks, price sheets, deposit slips, invoices—and you are certain to find a large percentage watermarked "Hammermill Bond."

Hammermill Bond comes in twelve colors and white. It is priced reasonably. It is tough enough to stand a lot of handling. It is properly surfaced for typewriting, handwriting, printing, and carbon copies.

When you purchase Hammermill Bond you get a paper of uniform quality and color. When you want it you can get it promptly. Many printers carry it in stock. All know it and can furnish it quickly.

Let us send you our helpful Working Kit of printed forms, together with samples of Hammermill Bond. No charge is made, but please write on your business letterhead. Hammermill Paper Company, Erie, Pennsylvania.



(Continued from Page 68

That makes—let me see—times seven—thirty-two thousand and three hundred dollars. Whew!" He mopped his forehead.

Lennigan reached for a cigar. "What do we do now?" he demanded, boisterously loud.

"The necklace we saw in Paris." Mrs. Lennigan settled it for him hysterically. "You remember the one, John."

"All right, sweetheart," promised Lennigan, "it's yours."

Mrs. Brenshaw looked at her husband. "Sure," said Brenshaw, grinning. "Pick one out as big as the Woolworth Building when we get through here tonight. What do we do now, Salem?"

Salem considered, his eyes wandering over the board. Their eyes followed his. "Zero," he called. "It is time for the bank to win. When the ball stops at zero the bank takes all—except bets placed on zero."

"We know that," said Lennigan impatiently. "How much shall we put down, Brenshaw?"

Brenshaw's pencil moved crazily. "If we put what we've won—thirty-two thousand three hundred dollars on zero, we get thirty-five times that. That would give us—one million one hundred and thirty thousand five hundred dollars."

The two plump wives opened their mouths and closed their eyes.

"Then let her go!" shouted Lennigan. "A million or nothing—that's my speed!"

"No!" cried Mrs. Lennigan. "Not so much. Suppose we lose!"

"There's something in that," muttered Brenshaw.

"There is," said Salem shortly. "Take my advice and put a few thousand down, that's all."

"Ain't you sure of yourself?" demanded Lennigan.

Salem shrugged his shoulders. "Not to that extent. There's a million concerned in this."

"A million dollars!" whispered Lennigan reverently. "Boy!"

"Place your bets," called the croupier impatiently.

"Two thousand down, that's all," announced Brenshaw with an air of determination. "We can plunge later."

"There goes a million dollars," Lennigan muttered uncertainly.

The heads of the players were bent over the croupier. Madame Lubovskaya hung back. She had not played. The others didn't notice, for they were absorbed once more in the whirling course of the little white ball.

"One," called the croupier.

"What?" exploded Salem.

"Does m'sieu doubt his eyes?"

The Lennigans and the Brenshaws began to sputter.

"You see," said Brenshaw bitingly to Lennigan, "we'd have lost all our money if we'd followed your advice. This curse of his ——"

"One moment, gentlemen," interrupted Salem. "I was wrong. I admit it. But not so far wrong as you think. I was premature. That's why I told you to bet small. But this time I am sure of myself."

"How do we know that?" demanded Lennigan. "I was going to bet my shirt on you."

"Very well"—Salem smiled enigmatically—"you gentlemen brought ten thousand dollars apiece with you, Mr. Brenshaw informed me. I'm going to make you a little proposition." His hand went into his breast pocket and he displayed a letter of credit. "This is a letter of credit for forty thousand dollars. Unfortunately I haven't very much cash with me. Therefore I'm going to ask you to loan me your twenty thousand dollars on this letter of credit. I will place the twenty thousand dollars on the next play. If I win you will receive the winnings—seven hundred thousand dollars. I will take, as my reward, your twenty thousand dollars. If I lose we will go immediately to the purser, wake him up, and he will give you back your twenty thousand dollars."

"Let me get this straight," Brenshaw intervened. "You want us to put up twenty thousand dollars."

"That's right," said Salem.

"And whatever we win is ours." Salem nodded. "You keep the twenty thousand dollars as sort of a bonus."

Salem nodded again. "That's your penalty for skepticism," he smiled.

"And if you lose?"

"Then I will pay you tonight your twenty thousand dollars."

"So we lose nothing, any way you take it," Brenshaw said finally.

"You've hit it," Salem approved almost contemptuously.

"But what do you want to do that for?" demanded Lennigan.

"It is not fair," protested Madame Lubovskaya.

"Madame," said Salem, "call it a gesture, if you will. Call it anything. I merely wish to convince our friends that the curse I told them of is a real curse. Isn't that enough?"

"All right," said Brenshaw recklessly, "you're on!"

"Let 'er go!" said Lennigan.

"And if we win," Mrs. Lennigan proclaimed firmly, "we're going back to the ship. My nerves can't stand much more of this."

Mrs. Brenshaw nodded emphatically. The two husbands emptied their purses in Salem's hands. The stout little manager suddenly appeared like a figure of gloom. Madame Lubovskaya clenched her little hands. Salem alone was cool.

"I still pick zero," he announced. "Everything on zero."

"Does m'sieu play alone?" demanded the croupier.

"No!" cried Madame Lubovskaya. "Wait! I shall play with you, Mr. Salem. Your Madame Luck did not desert me, and I shall not desert her."

The croupier took up the little ball and looked at the manager. The two plump wives rose from their chairs. Lennigan threw his cigar away. Brenshaw held on to his pencil with painful force.

The ball spun. Again thirty seconds of shivering silence.

"Zero," called the croupier.

"We've ——" Brenshaw's voice failed.

"—— won!" Madame Lubovskaya completed for him. "Thirty thousand dollars I have won tonight! Oh, M'sieu Salem, how can I ever thank you! My mother—my sisters ——"

"Seven hundred thousand smackers!" breathed Lennigan. "Girls, go buy yourselves the Russian crown jewels and charge 'em to poppa."

"Salem," said Brenshaw, "you're a man! That's what you are, a man!"

"I can't talk!" gurgled Mrs. Brenshaw.

"I think," said Madame Lubovskaya, "that you gentlemen should give some of your winnings to M'sieu Salem. I think it is only fair."

There was a moment's pause. "No use your offering it, Brenshaw," said Salem, although Brenshaw hadn't. "I won't accept it. A gambling promise is a gambling promise, as holy as a gambling debt. I move we adjourn to the bar."

Salem put the original twenty-thousand-dollar stake in his purse.

"The drinks are on me," said Lennigan. "Three hundred and fifty thousand bucks apiece on that one play alone, Brenshaw. And the best part of it is, we don't even have to report it on the old income tax, eh?" He prodded Brenshaw in the ribs knowingly.

The Japanese butler appeared at the bar and Lennigan commanded drinks.

"We're going to order that car," Mrs. Brenshaw mused aloud.

"Go the limit, honey," said Brenshaw.

"I hear," said Lennigan, "that they've got a new German car that is a wonder."

"Well, ladies and gentlemen"—Salem lifted his glass—"our evening is over. I drink to it."

"You sound so sad!" Madame Lubovskaya whispered pityingly.

He gulped his drink down. The little manager appeared.

"Have a drink?" invited Lennigan warmly.

"No, thank you." The manager bit off his words. "I am in no mood to drink."

Brenshaw and Lennigan laughed triumphantly. "Say," said Brenshaw, "send up a railroad train to take our winnings back to the ship, will you?"

"The money," the manager declared dourly, "awaits you." And at his word the croupier entered with a brief case filled with ten-thousand-franc notes. Brenshaw licked his thumb and began to count.

"Here, lemme help," intruded Lennigan.

"We can count, too," said Mrs. Lennigan.

Wives and husbands dipped into the notes and began sorting them out.

"You will find it correct," said the manager reprovingly.

"Always like to check up," said Brenshaw. "Anybody can make a mistake."

Salem intervened. "I have taken the liberty of calling a carriage," he said. Cosmopolitan that he was, he disapproved of Brenshaw's crudity.

"In a minute." Brenshaw still counted.

"May I go first?" Madame Lubovskaya appealed to the rest. "You will excuse me; I have such a headache. I am so excited I can't sleep. Tomorrow morning, when the post office opens, I shall send the money to my dear mother, my poor sisters, but now ——"

They hardly heard her.

"I'll escort you, madame," Salem offered, "and I'll send the carriage back for you folks."

"Sure," said Brenshaw. . . . "Four hundred and fifty thousand, five hundred, five hundred and fifty ——"

Half an hour later the carriage returned. The four piled in.

"Gosh, I feel sleepy," said Lennigan.

"It's the excitement," his wife explained. "I feel sleepy too." Her eyes closed.

When they woke the next morning it was noon, and the throbbing of the engines told them the Andania had steamed out of Monaco and was now well on her way toward the Holy Land. Brenshaw met Lennigan in the corridor.

"Sure had a good sleep," said Brenshaw.

"Slept like a top myself," said Lennigan. "The wife's still sleeping. I think it was something in that drink last night that put us to sleep."

"Same here. Wonder if Salem's up."

They marched down to Salem's cabin, but it was empty.

"Must be in the smoking room," Brenshaw ventured.

They looked there, but he was nowhere to be found. They looked on deck. Finally they sought out the purser.

"Seen anything of Mr. Salem?" inquired Brenshaw

"Mr. Salem didn't come aboard this morning," the purser informed them.

"What?"

"Yes, I guess he stayed over. We might hear from him yet."

"But he took Madame Lubovskaya down here last night."

"She didn't come back either."

Brenshaw exchanged a speculative wicked glance with Lennigan.

"These Russians!" said Lennigan.

"These Russians!" said Brenshaw.

"Well," said Lennigan, "that's that. Say, by the way, wait here a minute. We want to change some francs we got."

"Sure," said the purser.

"And if you haven't got the cash, we'll take the check of the company," Brenshaw informed him. Lennigan went off for the money.

"How come?" asked the purser.

"Won a little something at the Casino last night," said Brenshaw nonchalantly; "just a little something—nearly a million dollars."

"No!" the purser exclaimed. "At the Casino?"

"At one of the exclusive clubs. We cleaned them out."

Lennigan now appeared and rained francs into the purser's hands. He picked up a note.

"What club was it?" he asked, after a moment's silence. There was something disconcerting in his voice.

"Search me," said Lennigan, grinning at Brenshaw.

"Where is it?"

"I don't know. We had to walk going there, and coming back we were in a closed carriage. I don't know where it is. Why? Salem took us there."

"Salem, eh?" The purser frowned. "I didn't know he was one of them."

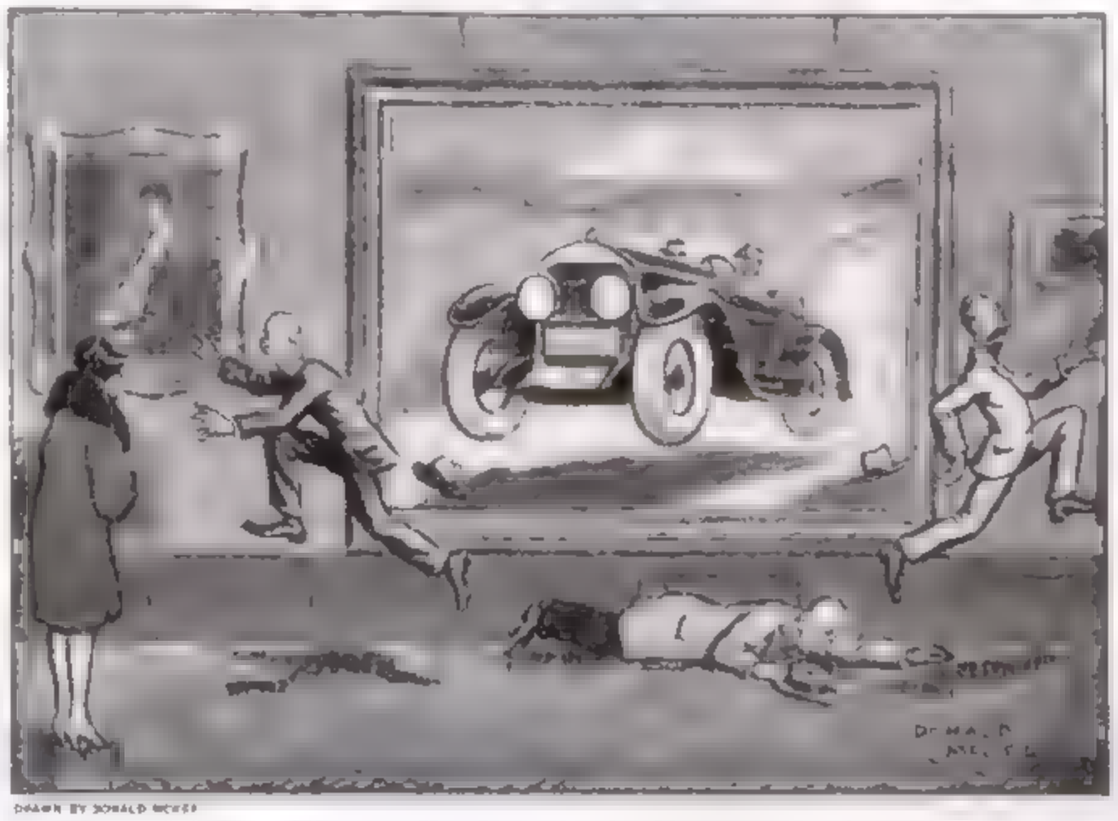
"One of what?" demanded Brenshaw. He was pale with premonition.

"Why," said the purser, "it's one of the new slick games they're running. We don't allow card sharps on board. So they fix up this club. You go there and they let you win. The trick is when you buy your chips you hand in real American dollars. When you cash in your pile of chips they hand out these—counterfeit. What'd they nick you for?"

At the Café de la Paix, where all the world goes, Salem lifted his glass to Madame Lubovskaya, to Henry P. Smith, whose Vandyke was flawless, and to a quiet little Japanese.

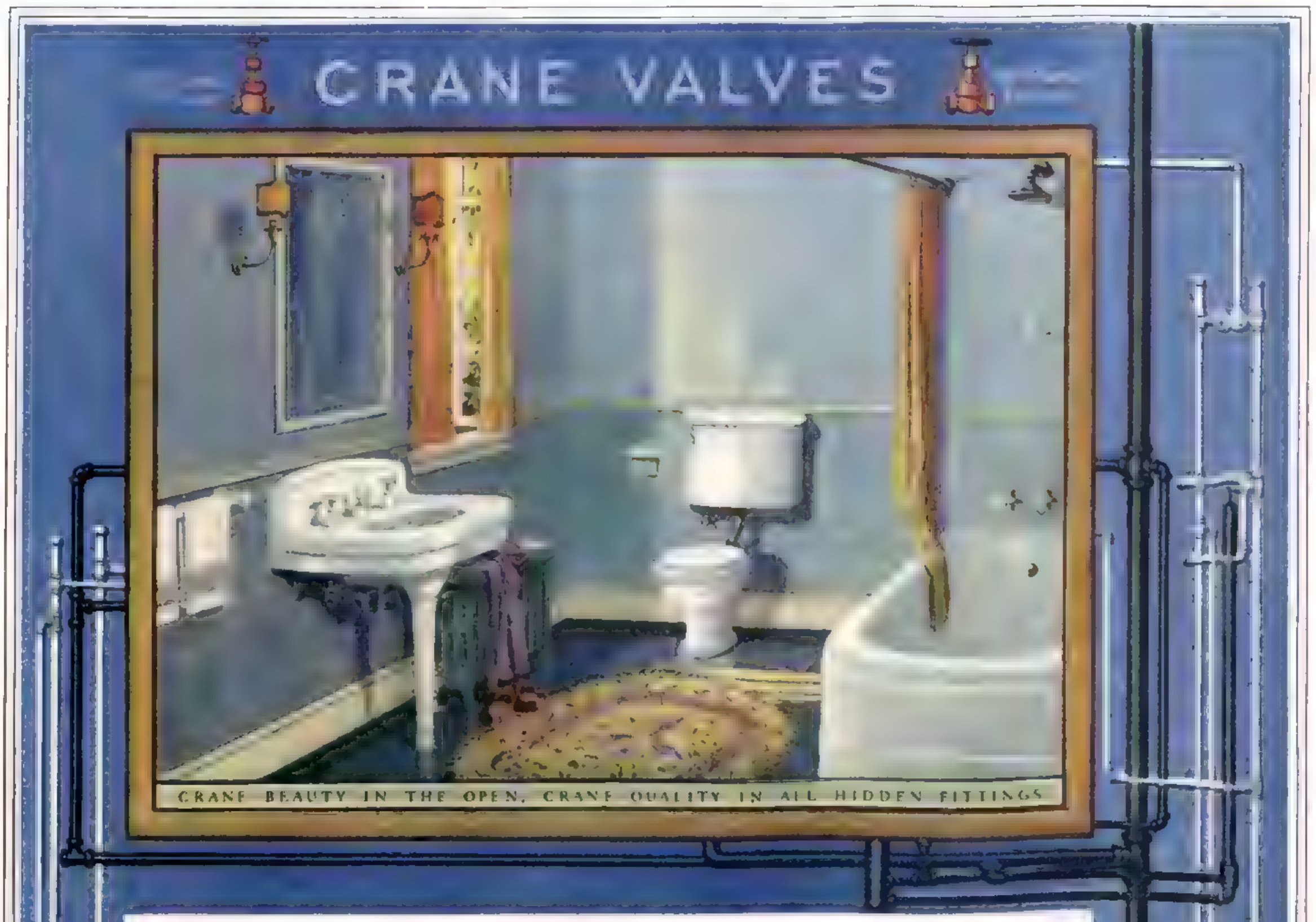
"Not so bad," said Salem. "We try the French liner next."

"For heaven's sake," said Madame Lubovskaya, "don't make me Russian again. I gotta be too emotional. Cantcha make me an American gentlewoman in reduced circumstances—somethin' reserved but refined?"



DRAWN BY DONALD MCKEE

Paintings of Automobiles are Not Hung in the Metropolitan Museum of Art Because They Have Been Found to Cause Uneasiness Among the Pedestrian Visitors



FIXTURES of shining white; the glint of nickel; walls in clear, cool color; this is the bathroom of today, symbol of American love of cleanliness. In every home it is insurance against illness, a preferred investment in convenience, sanitary comfort, and finer living.

The considerable rôle played by Crane in spreading the gospel of better bathrooms and its insistence on the highest quality in all Crane plumbing and heating materials has led some to believe that Crane products cost more. Not so! Count the full cost of any complete installation and Crane is rarely higher in price.

Every preference, every purse can be satisfied in the wide range of Crane fixtures, valves, and fittings; obtainable through any responsible plumbing contractor. Write for *New Ideas in Bathrooms*, illustrated with blue prints of floor plans, and wall elevations in color; full of practical decorating suggestions and inspiration.

CRANE

Address all inquiries to Crane Co., Chicago
GENERAL OFFICES: CRANE BUILDING, 836 S. MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO
Branches and Sales Offices in One Hundred and Fifty-five Cities
National Exhibit Rooms: Chicago, New York, Atlantic City, San Francisco and Montreal
Works: Chicago, Bridgeport, Birmingham, Chattanooga, Trenton, Montreal and St. Johns, Que.
CRANE EXPORT CORPORATION: NEW YORK, SAN FRANCISCO, MEXICO CITY, SHANGHAI
CRANE LIMITED: CRANE BUILDING, 3[illegible] BEAVER HALL SQUARE, MONTREAL
CRANE-BENNETT, Ltd., LONDON
Cie CRANE, PARIS, BRUSSELS

BABOONS

(Continued from Page 13)

the natives are awake. They are a great nuisance to the poor women who work so hard in their fields, and the big baboons have become so bold that they sometimes enter a field while the women are at work. Children are kept busy all day long gathering baskets of stones for the men, who sit lazily under a leaf shelter and throw them at the monkeys. Dogs are useless here, for an old baboon would tear them to pieces in a struggle. Baboons do not fight like other animals. They sink their wicked fangs into the enemy and then, with their powerful arms and legs, push the body of their opponent away from them, tearing huge pieces of flesh out of the enemy. Occasionally the natives kill them with poisoned arrows, but on the whole the monkeys and baboons on the Tana River live an ideal monkey existence.

To be sure, they have their natural enemies, which Nature in her wisdom meant them to have, such as, for instance, leopards, snakes, crocodiles, eagles and others. Happily these animals have had but little experience with the white man and his guns, for this part of the Tana Valley is still a closed district. I doubt if it will ever be a popular hunting ground for the *maladadi*—dandy—sportsman.

Guard Duty on Schedule

The climate is very unhealthful and trying and the sun dangerously hot. The reflection on the water blisters the face and hands; and if the traveler wears glasses, as I did, the glare dulls the vision and affects the eyes like a burning glass. Insect pests are there in great variety and eager to establish friendly relations with the newcomer at once.

The river is the main highway, and it has a swift and dangerous current to negotiate. The small dugout canoes used by the natives look as if they were ready to turn turtle if the occupant but moved, and these hollowed-out tree trunks also have yawning holes in their sides which are patched and repatched with sticky mud during a journey. They are not nearly so comfortable and inviting as the high-powered motor cars that are waiting at Nairobi to whisk the modern big-game hunter off to the depleted game fields. They could not carry his equipment, the wealth of tinned luxuries, his various firearms and ammunition, to say nothing of his white hunters and other followers. But the leaky old canoes with their crooked sides, yawning holes and mud patches have a charm and a romantic lure which the modern big-game hunter who rolls over the veldt followed by his entourage and cumbersome camp impedimenta will never know.

I carried on my journey up this river some powerful electric flash lights, for the purpose of watching the monkeys at night, and was delighted to learn that the small monkeys, as well as the baboons, have sentinels who keep guard while the family sleeps. I also learned that these guards are changed once during the night, and that the hour for this ceremony is as well timed as if the animals had been trained in His Majesty's Service.

At one lovely camp where a family of baboons slept in a tree close to my tent, I sat up for four nights in succession watching them, and at 11:30, on the dot, the guard was changed, the one who had been relieved ascending the tree and spending the rest of the night with the family.

It was also interesting to note that the females with babies and the younger generation occupied the topmost branches, well out of reach of their enemy, the leopard, and that the older animals occupied the branches directly beneath them. The observation post, where the sentry sat, was of course in the same tree, but several feet lower down. He sat in a crotch in the middle of the tree, so nothing could pass without his knowledge. The first night I used the flash light on this family they were very nervous, and I doubt if any of them slept very soundly. But after they got used to me and the light they seemed to have a feeling of security. For when I flashed them they merely raised their heads sleepily and dropped them again without changing their positions. Sometimes, to vary the monotony of the night, I conversed with the sentry in monkey language as I had heard them doing with one another. I am not prepared to say what we talked about, but whatever it was the lonely sentry seemed to understand and enjoy our conversation. I would grunt at him and immediately there would come an answering grunt. I used different intonations and varied the grunts. The sentinel was always a garrulous old boy, rather lonesome I think, and always ready for a chat. As soon as I stopped grunting—he never interrupted me—he would answer right back, and varied his grunts and intonations just as I did. He would often punctuate his remarks by scratching his head or his body, not at all unlike some human beings; then again he would bend over and thrust his head forward. Sometimes he would open his mouth after a grunt and shake the branch of the tree, like a politician trying to impress his audience with some vital remark in his address.

It is not unusual for monkeys to converse with each other even when they are some distance apart. I have often listened to them in the jungle, and the monkeys I kept in captivity frequently conversed with each other when they were in separate rooms. That monkeys have a language of their own, developed according to their jungle minds, there can be no doubt, for one has only to watch the functioning of their social organization to arrive at this conclusion.

One of the most amusing sights of the jungle is to watch a troop of baboons retiring for the night. Just before sundown they gather in the trees near the one the old scout has selected for their sleeping quarters. But no member of the family may go to the selected tree until the old scout and his aids make a tour of inspection to see if the coast is clear. This takes time, because they work very cautiously and inspect all the trees in the vicinity. In the interval no human mother with a large family of tired healthy children could be busier than these tree-dwelling mothers. Their problems are much the same as a human mother's. The children are cross, tired and sleepy after their busy day, but each one must be made ready for bed. Ears, nostrils and eyes are inspected and furry coats groomed before they can cuddle up for the night.

Central Park Technic

When the old scout gives the signal bark for retiring there is a general rush for the tree. All but the night guard retire to the topmost branches, where the youngsters squabble and squeal until the guard barks out a warning which always sounded to me like: "Shut up, can't you?" If the one warning did not suffice he would shake the tree and make a move as if to ascend it. This usually settled the matter, and silence reigned with the dark.

The adolescent love-making baboons are another very human and amusing sight. The females are like flappers the world over, and delight in making their boy friend jealous by flirting with his rivals in the early stages of their courtship. One couple that I watched every day for a week offered no end of amusement. Early in the morning when the troop went foraging for their breakfasts the affectionate pair would leave the others and hunt by themselves. On several occasions I saw the gallant male dig up a luscious bulb and actually give the female the first bite before taking it for himself. I have also seen the coy one gallop away and hide behind a bush and then peek out to see if she was being followed.

After their breakfast the pair usually came and sat on a bowlder between my tent and the river. Utterly oblivious of the fact that they were being watched by me and my boys, they would proceed to groom their fur, stopping frequently during the operation to embrace and fondle each other. Sometimes they would yawn and take a nap. Clasped in each other's arms, they would sit, her head on his shoulder, and doze. Every few moments he would rouse himself and make a quick survey of the surrounding bush in the interest of their safety.

One day after they had enjoyed a prolonged nap I saw this jungle sheik put his hand under his adored one's chin, and bending her head back, he leaned over and actually rubbed his face against hers. The peals of laughter which greeted this little comedy, and which I was powerless to suppress, for I laughed as heartily as did the boys, drove the loving pair off the rock. There was something so familiar about the monkey's actions that I began to wonder if I had not read a description of it in some book. I tried to think of all the stories I had read, and then suddenly I recalled that from the windows of my New York apartment, which overlooked Central Park, I had often been amused by similar love scenes between couples who used to come and sit on the benches under the trees.

The Unwelcome Spotlight

Incidents like the one just described can be recorded and the reader given an insight, slight though it may be, into the fascinating lives and habits of wild animals. But there is much that the observer cannot share with others—little mannerisms, facial expressions, amusing incidents, all very significant in themselves, but which would lose their meaning and their charm in the telling.

Owing to a visit the night before from a band of lions who roared and came annoyingly close to our little camp, one evening the men built two huge camp fires for our protection. The light from these fires illuminated the forest and I could see quite plainly a baboon family in their tree. They were huddled close together; some had their arms around each other. It was very apparent that they did not like the glare of our fire, because every one of them, even the sentry, sat with bowed head and back to the light. Their vision was no doubt affected by the light just as ours is by strong automobile headlights. The family looked so peaceful there in the tree top that I hadn't the heart to disturb them. I knew that it would be their last happy night, for we had seen the telltale tracks of a leopard that had been prowling around the camp for several nights, and when we left I was sure that he would pay a visit to the baboon family.

The animals living in the desert through which the Tana flows come to the river to drink, and some of them travel forty or fifty miles to quench their thirst. They usually drink either in the early morning or late evening, and when we paddled silently along close to the bank we could hear a snort or a whistle and a great crashing in the bushes as some frightened animal bounded away in the jungle. Owing to the fog it was impossible to see what animals they were. The river teemed with bird life; perhaps no greater variety could be found anywhere in Africa than on the lower Tana, including, as they did, both water birds and the forest variety. The sun rises quickly in the tropics, and we hadn't been on the water more than an hour before the red ball of fire was sending opalescent rays dancing through the mist.

The sunshine cheered the men who, relieved of the nervous strain of steering the boats through the fog, began to sing. They had songs suitable for every occasion and many of them were of a religious nature.

KNAPP-FELT
HATS *for* MEN

THE Knapp-Felt hat for the New Year is appropriately named the Resolution. It is a good thing with which to start 1927—a year bright with promise.

The Hat *for* January is the RESOLUTION

On Friday *the* Fourteenth *of* January

the Resolution hat will be featured by the principal hatters throughout the United States. The shape, the colors and the trimmings are exclusive with this hat.

The new Knapp-Felts include styles and colors ranging in price from $8.00 to $40.00 each.

THE CROFUT & KNAPP COMPANY
JOHN CAVANAGH—*President*
620 Fifth Avenue - New York City

Their boat songs consist of a solo and chorus. The leader, who was in my boat, began yelling the solo at the top of his voice and the men in the following boats joined as one man in the chorus. Although some of the men had very agreeable tenor voices their songs are amazingly monotonous. Listening to their reiterations hour after hour was often a severe strain on my nerves. To deny them the privilege of singing, however, would lead to discontent and trouble, for it is almost impossible to find a group of natives who can perform any kind of task without the accompaniment of songs. If denied the privilege they soon become cross and grouchy and want to go home. In self-defense I tried to learn the words and the tunes to their boat songs. But the only reward for my efforts was to keep the men amused and good-natured. For whenever I tried to join them they went into peals of laughter.

There were plenty of interruptions and excitement on the river journey, however, to break the monotony of listening to the minstrels; sometimes too much excitement to be pleasant, perhaps, for often when we were obliged to pass under the limbs of big trees which extended out over the water the chorus of voices would be interrupted by a shout from the man in the bow of my boat, yelling wildly: "*Mamba, mamba*—snake, snake." Everyone would paddle frantically to avoid the lizards and snakes that dropped off the limbs into the water on all sides of us. These repulsive reptiles climb up the trunks of the trees, and crawling out on the gnarled, lichen-covered branches which overhang the water, wait for the birds and monkeys. The sun shining through the leaves casts mottled patterns over their bodies and helps to hide them from their prey. They varied in species and also in size and color markings. There was one snake as thin as a whip and as beautiful as a piece of jade. There were red ones, brown ones and deadly black ones. One of the lizards which I shot from the boat measured more than forty-nine inches in length, and some of those which dropped into our boats were, I believe, longer.

Hornets to the Rescue

One water python which I shot from the boat measured sixteen and one-half feet. When I exclaimed over its great size the men assured me that it was but a child. Whereupon I sent up a prayer that I might not meet any of the adult members of the family. They were, however, much smaller than the snakes I came across a few months later while traveling across the Congo. The shady retreats on the limbs of trees overhanging the water are the favorite hunting blind of the water pythons. They lie coiled on the limb until some unfortunate animal comes to the river to quench its thirst, then like a flash they drop down, their weight staggering the animal, and before it can regain its equilibrium on the slippery bank the snake whips its coils around it like lightning, and crushes every bone in the poor thing's body so he can swallow it. Whether the snakes carry their victims out on the bank or swallow them while in the water, I do not know. But one day as we were coming along quietly we heard a great commotion in the bush near the bank. The trees were full of baboons and monkeys which were screaming and scolding at something that was thrashing about in the bush below them.

My first thought was that a leopard had taken a baboon and the others were excited over it. Accompanied by two of the men, I left the boat and stalked carefully forward, guided by the noise in the bushes. To our amazement we discovered that our "leopard" was a huge snake which was being attacked by a swarm of hornets while he was swallowing a baboon. They covered his head and wounds on his body, which the baboon had evidently inflicted. In his rage the snake was lashing about in all directions with his tail. The jungle on all sides bore traces of the terrible onslaught and the tremendous power of this dangerous creature when aroused to anger. We retreated silently and hastily, fearful of drawing the attention of the hornets upon ourselves, for some of my men were still ill and suffering from our last exciting encounter with a swarm of bees.

My boatmen feared the lizards quite as much as they did the snakes, for some of them were of immense size. They can move with lightninglike rapidity and their powerful jaws inflict very dangerous wounds. Once when we were under a tree and they began dropping, like some strange fruit, around us, a huge one landed on the back of the man just in front of me, knocking the pole from his hand and causing him to fall with considerable force to the bottom of the canoe. With due regard for my own safety I drew my feet up on my chair, and as the creature ran under me I tried to spear it. But I only succeeded in hastening its exit, by the way of some baggage, over the side of the boat.

The Old Game of Bluff

We were not always so fortunate, however, for once, in a mad scramble to get away from one which had taken possession of a boat, the men went overboard, upsetting the canoe and losing some of my most valued possessions in a deep hole where we could not retrieve them. Usually the men were very quick to see these reptiles and maneuver the boats to avoid them. But when the snakes lay coiled under the foliage or hidden in one of the gigantic masses of tangled vines and foliage which hung down from the trees and spread over the water like a great curtain, it was impossible to detect them without beating them out with long poles. Sometimes the ugly things would raise their heads above the flowering vines, and thrusting out their tongues like lightning, uncoil and drop with a sickening splash into the water beside us. These are unpleasant experiences which travelers in a tropical country sometimes encounter, but they are soon forgotten in the joy of happier incidents which will glisten like a diamond in one's memory long after the snakes are forgotten.

About eleven o'clock on the day we left the camp of the adolescent baboons we were looking for a suitable place to pitch my tent, when suddenly, while rounding a bend in the river, our attention was attracted by a troop of baboons who were in some trees and were greatly excited about something which they saw in the water. They were barking and screaming like hysterical children. Instantly I gave the signal for the men to stop the boats so I could watch them. I picked up my gun, thinking a crocodile might have caught one of them, and if he came out on the bank to eat it I would be ready to take a shot at him. Presently the baboons began to quiet down, but their attention was still focused on the water.

Then suddenly out in midstream there appeared two black knobs, and the pointed snouts of two ugly crocodiles slowly drifted downstream.

As they passed us they sank below the surface. Then some of the baboons began to come down from the tree and descended the bank toward the water, but two or three of the older ones remained in the tree on guard. The others approached the water cautiously, took a sip, and with screams of terror jumped back. There they stood on the sand bar with manes bristling, gazing at the water and uttering hysterical shrieks. The big fellows in the tree gave forth several energetic deep piglike grunts, as if assuring them that the crocodiles were gone. They did this several times before the troop found sufficient courage to approach the water again.

Finally, after they finished drinking, the guards came down, one after the other, and also drank. It was interesting to note that though they gave encouragement to the others by their bold grunting noise, when it came their turn to drink they approached the water with as much fear and caution in their movements as was evidenced by any of the others, proving beyond a doubt that mere man has no monopoly on the old game of bluff. After drinking, the troop went upstream, traveling along the river bank. We followed, keeping close to the opposite shore, where I was able to observe their movements.

On this occasion their vicious, bullying disposition was very much in evidence and often amusing. As they went along, climbing over rocks and logs and running into the low trees after insects and fruits, they quarreled, chased one another and fought as noisily as a lot of hoodlums. It seemed to me that they did everything they could think of to be mean. They tried to push one another into the river where the crocodiles were; they bit and slapped and squealed and pulled one another's fur. Two of them got into such a row over a bulb which they had dug up that one of the old males had to interfere. With a formidable roar he rushed at the two who were screaming and mauling each other like wildcats and gave them both a good thrashing.

The Peacemaker's Reward

This wise bit of childish discipline was so very human that we were convulsed with laughter. The animals moved so quickly that I could not tell whether he bit them or not; by the way they screamed it sounded as if he were killing them; but the amusing part of the comedy was that after thrashing them he took the bulb—the bone of contention—and sitting down, with one arm resting on his knee, proceeded to devour it himself.

The chastised pair, still gasping hysterically over their punishment, watched him from a near-by tree. Yet these animals who fight so viciously among themselves often perform amazing deeds of heroism. They will actually die to save one of their kind from an enemy, as I learned the following day, when I witnessed a terrible tragedy.

The baboons finally led us to a delightful camping place; a little *shamba*—cultivated patch—which paralleled the river on their side of the stream. When we were crossing over and while we disembarked they sat in the trees and watched like inquisitive neighbors in a country town, craning their necks and moving their positions whenever it was necessary to follow our movements. The owner of the *shamba*—a fine handsome fellow, with two wives, his old mother and six bonny children—occupied two little huts on the edge of the forest facing the clearing.

Innumerable cunning little gray-green monkeys ran about in the trees and peered down at us with great curiosity. It was quite evident that the natives did not molest them, for when there was no one near the huts they came down from the trees and played on the thatched roofs.

Polite Dinner Conversation

The owner greeted us pleasantly, and while the men pitched my tent in a lovely spot close to the river and under the widespreading branches of a mango tree which was loaded with the luscious yellow fruit, he brought firewood and helped the cook, who was busy preparing my luncheon. The women and children, who were working at the extreme end of the *shamba* when we arrived, dropped their hoes and rushed across the field surging with curiosity over their strange guest. As they ran they adjusted the pretty patterned cloths which covered their bodies and hung from their breasts to their knees.

The absence of armed soldiers made it very obvious to them that they had an unusual guest, for the only white person who ever visited them was the government official who came to collect the tax. When told that I was a woman traveling alone, they showed their astonishment by raising their eyebrows and clapping their hands over their mouths.

The women had hardly reached us before a troop of silver-gray baboons rushed out of the forest and entered the bean patch. They distributed themselves between the neatly hoed hills of beans like laborers working on a truck farm. Sitting down they began to tear off the tender green pods and stuff their cheeks.

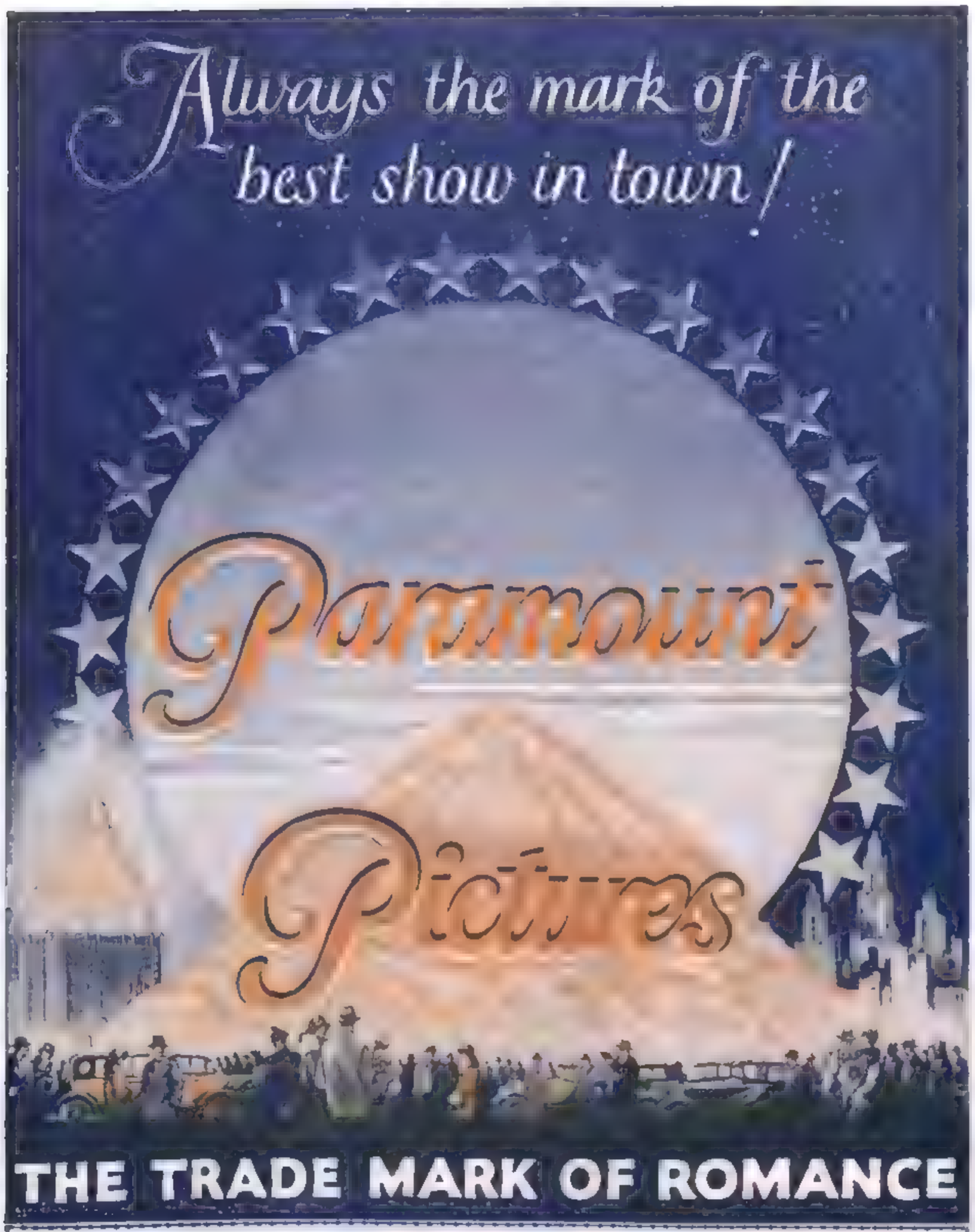
The owner of the *shamba* begged me to go out and shoot them, saying that the baboons and monkeys ate or destroyed more than half of the food which they planted each season.

I knew what he said was quite true, for I had seen the results of their depredations in other *shambas*. I also knew that there was no need for the baboons to come into the *shambas*, for the land teemed with their natural foods, such as roots, the onionlike bulbs of flowering plants, wild figs, cherries and tart plums. With uncanny intelligence these remarkable animals can readily distinguish the difference between the edible and the poisonous kinds. In this their knowledge is greater than that of human beings. Their diet is not confined to fruits and vegetables, either, for they also eat various kinds of insects, such as locusts, spiders, centipedes, scorpions, as well as crabs, beetles and various others. An insect like the scorpion, which has a dreadful sting at the end of his long tail, is robbed of his power to harm by a quick movement of the baboon's thumb and forefinger before being consumed.

These rowdies have glorious times robbing birds' nests, and once I came across a troop out on the desert having a banquet on ostrich eggs. They were squatting around the nest, and looked for all the world like a lot of natives at a feast. Each one leaned over and lapped up the fluid as it flowed from the broken eggs, and as they ate they were very garrulous and kept up a constant grunting noise, first one and then another joining in the conversation. Now and then they uttered a peculiar sound which even the black boys with me said was laughter. I frankly say that I am not positive that it was laughter, but it was a merry sound and quite unlike their conversational tones.

(Continued on Page 81)

The Young Pet Baboon at Jan Kuri



Beau Geste

"Year's Greatest Melodrama" a Sensational Hit!

NOW in its sixth month at the Criterion Theatre, New York, "Beau Geste" has created a sensation wherever it has played. Produced by Herbert Brenon from the novel by P. C. Wren. With RONALD COLMAN (by arrangement with Samuel Goldwyn), Noah Beery and all-star cast.

The Rough Riders

Stirring Days of '98 Live Again!

THE thrilling story of Theodore Roosevelt's "Rough Riders" men made brothers in the melting pot of danger! A Victor Fleming Production, from the story by Hermann Hagedorn. With Noah Beery, Mary Astor, Charles Farrell, Charles Emmett Mack and George Bancroft.

Wings

THE American Ace immortalized in a picture chock-full of thrills and excitement, battle scenes so realistic they will leave you breathless, thrilling duels in the air! The story is of two American flyers and a girl, with the World War as the background. A William Wellman Production, with Clara Bow, Arlette Marchal, Charles Rogers and Richard Arlen. Story by John Monk Saunders.

ABOVE are three of many big Paramount productions of the coming season. The two below and those in the chart you can see now or very soon. Your Theatre Manager will tell you when.

Old Ironsides

Two thin dimes—and the long arm of Coincidence

PRODUCED by Herbert Brenon, from the story by Dixie Willson, with Lois Moran, Lya de Putti and Jack Mulhall. The picture selected for the inaugural of the new Paramount Theatre, New York.

Beau Sabreur

Blonde, beautiful, gay and vivacious—she leads her husband a merry chase! He, poor fellow, prefers the fireside!

STARRING

Sweet and kind gentle, angelic—no butterfly, she! The very woman to make him happy—or wouldn't you think so?

Greta Nissen

Arlette Marchal

And between the two, Menjou, harassed by one, bored by the other—what a time he had choosing! Directed by Richard Rosson. From "An Angel Passes" by Bousquet and Falk.

Paramount Guide to the Best Motion Pictures

Check the ones you have seen, make a date for the others, and don't miss any! Your Theatre Manager will tell you when.

TITLE	PLAYERS	DIRECTOR	DATE
YOU NEVER KNOW WOMEN	Starring FLORENCE VIDOR. With Lowell Sherman and Clive Brook.	William Wellman	
HOLD THAT LION	Starring DOUGLAS MacLEAN	William Beaudine	
Florenz Ziegfeld's KID BOOTS	Starring EDDIE CANTOR. With Clara Bow, Billie Dove and Lawrence Gray	Frank Tuttle	
THE CAMPUS FLIRT	Starring BEBE DANIELS	Clarence Badger	
YOU'D BE SURPRISED	Starring RAYMOND GRIFFITH	Arthur Rosson	
THE ACE OF CADS	Starring ADOLPHE MENJOU. With Alice Joyce and Norman Trevor.	Luther Reed	
THE QUARTERBACK	Starring RICHARD DIX. With Esther Ralston	Fred Newmeyer	
THE EAGLE OF THE SEA	Florence Vidor and Ricardo Cortez	Frank Lloyd	
SO'S YOUR OLD MAN	Starring W. C. FIELDS. With Alice Joyce and Charles Rogers	Gregory La Cava	
THE GREAT GATSBY	Warner Baxter, Lois Wilson, Neil Hamilton, William Powell and Georgia Hale	Herbert Brenon	
EVERYBODY'S ACTING	BETTY BRONSON, Ford Sterling, Louise Dresser, Lawrence Gray, Henry Walthall and Raymond Hitchcock.	Marshall Neilan	
WE'RE IN THE NAVY NOW	Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton	Edward Sutherland	
THE CANADIAN	Starring THOMAS MEIGHAN	William Beaudine	
LOVE 'EM AND LEAVE 'EM	Evelyn Brent, Louise Brooks, Lawrence Gray	Frank Tuttle	
STRANDED IN PARIS	Starring BEBE DANIELS. With James Hall and Ford Sterling.	Arthur Rosson	
Zane Grey's MAN OF THE FOREST	Jack Holt, George Fawcett, El Brendel, Georgia Hale, Tom Kennedy, Warner Oland.	John Waters	
THE POPULAR SIN	Starring FLORENCE VIDOR. With Clive Brook, Greta Nissen, Philip Strange, Andre Beranger	Malcolm St. Clair	
LET IT RAIN	Starring DOUGLAS MacLEAN	Eddie Cline	
PARADISE FOR TWO	Starring RICHARD DIX. With Betty Bronson	Gregory La Cava	
THE POTTERS	Starring W. C. FIELDS	Fred Newmeyer	

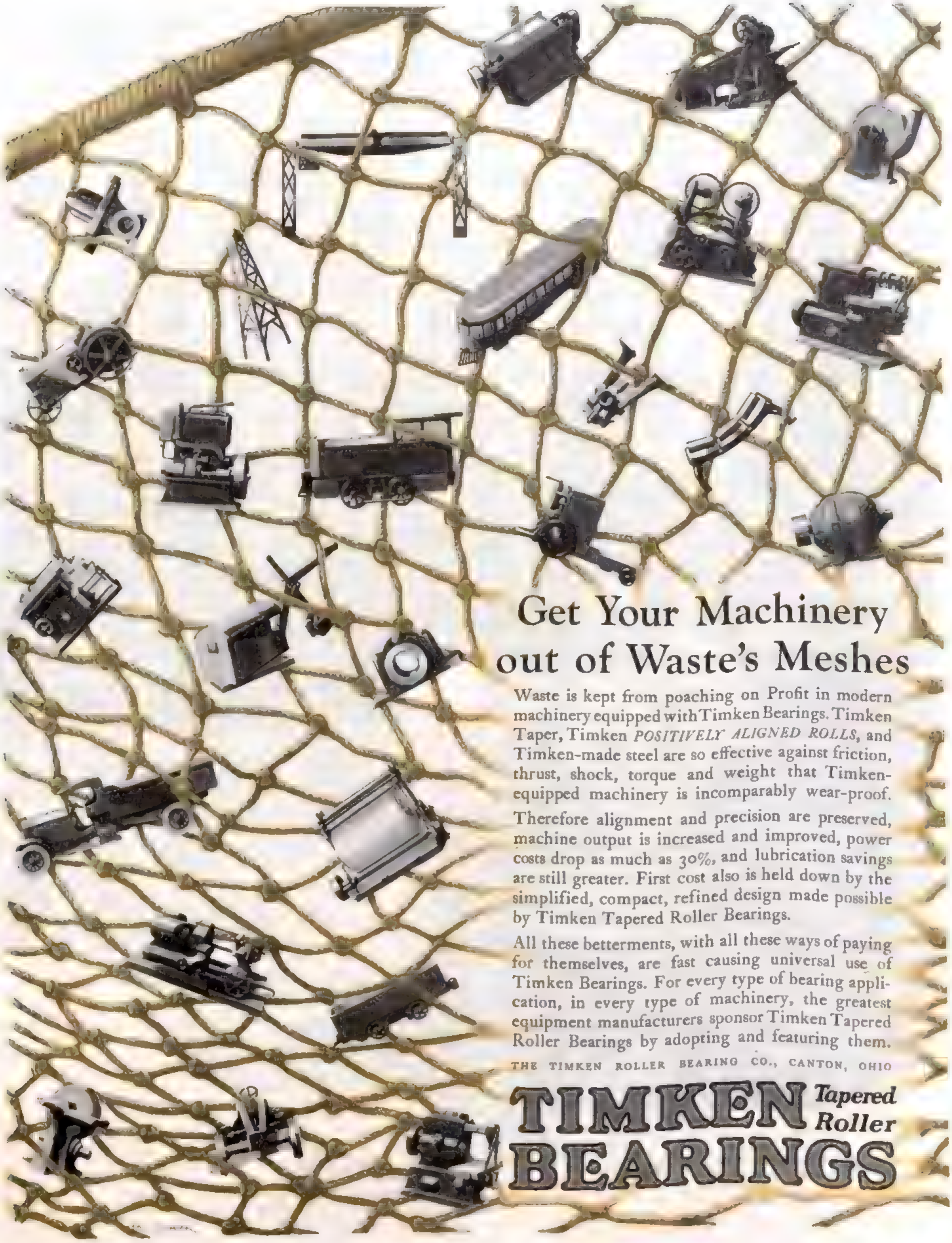
FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORP., ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., NEW YORK

DODGE BROTHERS

MOTOR CARS

In harmony with the trend toward lower and more graceful body lines, Dodge Brothers, Inc., announce certain basic advances in the design of their Sedans.

Special Sedan $945—De Luxe Sedan $1075
f. o. b. Detroit



Get Your Machinery out of Waste's Meshes

Waste is kept from poaching on Profit in modern machinery equipped with Timken Bearings. Timken Taper, Timken *POSITIVELY ALIGNED ROLLS*, and Timken-made steel are so effective against friction, thrust, shock, torque and weight that Timken-equipped machinery is incomparably wear-proof.

Therefore alignment and precision are preserved, machine output is increased and improved, power costs drop as much as 30%, and lubrication savings are still greater. First cost also is held down by the simplified, compact, refined design made possible by Timken Tapered Roller Bearings.

All these betterments, with all these ways of paying for themselves, are fast causing universal use of Timken Bearings. For every type of bearing application, in every type of machinery, the greatest equipment manufacturers sponsor Timken Tapered Roller Bearings by adopting and featuring them.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO., CANTON, OHIO

TIMKEN *Tapered Roller* **BEARINGS**

(Continued from Page 76)

Although I sympathized with the natives who toiled so hard in the hot sun hoeing, digging and planting their gardens, I could not kill the baboons as they asked. Knowing how amazingly human these animals are and feeling about them as I do, it would have been cold-blooded murder, and I would have been haunted by the crime for the rest of my life. Even though I had no other knowledge of them than the sight of the lovers on the rock pile, the memory of those two would have stayed my hand.

While the men pitched my tent I proceeded to photograph the baboons. They watched me closely as I approached, but never left off feeding until I stopped to set up my tripod. Instantly the old male hustled the females and youngsters to the edge of the forest, then he returned and continued his repast. I went forward again, and setting up the tripod, began to focus my camera upon him. With great deliberation he got up on his long legs and walked slowly away. Every few steps he stopped, passed his hands over a hill of beans, yawned, and picked a few pods slowly, as if trying to show his utter contempt for me. Once or twice his beautiful mane rose on his shoulders as he jumped around quickly and barked sharply, no doubt trying to intimidate me. Finally, without haste, he walked over and sat on a log with several other big fellows who were craning their necks to see what I was doing.

Nothing happened, so the whole family came trooping out and, perched on logs and bowlders, watched me. Never have I seen such huge animals. Their legs were unusually long and rangy, and their bodies, which were covered with a beautiful silver-gray fur, seemed very heavy. When the old male stood up he was as tall as a man and his silvery mane hung about his shoulders like a graceful gray cape. I made several exposures which I knew would be failures, for it was midday and heat waves were dancing. Then I decided to have a porter guard the bean patch, so they would be very hungry and return in the morning when the light would be more favorable. When I returned to my tent without using my gun the owner of the *shamba* was keenly disappointed, and with characteristic native eloquence he launched forth on a tirade against baboons. If I would only lend him the gun he would settle the baboon question and save his starving family.

A Leopard Out for Breakfast

To illustrate his point, the orator held out his hands before his stomach to indicate how fat the baboons got on his food, and depressing his diaphragm, he hobbled about to show how his family were growing thinner and weaker daily. He was a good actor, but it didn't change my mind one bit, for I really saw no signs of starvation among them.

I was up with the birds in the morning, and as soon as it was light enough for my purpose I started for the other end of the garden on my photographic mission. I was accompanied by one boy, who carried the tripod and my gun. I had no intention of using the gun unless it was necessary, but I have had too much experience with wild monkeys in Africa to have any illusions about their angelic dispositions or their docile qualities. A sudden brain storm or a violent fit of temper is one of the chief characteristics of the whole monkey family, and all the theorizing in the world cannot change that fact. Pushing our way through the high dew-wet grass on the forest side of the *shamba* so the baboons would not see us, we finally came to a point where we could see them across the cultivated patch, sitting on a log above the river. The youngsters were playing, while four mothers, all with babies at their breasts, were talking over the gossip of the day, or perhaps wishing that the sun would hurry and dry the grass so they could descend upon the bean patch and have their breakfast. The old male, with the remainder of the troop, was still in the forest close by

I began to set up my tripod with the intention of creeping closer when the camera was in position, when suddenly my boy touched my arm and pointed to an object which was moving swiftly across the cultivated patch leading up to the log. It was a beautiful half-grown leopard and he was stalking the baboons on the log. He was running low to the ground, and in the early morning light the red earth seemed to blend with his fur and served as a protection. Almost at the same instant that we saw the leopard the male in the forest gave a mighty roar of warning for the benefit of the animals on the log. As the formidable sound rang out on the early morning air all became confusion. The little ones screamed and the older ones barked, and the bushes crashed as if a herd of buffalo were charging. Quicker than thought the largest of the mother baboons snatched her baby from her breast, and handing it to her neighbor, jumped forward to meet the attack of the leopard while the rest of the animals, including the one that had taken her baby, made off into the forest.

In the Gallery of Heroines

For a flash the heroic mother stood with fangs bared facing her enemy, then the leopard leaped upon her, raking the fur and flesh from shoulder to hand with his claws and laying it bare to the bone. The plucky mother dug in with her fangs, and at the same moment a gray mass of fur, accompanied by a gurgling roar, catapulted from the forest and the big male, followed by others, joined the battle. After that I could see nothing but a revolving mass of fur in which I could distinguish the black-and-white spots of the leopard and out of which there rose on the air the most horrible screaming, snarling and roaring I have ever heard. When the fight was over—it did not last a minute—the leopard was dead and there was not enough left of him to show what he looked like, so devastating had been the work of the saw-edged fangs and the powerful hands and arms of the baboons. Then two badly wounded baboons, groaning like human beings, crept off to the shelter of the forest, the male holding his hand over a great hole in his side and his beautiful gray coat dyed crimson.

After the battle with the leopard the entire baboon family left the scene of the shocking tragedy and vanished into the forest. It seemed to me that as they went through the bush all I could hear were the moans and groans of the heroic mother and the brave animal who had so gallantly rushed to her defense. The struggle was a terrible thing to witness, and the vindictive fury of the old male who, convulsed with rage and pain from his wounds, literally tore his enemy limb from limb after the struggle was over, filled me with horror. But ever since that time the baboon mother has had a leading place in my gallery of heroines. She could easily have made her escape with her baby, for she was much larger and stronger than her companions, but she voluntarily gave up her baby and faced the dreaded enemy while the others ran.

No human being could do more than offer his own life that others might live and carry on. I regret to say there are people who take a keen delight in targeting their guns on these marvelous creatures. There is no law to protect them and there is no limit to the number of animals unfeeling and heartless people may kill.

Owing to dangerous rapids and whirlpools, the traveler who wishes to continue the journey from this point to the upper Tana must import porters from other parts of the colony and travel on foot over a very trying and difficult country, for there are no natives on the lower Tana who will go on *safari* and carry loads on their heads. As I had made three previous expeditions to the upper Tana before it became the Mecca for tourist sportsmen who hunt in automobiles, I planned a more interesting journey across the arid desert country which lay between the lower Tana and Abyssinia.

San Kuri is a British military post on the edge of this desert, where a small detachment of native soldiers commanded by a white officer are stationed to hold in check the Somalis, a hostile and very troublesome tribe of cattle-owning nomads who roam the desert in search of food for their camels and flocks.

I was a guest at the San Kuri post for ten days, and had it not been for the scourge of fleas which infested the place and tortured both men and beasts, I would have liked to remain for a longer period to study the monkeys living in the forests close by. How much we suffered from the fleas can be imagined when I say that a daily sponge bath of petrol was necessary, and even that vile-smelling liquid could not guarantee immunity or allay the frightful irritation caused by their poisonous bites. The motley collection of dogs attached to the station burrowed in the ground and kept themselves covered with earth to discourage the pests. Digging in seemed to be the only way the poor animals could find relief, and the entire compound looked like a miniature reproduction of a battlefield covered with shell holes.

When we arrived at San Kuri with our fleet of dugout canoes we were met at the landing by an odd assortment of people and animals, for the news that I was coming was, as usual, announced by the canoe men long before our arrival. Therefore the whole population turned out to greet us. There were Somalis, Wagalla, Koro Koro, Swahili, Arabs and East Indians; there were many dogs of doubtful breeds and varying colors; there were cats, monkeys, goats, and even two little donkeys followed the crowd and, cocking their ears forward, brayed a welcome.

The Baboon's Greeting

I was greeted pleasantly by a low-voiced East Indian clerk who spoke excellent English. He said that Captain Cook, the white officer in charge of the post, was away in the desert on official business, and that he would be gone for several weeks, but with the usual characteristic hospitality one always finds in British territory, he said that Captain Cook's bungalow and, in fact, everybody and everything at the post were at my service. I was escorted by the excited community to the top of a hill where the bungalow stood. The native women were perhaps the most interested in me. They hung over each other's shoulders, peeped around woolly heads and laughed and giggled at their own remarks at my expense. Cunning little black babies toddled along with the crowd, and squealing and laughing, stumbled and fell and cried, and picking themselves up again, followed along after the mob. I knew instinctively I was going to love this place and enjoy my stay here, although when we arrived at the bungalow I had every reason to change my mind.

As I stepped forward to take possession of the house my right to enter was fiercely disputed by Captain Cook's pet baboon. He had rushed ahead of us and intrenched himself there. As I drew back, frightened out of my wits, his mane bristled and he lifted the block of wood which was attached to his collar, and leaping over the sill, rushed at me with bared fangs and a nasty growl. Fortunately, the soldiers fell upon him just in time to save me and, squealing and protesting with all his voice and strength, he was carried away and tied to a big tree in the middle of the compound.

I was not at all happy over the ape's reception, for apes have good memories and often take revenge for a fancied wrong. The more I thought of it the more uncomfortable I became. I began to have visions of him coming into the bungalow at night through the air space under the thatch. If the reader remembers Kipling's story of the jealous ape, he can appreciate my feelings the morning following my arrival when I was roused from a sound sleep by something which jarred my cot. Of course my first waking thought was that the baboon

At 5 o'clock in the morning in the early 80's

Up at five to fix the fire on a bitter cold January morning. That was the rule in the Early 80's. Then came the Minneapolis Heat Regulator, making temperature control automatic.

It insured uniform heating, saved work, reduced fuel bills. Clock control, coming later, made the Minneapolis still more useful. The clock rouses the fire early in the morning while you sleep; checks the fire at night, preventing fuel waste.

Half the Heating Season Still Ahead

The coldest weather is still to come; big fuel savings yet to be made this winter. When mild weather arrives you need the Minneapolis to avoid overheating. Have your Minneapolis installed at once.

The "MINNEAPOLIS" HEAT REGULATOR for COAL—GAS—OIL

has proved its dependability on all types of heating plants, with all fuels. Furnished as standard equipment on leading oil burners. Branch offices in principal cities, dealers in almost every community.

Mail the coupon for free booklet.

MINNEAPOLIS HEAT REGULATOR CO., Est. 1885
2803 Fourth Ave., So., Minneapolis, Minn.

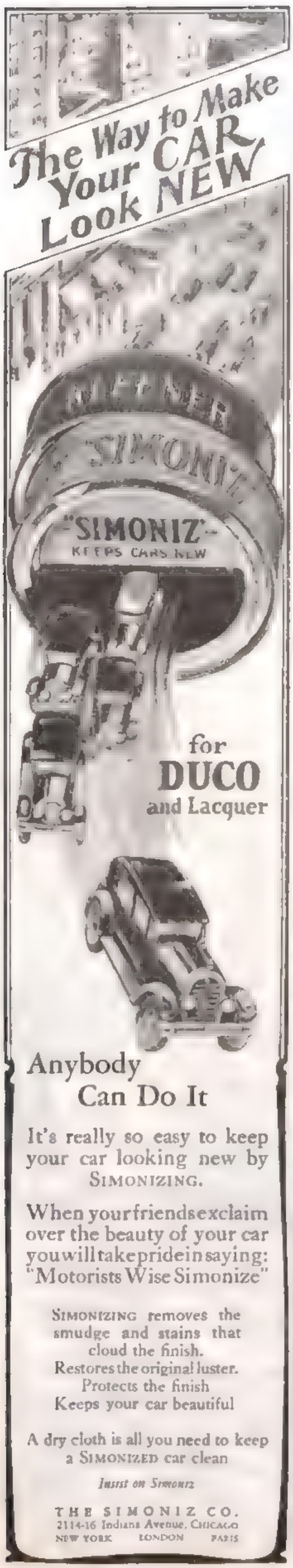
Please send me your free booklet, "The Proper Operation of the Home Heating Plant," and full information on the subject of automatic heat control. I have checked the kind of fuel I am now using or have under consideration.

☐ Coal ☐ Oil ☐ Gas ☐ Coke ☐ District Steam

Name

Address

City. State


The Way to Make
Your CAR
Look NEW
"SIMONIZ"
KEEPS CARS NEW
for
DUCO
and Lacquer
Anybody
Can Do It
It's really so easy to keep your car looking new by SIMONIZING.
When your friends exclaim over the beauty of your car you will take pride in saying: "Motorists Wise Simonize"
SIMONIZING removes the smudge and stains that cloud the finish.
Restores the original luster.
Protects the finish
Keeps your car beautiful
A dry cloth is all you need to keep a SIMONIZED car clean
Insist on Simoniz
THE SIMONIZ CO.
2114-16 Indiana Avenue, CHICAGO
NEW YORK LONDON PARIS

had escaped and had come into the house to attack me. I opened my eyes expecting to see him standing over me ready to tear me to bits, when imagine my surprise to see, instead, two cunning little monkeys no bigger than squirrels, running across the top of my mosquito net.

My early morning visitors were charming, inquisitive little rascals, so I lay perfectly still and watched them. They ran to the foot of the net and peeped this way and that, trying to see what was on the cot beneath them. Evidently unsuccessful or not quite satisfied, they crept very cautiously along the net until they were directly over my head, then they flattened their bodies against the net, and putting their tiny black faces close to the mesh, peered down at me.

After scrutinizing me carefully for a moment, they leaped away and disappeared by way of the air space between the thatched roof and side wall; presently I heard them scampering over the dry grass on the roof. Then they appeared on a crossbeam.

Age Before Beauty

Here they wrestled and tried to push each other off the beam. They were so reckless in their play that I held my breath for fear one of them would drop. Suddenly they stopped playing and, spreading out their arms and legs like flying squirrels, they took a header right into my net. They gauged the distance and the center of the net with an accuracy which could only be rivaled by a trained circus performer, and exactly like circus performers, they bounced up and down on the net once or twice before running to the side and leaping away to repeat the amusement.

Each morning the little monkeys would appear. Unafraid, they climbed from the back of my chair onto my shoulders and tried to intercept every mouthful of food I ate. Two monkeys are a pretty lively proposition, especially when they are hanging onto one's ears and snatching at one's food with their free hands. I wanted my breakfast, but I also wanted the company of the little rascals, so I arranged a magnifying mirror on the table, and while they scolded and fought their own reflections I enjoyed both my breakfast and their antics.

One morning when they did not appear at breakfast I started out to see where they were. Just as I reached the door there came from the direction of the forest the sound of many monkeys barking and screaming and leaping through the trees. I ran forward just in time to see my two little friends coming over the fence with several wild monkeys in pursuit. The boys had heard them, too, and came with sticks to chase the wild ones away. I noticed that one of the little monkeys did not use his hand, and upon examination found that he had been bitten by his wild brother, and that the fang had passed right through the palm of his hand. Without flinching or drawing away, he let me cleanse the wound with permanganate, and he also sat and watched me while I filled a syringe with ashes and injected it into the wound. I know from experience how the ashes hurt when they touch the raw flesh, but the only demonstration my brave little patient gave that it hurt was to open his pink mouth and raise his eyebrows at me, showing plainly that he understood that I was only trying to help him.

One of my greatest joys on my African journeys has been in my ability to win the confidence of both birds and animals, and an experience which I had with an old baboon while at San Kuri will serve to illustrate what I mean. It is only one of many of the rich experiences which I enjoyed on my recent journey from coast to coast across Central Africa.

To protect those living at the post from surprise attack by the hostile natives, a broad high wall topped by a network of thorn bushes, more deadly than barbed wire, almost surrounded the post. The soldiers' quarters, Indian bazaars and parade ground were built away from the official residence, leaving the bungalow, kitchen, and servants' quarters isolated on the hill. A pathetic garden, where a few European flowers and vegetables were struggling for existence, extended from the bungalow down to the river.

This garden seemed to be the favorite playground for all kinds of wild cats, and a dozen times during the night the pack of dogs would leave their excavations and rush past the bungalow in wild pursuit, yelping and barking crazily. Sometimes in the morning I would find that our visitor was a lion or a leopard. Then, to the amusement of the black boys, I would go around barricading the door and placing sticks across the open windows of the bungalow, for I was more timid at night in that house than I was out on the veldt in my own canvas tent. From the window at the back of the bungalow I could look across the wide wall into a lane, and beyond that, into the forest which bordered the river. On the edge of the lane and close to the fence stood a wide-spreading fig tree, with its gray branches loaded with ripening fruit.

This fruit attracted both birds and monkeys to the spot, and from daylight until dark it was a very lively place. Each morning about eight o'clock we could hear a large troop of baboons coming through the forest barking, squealing and fighting as baboons always do. The mothers and children would sit under the trees down by the river while the old scouts came up and looked around. Finding the coast clear, which they always did, they would communicate the fact to the others by a bark, and the hungry hordes would come tumbling over one another to be the first to reach the tree. They rushed greedily from one cluster of fruit to another, choosing the choicest fruits for themselves. When their hunger was appeased they would congregate on the rocks and bowlders scattered about the lane and bask in the sunshine.

No sooner did they leave the tree than a troop of vervet monkeys appeared, and they would take what fruits the baboons had left. There seemed to be a perfect understanding between the monkeys and the baboons about who was to have breakfast first, for the vervets never came to the fig tree, although they often waited close by, until the baboons had finished. Captain Cook was very fond of animals and had given strict orders to those at the post that no monkeys were to be molested, consequently they did not mind in the least when I went close to the fence to watch them.

Alienating His Affections

One day when I was standing very still watching the baboons sitting on the rocks grooming each other, a beautiful sunbird lit on my shoulder. It flew away, and I held out my arms like a signpost and presently three of them were wiping their bills on the sleeves of my blouse. Others came and sat on my hat and teetered on my hands. I noticed that the old baboon had stopped the grooming partly to watch me, so when the birds flew away I began to coquet with him as I had seen them doing with one another. I moved my head from side to side; I scratched myself under the arm and yawned boldly; he matched every grunt and movement I made. When I grunted and imitated their bark, he not only answered right back but he jumped off the rock and walked toward me.

Then he sat down and I continued my friendly advances, enticing him a little nearer. I stuck out my lips and grunted as loud as I could, whereupon he jumped to his feet and began leaping up and down in a ridiculous way, grunting wildly with each leap. An inquisitive female with a baby in her arms jumped off the rock and hurried after him. With a fierce roar that sounded very much like a lion, he turned and, shaking his mane angrily, made a movement with his hand as if he were picking something off the ground to throw at her. She retreated and he advanced. I kept my place and grunted and scratched some more.

Suddenly, like an enthusiastic audience, the baboons rose up on every rock and bowlder in that great arena and, scratching their stomachs, began barking at their leader. Whether they were warning him to be cautious or offering him encouragement, I don't know. The situation was most amusing, however, and it was difficult to repress my laughter, but I had learned by experience that monkeys are very quick to sense laughter at their expense, and for fear of discouraging him I refrained.

Jousting for a Lady's Favor

Finally one excitable old chap jumped off the rock and, rushing past the principal actor in this little comedy, tried to attract my attention to himself. As he opened his big mouth and grimaced wildly at me, the leader leaped upon his back, and for a moment there was a fierce struggle in which the well-matched beasts used hands and fangs with wicked effect. As they fought they growled and roared exactly like lions.

No battle between prize fighters for world supremacy and a big purse could excite the spectators more than those animal combatants did. The apes on the bowlders and the troop of vervets in the fig tree screamed and barked and danced about as wildly as excited human fans. There were even two or three squabbles among the animals on the rocks, and their piercing screams could be heard above the general din.

My boys who were watching from the curtained window of the bungalow were convulsed with laughter, and I put my finger on my lips to warn them to keep still. The exciting battle was not prolonged for the benefit of the fans however. There was only one round, then the impulsive one made a hasty and undignified retreat toward the bush, and he was pursued only for a short distance by the leader, who suddenly stopped as if he had just thought of something, and turning quickly, he rushed back across the lane, where he sat down, and grunting gently, lifted first one foot and then the other and scratched his toes. Then, as if his victory had given him courage and made him bold, he leaped to his feet and came with a rush across the open space and jumped to the edge of the fence, not ten feet away from me. This was something I had not anticipated, and I became speechless with the horror of having the big creature so near.

I believe he sensed my sudden fear of him, for like a flash his expression changed. He bared his fangs and twitched his lips nervously. Then he jumped to his feet, and as he stood for a second facing me, the long hair on his hulking shoulders rose up, accentuating his formidable appearance. I fully expected the next moment to be my last, but, fortunately, my boy, who had been watching the baboon from the window came rushing out of the house carrying my gun and shouting at the top of his voice, "*Piga, piga, mem-sahib*"—"shoot, shoot, *mem-sahib*." Like a flash, and without uttering a sound, the baboon jumped off the fence, galloped across the lane and disappeared in the bush. And just as if they understood that something unexpected had happened, the whole troop slipped hurriedly and quietly off the rocks and followed him.

The following morning he returned with the rest of the troop to the fig tree for his breakfast. He lolled on the rocks while members of his harem groomed his fur, and he grunted and yawned in friendly fashion in answer to my advances, but he was much too wise to be fooled a second time, and thus ended an amusing and interesting episode.

Through a Bulb of Pearly Gray

Light from the NEW MAZDA Lamp comes through a pearl-gray bulb frosted on the inside. The outside is smooth and easy to clean, so your light need never be cut down by accumulation of fine dust. Also, it gives better, softer light than you have ever had, and costs no more to burn—though it does cost less to buy.

The NEW National

A GENERAL ELECTRIC PRODUCT

The mark "MAZDA" is not the name of a product, but the distinguishing mark of *a research service* which has been the means of improving incandescent lamps and reducing their cost since 1910.

MAZDA LAMPS

Three tests a good battery should meet

When you are about to buy a new battery for your car, there are three main points to consider. No matter how well a battery seems to be constructed, or how alluring the price may seem, it should meet three tests if you are to make a satisfactory purchase:

1. The battery must be a product of recognized merit. 2. It must be backed by a nation-wide service organization that can give prompt and expert attention to your battery no matter where you live. 3. It must be priced fairly.

On the basis of these three tests consider the Exide:

Point 1. Exide Batteries have given the motoring public satisfaction since the pioneer days of electric starting and lighting. The millions of Exides sold every year are a striking endorsement of Exide quality. You can safely count on the Exide to remain in active service a long, long time—and seldom, if ever, need repairs.

Exide Batteries are made by the world's largest manufacturers of storage batteries for every purpose. This leadership in the battery field is a guarantee that the Exide you buy contains every improvement which the highest engineering skill endorses.

Point 2. Should your battery require attention, there are more than 8000 Exide dealers located in various cities and towns of the United States. These dealers are good business men and alive to the value of your good will. Hence you can count on courteous and efficient service.

Point 3. Exide Batteries are priced exceptionally low. You pay no more for the Exide than you do for batteries with less claim to distinction. And when you buy an Exide you get peak value at surprisingly low cost.

WHEN THE STORM BRINGS DARKNESS
AN EXIDE STANDS BY

When storm clouds shroud the big city in mid-afternoon, there is a sudden demand on the central power stations for light. But in the interval before the dynamos can swing into full action the emergency is met by huge Exide Stand-by Batteries. This important rôle is but one of scores that Exide Batteries play in the commercial and industrial life of the nation.

Exide
BATTERIES

FOR YOUR RADIO . . There is an Exide Radio Battery of the right size for every set and a type for every tube. Also power units that stay charged from your house current At radio and Exide Battery dealers'

THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA · · EXIDE BATTERIES OF CANADA, LIMITED, TORONTO

THANKS FOR THE BUGGY RIDE

(Continued from Page 9)

been raised in a shanty among the niggers. Sallie, won't you ever come to your senses? Anybody can see that he's mad about you—perfectly mad. And Ben isn't to be despised. He's an Albemarle Marsh, and he's made millions and millions of dollars. Why shouldn't you take a little pains when we're ——" She threatened a sob.

"He's so awfully old, mother. I can't think of Ben being so old."

"Old!" Mrs. Pendleton's voice lost its softness in a squeak. "Do you expect him to be a schoolboy? Do you think you're a young girl yourself? Do you think any man under forty-five would ever look at you twice? I can't believe it, Sallie. I can't believe a daughter of mine is growing into an old—an old—an old ——"

She had thrown herself down on an early-American sofa, so Sallie was obliged to supply the word which her mother's grief-strained vocal cords could not pronounce.

"An old maid," she said softly, coldly, and went upstairs.

II

THAT happened on Thursday. All Friday it rained, a rainier rain than Sallie had ever known before. There was no silver in it; just dirty lead which came aslant and made foul rills that looked like tears running down a tramp's cheek. Had Sallie given up that day and acknowledged herself an old maid—one of those surprisingly handsome ones whose looks, best appreciated by lamplight, hint at an interesting past—things might have been easier. But she was not surrendering without a fight. She could go unmarried until she was fifty, for the matter of that. She had the looks to carry it off with a gesture.

"But I'm not an old maid," she protested continually, on the principle that you can cure the incurable by denying it. Dribble, dribble, dribble went the eaves, a dishwatery sound, suggestive of squalid thoughts. The fat man who called himself Ben Marsh had said she hadn't the sense of direction to run a tea room. Her mother had said that no man under forty-five would look at her twice. Twin insults—fiddledeedee and fiddledeedum. Sallie wanted to run out into the rain, muddy herself hilariously like a little girl, defy her mother. As if that would prove anything! It just rained and rained, steadily as the mantel clock ticked off minutes toward her thirty-seventh year.

Mrs. Pendleton, whose father had fought to the last ditch at Appomattox, retained that colonel's die-hard trait. All that rainy day her manner rather than her words reiterated the theory that her daughter was an old maid—rather a lovable one, but quite unmarriageable. Visually, she smiled and was kind, as to a stray dog. "After all," said the smile, "you're my darling only child. I'll never desert you. You'll be an adornment to our tea room, but of course I'll have to run it. You couldn't run anything. See what you've done with your poor life!"

Friday was one of those days we live through somehow. At half-past nine Sallie and her mother went to their rooms, not so much to sleep as to get away from each other. After they had exchanged the specious kiss of women Mrs. Pendleton sighed and said, "I'd bring up your breakfast if I could. You look tired." In her mother's pretty, worn face Sallie got a reflection of herself as she would be soon.

"Why should I be tired?" she challenged.

Mrs. Pendleton had plans, that was certain, and she revealed them with customary alacrity. "I'm going to town on the 9:51. There's a china sale at Mimble & Stacey's—some of that imitation Wedgwood. It's right pretty, and we'll need a lot of it. Then I'll have to see Cousin Fannie." Sallie, relieved to be let alone, had turned toward her room, when her mother called to her: "Ben Marsh may telephone." Now her round eyes were pleading. "You'll be nice to him, won't you?"

"I will—if he calls," she promised.

"You mean to say ——"

"I rather think he's lost interest in us, mother."

"And whose fault is it?" Mrs. Pendleton switched into her room and banged the door after her. It was an interesting old door, with HL hinges and a brass knob. How many times, since a carpenter had fashioned it of white pine to last forever, had it closed quarrelsomely between two nerve-strained women?

Fair and warmer next morning. Mrs. Pendleton was gone when Sallie went yawning to the kitchen to prepare her own toast and coffee. Solitude in this old house, if not quite friendly, held a habitual calm that eased her nerves. She wandered back to her bedroom and took her languid time about dressing. Today, by bright sunlight falling quaintly through a quaint window, she examined herself in a hand glass, rubbed a finger appraisingly under her handsome eyes, wove her neck from side to side to see if that strangling chain of wrinkles which beauty doctors sarcastically call a necklace was beginning to show.

Her self-inspection was apparently satisfactory, for she was delighted at the reflection smiling back and looking so girlish. She was beginning to take heart. She thought of Sarah Bernhardt and numerous stage beauties who had continued to charm beyond the age of indiscretion. But this consolation was neither bright nor lasting. Elderly professional beauties must keep an audience at its distance and reveal themselves under artfully arranged lights.

Yo-hum. It was a sorry world. Before the clock struck twelve she was in the dumps again. In the unreasoning back of her head she had retained an impression of Ben and of her mother, staring reminders of unpaid debts. Time was short, age approached. By a stroke she must do something definite with fifteen wasted years.

Peering out across the dandelioned lawn, she could see the main road, down which many gayly decorated woolen legs were passing toward the Feather Fall Club. Saturday. Golf day. Lucky legs, to walk unchallenged up to the Feather Fall caddie house and out upon its well-shorn fairway. Sallie had no passion for golf; but Feather Fall was to her a symbol in this new, strange, covertly hostile neighborhood.

One would have imagined that she had been bidden an honored guest, so deliberately did she groom herself for some phantom event. Bathed, exercised, manicured, she took her time in the arranging of her glossy brown hair—close shorn under the hallucination that it saved her trouble. Thoughtfully she considered her costume. It must be sporting, but not too mannishly so. Her woolen stockings with the vermilion checkerboard pattern had startled Saintsburg. She decided on gray silk ones—the last she had. A frilly afternoon frock, as red as the stockings she had rejected, she had to choose from a limited supply. It gave her the look, she decided, of a young lady going somewhere. A dab of artificial coloring on her cheeks. There, her skin reflected the brilliance of her gown. Then a string of pressed-amber beads. She contorted luxuriously before the glass, wondering if she had reddened her lips too heavily.

"I'm an old maid, am I?" She smiled, defying that devil who hides in the quicksilver behind mirrors. "And am I such a fool that I can't even run a tea room?" Then, with a laugh that brought anxious creases into her cheeks—"And am I so *passé* that no man under forty-five will look at me twice?"

This last thought gave her pause, so that she sat a while with folded hands before her bright reflection; then, looking up, she saw the glint of her brown eyes, in which little sparks had begun to play—the sort of electricity which only hope can generate. Her heart was tripping busily. Adventurous blood was coursing to her cheeks. She was thinking of a man, well under forty-five, who had looked at her unmistakably, admiringly and exactly twice since her coming to Feather Fall.

III

SHE walked slowly along the broad boulevard which seemed to lead to the Feather Fall course as inevitably as the Appian Way to Rome. It was a little after two and the march of golfers was at its height. An old gentleman, floundering along with a bag on his shoulder and bags on his legs, showed no interest in Sallie Pendleton as she passed; he was gayly conversing with the pretty girl at his side. Several young men came along, too, but each was busy with a girl or trying to catch up with one. More young men, more old ones, more girls, more matrons. Not the turn of an eye, the waver of an eyelash toward Sallie. She might have been invisible. The face, the figure, the undeniable style which had inspired a school of poets back in Saintsburg, had furnished a society editor with perpetual copy, had threatened one duel and caused seven fist fights, now went unheeded along Feather Fall Boulevard.

Finally she lowered her eyes and quickened her pace. After all, walking is good exercise. It keeps one young. The golfing crowd was growing thinner—she could see only their legs now, since she had lost her desire to prove that a man under forty-five would still look at her. In a quarter of an hour she gazed around to find that she had come into the region of fine residences, high French fences and imposing gates which opened upon broad pebbled drives.

The streets were deserted; a most desirable place for a rather mature lady to walk alone. Alone! She caught herself in an unhappy laugh. And on the instant her attention was arrested as sharply as that of the African hunter who, caught a-dreaming, sees a bull elephant stalk across his range.

A sedan whose aristocratic birth in the year 1926 was proclaimed by its long patrician nose, its sleek gray complexion, its silver-mounted luggage trunk in the rear, came slowly, very slowly, along the curb on the other side. For an instant, just an instant, Sallie had an impulse to shriek like a little girl and bolt for home. But she pulled herself together, considering the indignity of open flight; also the sweet thrill of adventure was tickling in her veins.

The gray sedan. Twice in that long week this unforgettable car had passed her languorously, all but stopped, and a man—undeniably handsome and young—had gazed provocatively at her through a shining window. She swallowed her heart and went on, her eyes down; but just as she came level with the machine an influence like invisible threads pulled her gaze upward.

He was better-looking than she had remembered him. A lean, eager face whose pallor was exaggerated by the blackness of the eyes and brows. He was handsome, a little as she remembered young Ben. With one hand he was removing a rakish gray hat, with the other putting away the doggish knotty pipe he had been smoking. His smile was so infectious that it seemed quite natural for Sallie to pause and return the inviting lip gesture. All this time her little Pendleton conscience was knocking away: "I'm being picked up—picked up like a common girl."

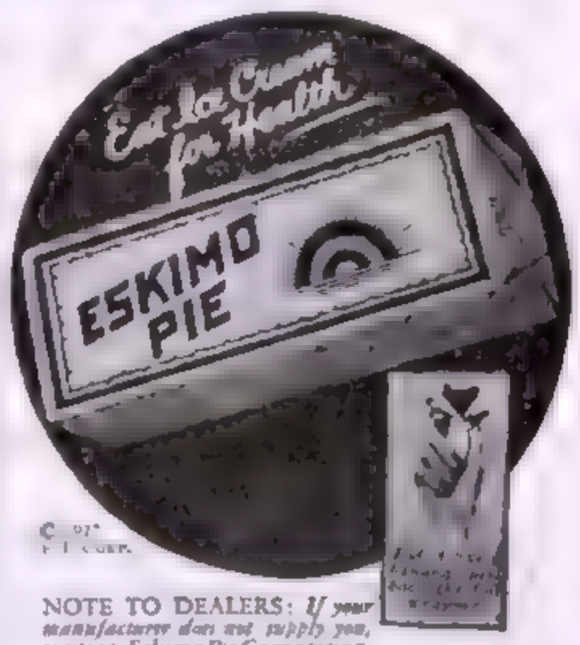
She stiffened herself, was taking a step to walk on when she was aware that her young knight had opened the door nearest her, had stepped out into the road and was saying in a soft pretty barytone, "I wonder if you wouldn't"—something like that.

"I beg your pardon?" said Sallie, trying with difficulty to be the well-raised young lady who doesn't speak to strange men in strange cars.

"I was just saying," he persisted, coming across and regarding her with his lively eyes, "that maybe you'd rather ride."

Skatin' as smooth *as Eskimo Pie Tastes!*

When you're doin' your best at anything, an' havin' the best fun out of it, you think of everything that's best. That's because there's only one best in everything. When I skate my best I can just hear those good old skates o'mine zippin' "Esk—i—mo—Pie—Esk—i—mo—Pie!" If there was only enough ice to make ice cream for Eskimo Pie I'd quit skatin' right off! Skatin' makes you hungry an' thirsty both together—an' then's when a fellow likes to bite into that crunchy choc'late an' down into that big thick helpin' of cold *de-lishus* ice cream, an' just let the good taste drift along till all his own insides are givin' three cheers. An' say, when you feel good you're full o' pep! I skate better with Eskimo Pie in me, an' more comin' when I start home.



NOTE TO DEALERS: *If your manufacturer does not supply you, write us.* Eskimo Pie Corporation, Incorporated, Louisville, Kentucky.

ICE CREAM MANUFACTURERS: The most valuable ice cream confection franchise in the history of the ice cream industry. Full information can be obtained by writing us.

Firm, delicious ice cream inside! Crisp, pure chocolate outside! And around this enticing bar, a sanitary, moisture-proof foil wrapper. This is the magic product—the patented trade-marked product Eskimo Pie

Over two hundred million sold yearly

ESKIMO PIE

GENERAL OFFICES LOUISVILLE KENTUCKY

—at the "Cross-Roads of the Nation"

Two of the many smart new models in "U. S." rubbers. The galoth shown above is just the right height—warm without being clumsy—ideal for wear with street and dress shoes. Comes in gray or tan tweed or in black jersey. The man's rubber slips on and off easily—yet fits smartly and trimly. And because it fits—it wears!

They keep pace with the changing shoe styles . .

These smart, new "U. S." Rubbers

Each year our designers study the latest styles in shoes—and then build new model rubbers to fit them.

That's why "U. S." rubbers and arctics match, line for line, the latest styles in shoes. That's why discriminating men and women everywhere look for the "U. S." trademark.

These rubbers and arctics are leaders in long wear, too. They are made by the world's largest rubber company—fashioned with the skill developed through 75 years of footwear construction.

It pays to look for the "U. S." trademark. It is on the smart rubbers and arctics made only by

United States Rubber Company

"U.S." Rubbers

Trade Mark

All styles and sizes for men, women and children

"No, thank you," she smiled. "I'm walking for the exercise." It was impossible to be harsh with him. His whole air was so innocent and friendly.

"I'm sorry," he said; and added, "It's certainly a fine day to walk. I wish I did more of it myself."

She noticed his deeply cleft chin, his nicely cut sport suit of brilliant gray, and couldn't be unfriendly as he continued, "One gets into the habit of driving a car; it always makes walking seem so slow."

So they were already launched on a fairly satisfactory conversation, as conversations go, yet suddenly there seemed nothing more to say. He stood there, irresolute, handsome. "Sure you don't want to ride?" he invited.

"That's very nice of you." Upon this sudden change of mind she followed him across the road. With the fortuitous feeling of a child in a fairy story, she got in beside the driver's seat and murmured something about living so near that it was hardly worth while. Secretly, burningly, she wished that their little house were a hundred miles farther up the island. He seemed to have guessed her thoughts, for he had no more than set the wheels in motion than he turned and remarked, "Do you really want to go right home? It's a lovely day to look around and see things."

"I'm afraid I'll be taking you out of your way," said she archly. "You'll be missing your game of golf."

"I?" He smiled his young, engaging smile.

"But you were starting for the Feather Fall course, I'll bet, when you were so good as to take pity on me. What made you do it? Did you think I looked too decrepit to walk far?"

"Ho-ho!" That was fine to hear. "I'll bet you could outwalk me."

"I'm wiry, you mean?"

"You're in condition," he decided, and his look was praising her—it was the Saintsburg look, without which she must wither and die.

"I think I should like to ride around a bit, if you really have time," she said, with almost a sigh.

"I have to run over to the golf club at about 5:30. Not a thing to do until then." He mentioned the golf club so lightly. How she wished he'd take her there; but he was asking, "Where would you like to go?"

"Anywhere that's interesting. You see, we've been here such a short time."

"Oh, yes." He looked burningly, reflectively, away, then added, "You're in the old Pendleton house, aren't you?"

"Yes." So the neighborhood had taken notice of them as human beings.

"That's fine," he said heartily.

"Oh, but maybe we won't be such desirable neighbors."

"They're all going to be crazy about you." His look had suddenly become so personal that her heart stood still.

"Why?" Even as she asked it she feared he would think her approach too sudden, too raw.

"I hope you won't mind my saying so, Miss Pendleton ——"

"I'm sure I won't."

"You're the prettiest thing that's stepped out of that place for a good many years."

"I thank you from the bottom of my heart." She laughed rather emptily, but her words were sincere. Had he known how her heart was open as a thirsty flower, gaping for the flattery which had been food and moisture to her! He drove steadily on. She wondered what he was thinking behind those smoldering, almost sullen coal-black eyes. Nothing like this had ever happened to her before—she hadn't let it. But she mustn't seem too anxious.

Her fears were removed by his quick apology: "I beg your pardon. I guess maybe you don't like me talking like that."

"I adore it!" she cried, again struggling to make her voice bright. Her cheeks were burning excitedly. "Where I come from men aren't ashamed to say nice things to a girl. I'm used to having them tell me about myself."

"I guess you don't hear much that'll make you unhappy." He had opened his lips to say more, but the problem of driving into the main road around a truck laden with crates brought his eyes, his whole attention, keenly to the front. She waited, palpitant for a clear space ahead when he could again turn his attention to her. Finally it came, but her mysterious knight was so slow to resume that she had to prompt him with, "What sort of things does a girl hear to make her unhappy?"

"Well," he spoke again, his profile toward her, his clever eyes—like a hunter's, she decided—peering, peering ahead of him—"well, maybe it's the things she doesn't hear. A girl that's raised to be pretty expects to have it mentioned once in a while. That's only fair, considering the trouble she takes. But perhaps it's the homely ones who take the trouble."

"You know a great, great deal about them, don't you?" She was studying him. His pale color had deepened, he showed a dimple. She wondered if he could be a day more than twenty-five.

"I've seen a few," he admitted. "Of course, there's my sister. You couldn't deny she was easy to look at—up to a year ago. I can't say just where she's changed, but it's harder to think of her as a pretty girl."

"But you keep on telling her she is." Sallie's throat was growing dry.

"I ought to, I suppose. I guess I'm too honest about things like that."

"Oh, I see." She had lowered her eyes, but she could feel his, turned flashingly upon her.

"I know what you're thinking," he said.

"What?"—faintly.

Another interruption in traffic. Would those damnable flivvers never get out of their way?

"You're thinking," he said, after shooting by the slow parade and into an open space, "that I go round saying the same things to all the girls."

"What things?"

"Well, that they're beautiful."

"You haven't told me that yet." Her laugh was excited, nervous. "You've only said that I'm pretty."

"Is there any difference?" She wondered if his question was as innocent as his looks.

"Well, to be pretty is just to have a bright complexion and soft eyes and a red mouth. To be beautiful is to have something more."

"Which would you rather be?" he asked with his faunlike smile.

"So-ho! Then you're giving me my choice of compliments?"

"I hope you won't think I've been fresh," he begged hastily, rattled for the first time. "Somehow it's been so—so easy to talk to you." There was no offense implied in that; just the clean, boyish admiration which had driven him to the madness of this adventure.

"It's funny," she said. "Here you're giving me my choice between being beautiful or merely pretty, and I haven't the ghost of an idea what your name is."

"Blake—Livingston Blake." He said this casually, as if everybody in Feather Fall knew who Livingston Blake was.

"Well, Livingston Blake, you haven't told me yet"—still in that light tone.

"You're beautiful," he said.

Still with a faint, almost taunting curve to her lips, she sat there; she mustn't let him know how sweet winds were blowing across her heart, how the fountain of spring was babbling.

"How do you know?" Her tone was no longer light as she wished it to be.

He was driving very slowly along an unfrequented stretch, and with his eyes leveled upon her he said: "You've got something about you that the girls around here don't have. They're heavy on style. But they're too mannish. You remember last Sunday morning when I sort of stopped at the corner of Payntor's Lane and looked at you?"

(Continued on Page 88)

Presenting the New Standard Five-Passenger SEDAN $2675

F.O.B. DETROIT

Chrysler now announces a new Imperial "80" body style—the Standard five-passenger Sedan at $2675.

All the superlative performance, which has won the unbounded enthusiasm of thousands of Imperial "80" owners during the past year, with distinctive luxury of upholstery and appointment detail, is thus offered at this price, which instantly makes this car the *one incomparable* value in the finer car field.

The same chassis in every detail of engineering; the same smart design and appearance; the same brilliant mastery of speed and distance assured by its 92 *horsepower* and capacity of *80 miles and more an hour*; the same smooth and inspiring operation; the same relaxed, luxurious riding; the same easeful driving; the same live rubber shock insulation which does away with squeaks and rattles and the annoying need of chassis lubrication.

By one master stroke of manufacturing genius, made possible by the Chrysler plan of Standardized Quality, this new Standard five-passenger Sedan makes available the unique and refreshing qualities of the Chrysler Imperial "80" to that wider group which has desired these virtues. Now, for the first time, in this great closed car value, this wider group is able to satisfy its fullest ideals of the ultimate in motoring enjoyment.

CHRYSLER IMPERIAL "80"

Eight body styles, priced from $2495 to $3595, f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax.

CHRYSLER SALES CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

CHRYSLER MODEL NUMBERS MEAN MILES PER HOUR

(Continued from Page 86)

"Did you?" She couldn't afford to tell him how well she remembered it.

"Yes, I stopped. I thought maybe you'd want to ride. You didn't see me, I suppose. But the first thing I said to myself was, 'She's a thoroughbred. She makes the rest of 'em look like dray horses.'"

Birds were singing in that little magic Eden grown suddenly in her heart. But he had turned to his wheel, for they were again in a crowded highway. How beautifully he drove! His fine car seemed supple under his hands, weaving in and out like a wasp-waisted dancer. Conscience and Common Sense, the plain sisters of Love, came to the fore and cautioned her severely. She had thrown herself at this man, had yielded to a spell. Blake, she knew, was a fine name in Feather Fall. How much would he tell of this unconventional exploit?

She was glad and sorry and dulled a little when he turned his attention to passing objects of interest.

"You've been here a long time, haven't you?" she ventured, after he had shown her distant mansions and talked familiarly of their owners.

"You might call it so." He had become rather reserved and proud. "We came in 1689. One of my grandfathers helped build that old church." With a gloved forefinger he pointed to a gray Colonial steeple showing above the elms. "We've always been good people"—a little arrogantly. "We hold ourselves a darned sight higher than a lot of these newcomers, cluttering up the hills with houses that look like hotels."

Being herself of conservative stock, she admired this in him. She told him of the Pendletons and what they had always stood for in Virginia.

He nodded sagely. "I never brag about it," he confessed. "In fact, I don't think I've mentioned it much before today. But it's pretty fine to know you've belonged to a town for more than two hundred years. It gives you a sort of position."

"It surely does," she agreed; but was desolate when she added, "I'm afraid you'll think us dreadful outsiders."

"I won't," he assured her.

They had stopped now by the aviation field, on and above whose trodden ground many things were going on. Planes were crouching ready for flight, others were roaring up, roaring around, roaring down. She saw it vaguely—heard his explanation of this machine and that. Her mind was whirling, not with what she saw but with the giddying bliss of her own thoughts. This strange young god had poured sweet words into a hungry ear. He had called her beautiful. Dear heaven, how long had it been since she had heard that necessary praise?

Livingston Blake sat very close to her, pointing out the various hangars and saying technical things she didn't care to understand. In the foreground near by a man with a leather helmet stood beside a bright-blue monoplane.

"Hello, Livvy!" cried the aviator, waving his hand.

"Hello, Casey!" shouted Livvy. Then he turned to Sallie with a calm, protective smile. "Want to go up?" he asked.

"In that thing?" Involuntarily she shuddered. Even during the war, when she had lived near an aviation camp, she had detested the thought of flying. But, strangely, today she refused because she knew the roar of the propellers would interrupt that delightful dialogue.

"It's about as safe as motoring," he urged. "But if you're nervous I'll go up with you." He opened the door.

"Thanks so much." It did seem romantic, the thought of hurtling through space beside this calm protector. But she was anxious to be on the road again. The aviator beside his blue plane held up an inviting hand.

"Sure you don't want to?" persisted Livingston Blake, but when she shook her head he passed her signal rather regretfully back to the generous birdman.

"Let's just drive," she said—"and talk."

So on they drove and on they talked. Sallie wasn't listening. He was interested in aviation, that was dimly certain. "Is he interested in me?" was all her thought. They had struck northward, out of the racket, into more wooded country. He had been telling her something technical; the aeroplane industry, he said, was all wrong. Then suddenly he broke off. "I suppose I'm boring you."

"You never do that," she assured him.

"Really?" He brightened. "Some women worry me to death. They seem to want to be entertained, but when I talk they won't listen. It's hard to know what women want."

"You think so?"

"The ones that are worth while. I suppose that's what does it—mystery."

"Would you flatter me by calling me mysterious?" Again she felt the eager prickle in her cheeks.

"Most beautiful things are," he said.

"Oh!" Unutterable delight. But because she was greedy, she asked for more. "Only young girls—just past the schoolgirl age—are foolish enough to try being mysterious."

"If you were that young," he laughed, "you'd be one of those things you don't like—just pretty. I don't think you've been grown up long, at that. But I don't like flappers."

"Doesn't just—just their youngness attract you?"

"No. They get on my nerves, giggling and squealing and throwing cigarette stubs all over my car."

"You don't have to have them in your car"—somewhat murderously spoken.

"Don't I?" But that was all. She had a picture of the Blake family, divided between dull ladies who wanted to be entertained and squealing flappers who threw cigarette stubs; poor, good-humored Livingston, lonely and misunderstood, between them.

"You've got to be a diplomat, haven't you?" she suggested.

"My job's not the easiest in the world." He sighed. Having drawn his car up against a high wood-covered bank, he began filling his pipe—she had urged him to smoke.

"I can't tell you, Miss Pendleton," he said softly, "how much good it's done me to have you ride with me."

"It's done me good too," she admitted recklessly. "I had a feeling the earth was melting away. I don't know what I should have done if you hadn't come along."

"Honestly?" He was leaning over her. Something in his eyes, which had pleased her at first, which pleased her still, caused her to draw away with a nervous laugh.

"I think I'll have to be going back," she murmured, looking at her wrist watch. It was half-past four.

Without a word of protest he threw in the gears, backed into a side road and started the car toward the highway from which they had come. Their return trip was short, confused, as the whole afternoon had been for her. This unknown knight had snatched her suddenly into a fourth dimension, and now obediently he was trundling her back into the prosaic third. Her spirit sank a little to think he had been so tame, had made so little protest when she asked him to take her back.

It was not until they had swung into Feather Fall Boulevard that she sought again to open the subject.

"Mr. Blake," she ventured, "I feel rather guilty, taking you away from your work."

"Oh, but you're not," he protested almost roughly. "I suppose I'm the luckiest man in the district. I could drive you around all day—just—just to look at you."

Her eyes caught his. He was very grave, that was certain; no trace of that mock enthusiasm which the philanderer shuffles like greasy cards. The very tactlessness of his approach disarmed her. And if she could have let him know how grateful to him she was for these two hours of release from a loveless, steadily graying world! It was as though these two hours had pushed the barriers of spinsterhood two years farther into the distance. She sighed, a silly indulgence, and wondered if she had better ask him in to tea; and would he invite her to ride with him again? Already, as one looking through a knot hole, out of a dream into reality, she could see her mother's house swimming toward them down the road.

"I hope you'll ride with me again, Miss Pendleton," he said. Wizard! He had read her thoughts.

"You're awfully nice to ask me, Mr. Blake." Then, stammering and flushing like a milkmaid—"I—I'd love to."

"I'll have plenty of rivals," he said with a sort of rough intensity.

"Do you think so?"—her breath coming quick again.

"I know so."

It was on her lips to say that rivals might come and go, but none could offer her an enchanted afternoon such as this. She was aware of the car's stopping at the horse block in front of her lawn. She might have said something of that which was in her mind; she was never quite sure whether she had spoken the words or merely thought them.

She only knew that she had sat beside him for an instant, irresolute, loath to break the spell. And he had looked so young, so unaware of her pathetic guile.

Then he sprang out, opened the door and helped her to the sidewalk. A freshman embarrassment overcame her. She noticed that he shared her unease, for his hand was half out, as if uncertain whether or not to offer it. She decided the matter by giving him hers, which he held until she withdrew it. "Thank you so much"—rather stiffly.

"Not at all, Miss Pendleton." Was that his best?

Again she wanted to ask him in to tea, but something new in his manner—or was it hers?—raised a constraining barrier.

"I've enjoyed every minute of it," she said with the originality of a rubber stamp.

"So have I, Miss Pendleton"—poor echo.

"Well, good-by then, until"—she was going to say, "until next time." But she didn't like the way he was standing there, hat in hand, merely staring, inviting her to explain something. Nervously she took a step toward the house.

"Ah—Miss Pendleton"—almost beseechingly. She turned and saw him again, hat in hand, pain written across his brow. "There's something else —— Of course, it's been so pleasant and all ——" His complexion had turned to wine color.

She faced him, smiling like a mechanical toy. Had she forgotten something, dropped a purse or a glove? If so, he made no move to restore it; merely a discordant clear of the throat, followed by words that ran slantwise to reason.

"I don't believe you have an account with us, have you, Miss Pendleton?"

Account? What babble was this? Account with what? With Romance & Co.? With some sort of incorporated ——

A pleasant dream, a dipperful of ice water. Sallie's awakened eyes roved toward the beautiful car and saw that which, had she been sane that afternoon, would have been immediately apparent. A little white card—a most refined little white card—artfully printed in red letters: T-A-X-I. She spelled it out carefully, twice. How idiotically blind of her not to have seen that before. Her eyes had not been on the windshield, that was all.

"I—I didn't understand ——" She could have bitten out her tongue for that admission. In the instant's revelation she was asking herself: "What was it I let him say to me? How much did I tell him?" It was quite another man, standing there with an amused grin on his face. Evil sorcery had changed his fine clothes into something shoddy, pretentious.

"How much do I owe you?" she asked with a smile as cold as his.

"Just a little over two hours. Call it six dollars."

Six dollars for a lost illusion? Cheap enough. But as to immediate payment there was a practical difficulty. Sallie Pendleton hadn't six dollars to her name. Her mother, even if she had the cash upon her return from the city—would she yield it without making a scene? She stood fumbling inside her hand bag, still smiling pleasantly, making rapid calculations, like a parachute jumper who has pulled the wrong string.

"Won't you come in and have tea, Mr. Blake?" She had summoned a desperate coquetry at the last ditch.

"Here?" This seemed a new idea to Livingston Blake, who, having come out boldly as a professional, had dropped some of his knightly manners.

"Why, yes. Tea is always comforting at this time of day, don't you think? I should love to have you." She remembered the trouble he had taken to coax her into his taxi.

"Well, that's awfully nice of you, Miss Pendleton," he said awkwardly. "But I've got to be at the golf club by half-past five to pick up a passenger."

"I won't let you miss him." And she felt a wicked delight as he followed her, hat in hand, into the house.

IV

SALLIE herself had given him tea from the silver Pendleton service, standing ready on its table, making gestures of Southern hospitality. With the tea she had included a meal which, although it contained no hot meats, was otherwise geometrically square.

Livingston Blake, his appetite toned by fresh-air occupation, had done himself proud for a full half hour; Sallie, as hostess-waitress, had made a great number of round trips to the pantry, bearing Southern delicacies which Mrs. Pendleton had laid in store for the opening of the Old Shingle Tea Room.

"You know," said Livingston Blake, who had finished four helpings of Virginia ham with beaten biscuits and had laid low a third of a large, soft caramel layer cake, "I usually take my supper early so that I can meet the 6:22. Saturday's an exception, because I have to be at the golf club. We let our other cars go to the train."

"You have a number of cars?" asked Sallie, filling his cup as fast as he emptied it.

"We're the leading taxi concern of this district," replied Livingston Blake, with an air which, now that the veil was lifted, seemed immensely self-satisfied and not heroic at all—you change your angle and you change your view. "Everybody round here knows about the Blake Taxi Service," he explained, chewing. "It's my father's concern. But that car I drive is mine."

"It's beautiful," said she.

"Sure you wouldn't call it just pretty?" he asked. She smiled, hastening to avoid a subject grown distasteful.

A fire was crackling under the old mantel; a chill breeze had arisen, and Sallie had lighted the wood for her guest's benefit. The atmosphere was cozy.

"Don't you love toasted marshmallows?" she asked, noticing that his eyes had wandered lovingly toward a circular box filled with powdered sweets—something of the look he had given her an hour before.

"I don't know." He examined his wrist watch and sighed happily. "I guess I'll have time for one, if it's not too much trouble. You're awfully nice to me, Miss Pendleton."

"Not at all." She didn't want any more of his compliments. She put a marshmallow on a fork, brought it to him, swollen and brown. He winced when it burned his fingers.

"My wife used to do those things," he mused.

"Oh! So you're married."

"Twice," said Livingston Blake, and waited for the second marshmallow which she turned at the flame, slowly, like a medieval torturer. How much had she said to him this afternoon? What had she allowed him to think of her? He took the

(Continued on Page 93)

for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET

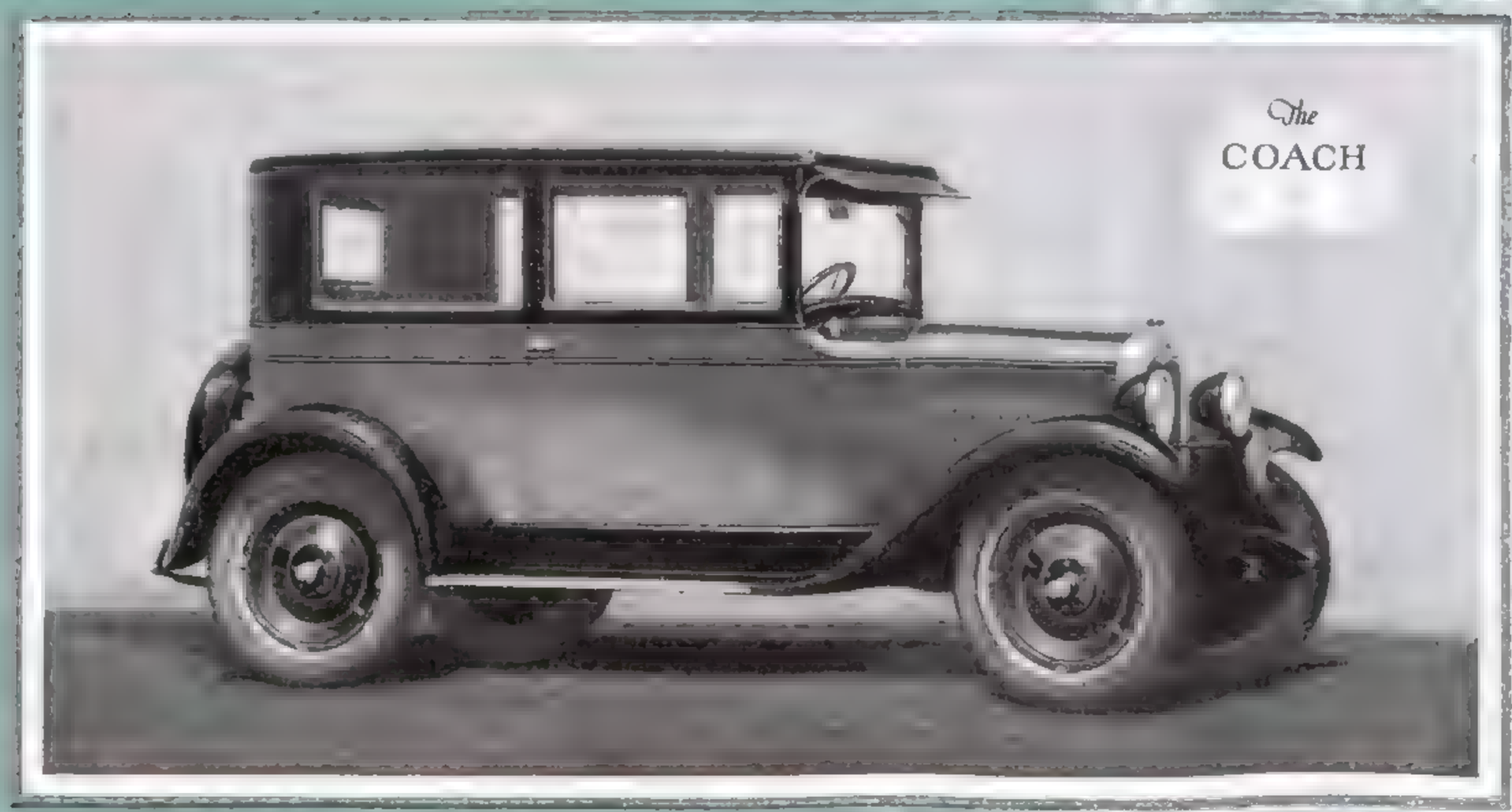
The Most Beautiful CHEVROLET *in Chevrolet History*

THE Most Beautiful Chevrolet in Chevrolet History is the most outstanding triumph ever achieved in the production of low-priced automobiles. Every model offers qualities of elegance, individuality and smartness that you would expect to find only in cars costing thousands of dollars more. Every model is mechanically finer as a result of a host of improvements, such as a new AC oil filter, AC air cleaner, new heavy full-crown fenders, co-incidental ignition and steering lock, automatic stoplight, rear-vision mirror, large 17-inch steering wheel, convenient remote control, door handles, and balloon tires with steel disc wheels. Chevrolet dealers are now holding special showings of these beautiful new models and you are urged to visit the dealer near you and see them.

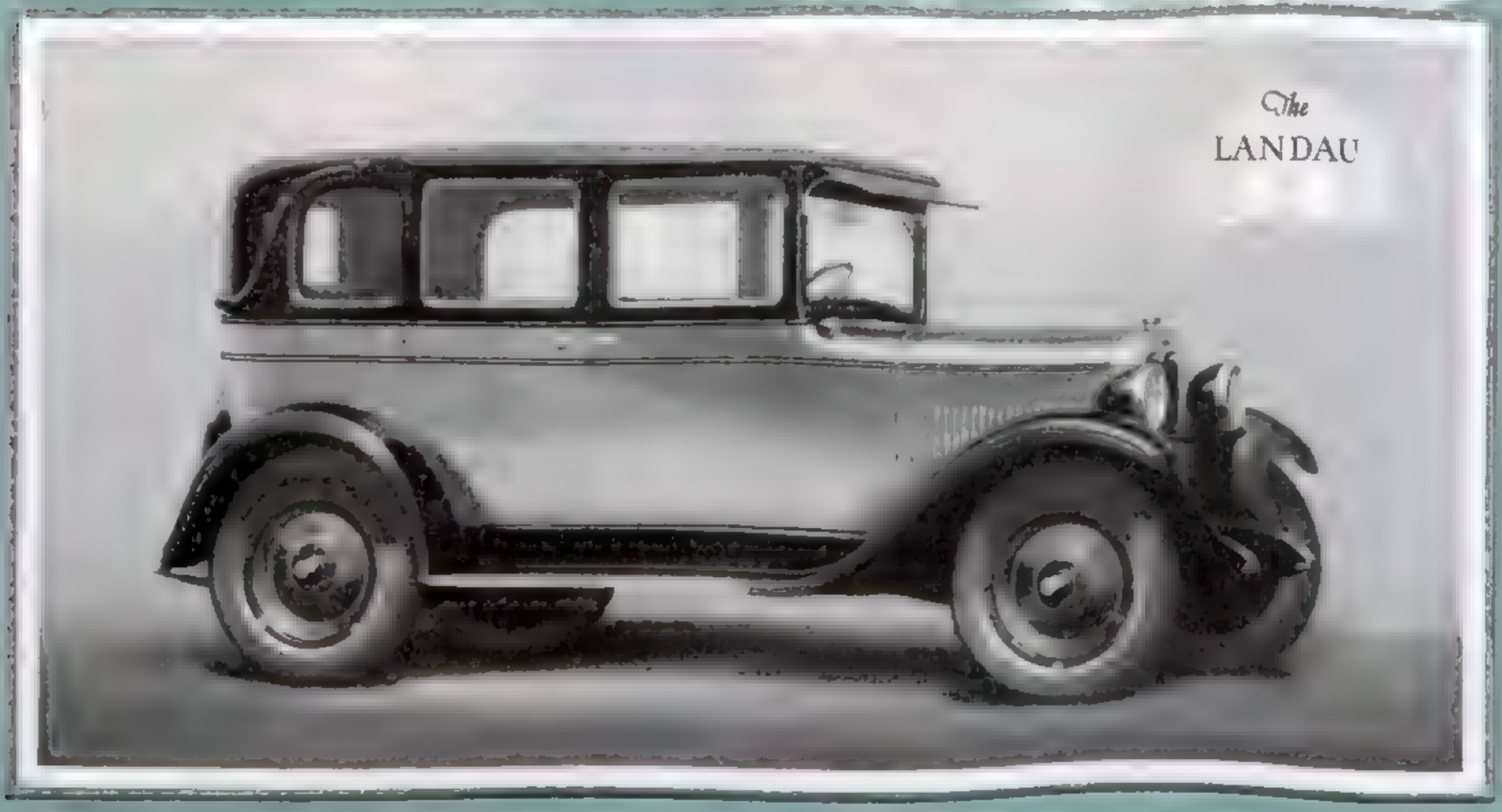
CHEVROLET MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

QUALITY AT LOW COST

The Most Beautiful Che



This car offers a marvelous combination of distinctive beauty and spacious comfort. The body by Fisher is finished in beautiful St. James gray Duco, handsomely striped, with upholstery in a fine material of attractive green. All four windows can be raised or lowered with quick-action Ternstedt window regulators. This is unquestionably the world's greatest closed-car value.



In this aristocrat of low-priced cars has been achieved a marked note of elegance. It is beautifully finished in Duco, with the lower panels and hood in Beige brown, striped with chrome yellow —upper panels in black, with a beautiful brown moulding around the windows—and brown plush upholstery. All windows may be lowered. There is custom-built distinction to this fine Fisher body.

CHEVR

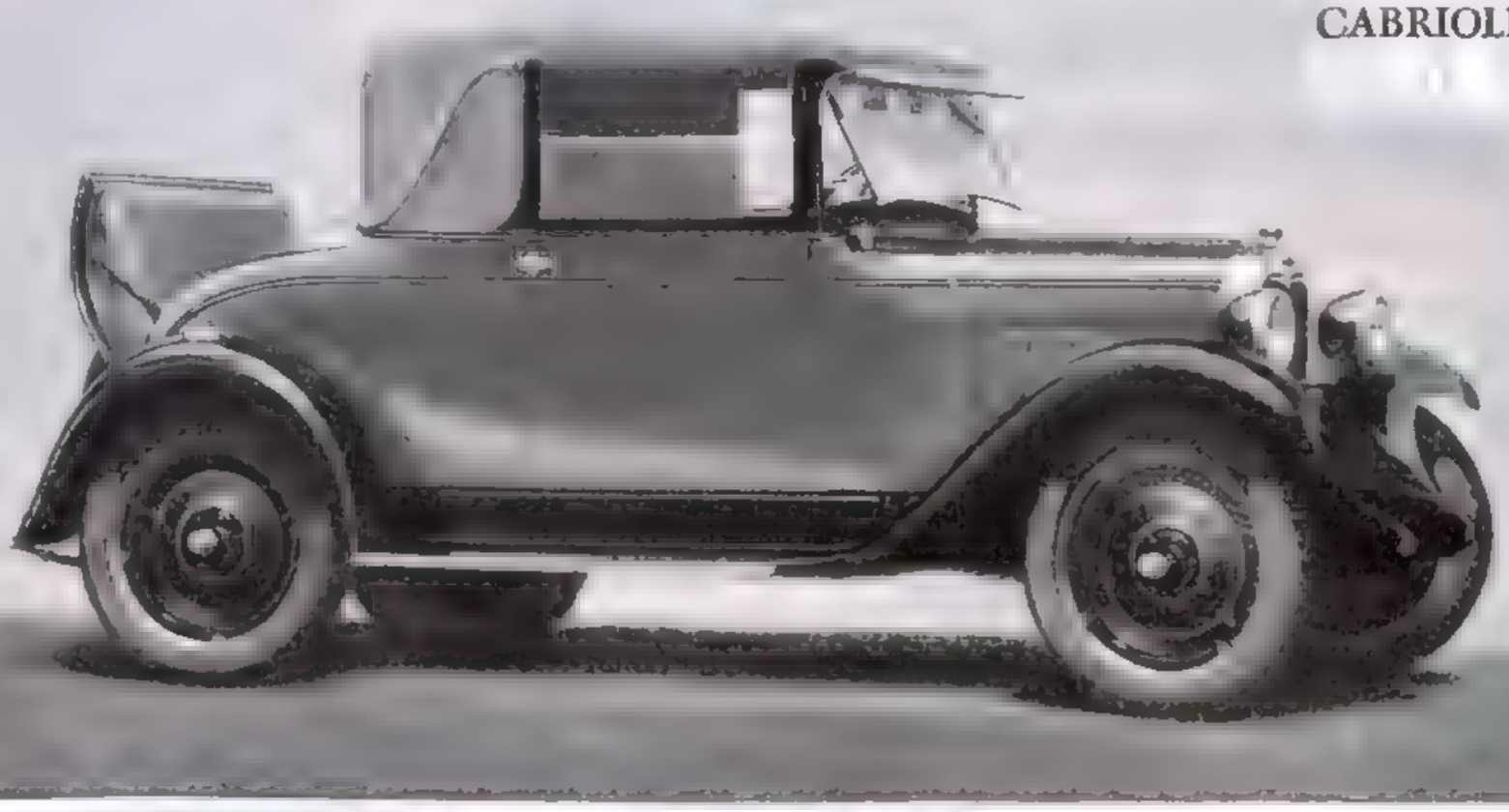
for Economic

NO

For your conv
this 4-page Ca
reference.

evrolet *in Chevrolet History*

The Sport
CABRIOLET



This is a strikingly beautiful rakish two and four passenger Sport Cabriolet with spacious rumble seat. It has a Fisher body of marked individuality finished in Royal Oak green Duco, tan whip-cord top and tan upholstery of genuine grain leather, Landau irons, windshield frame, automatic wiper, door sills, and window sashes brilliantly and durably nickeled.

The
SEDAN

A beautiful example of fine car building, this Fisher Body Sedan has lower panels and hood finished in handsome Marine blue Duco with gold striping—upper panels in black, with Marine blue moulding around the windows. The fine, durable upholstery is of handsome blue material over deep cushion springs. It easily seats five passengers in comfort.

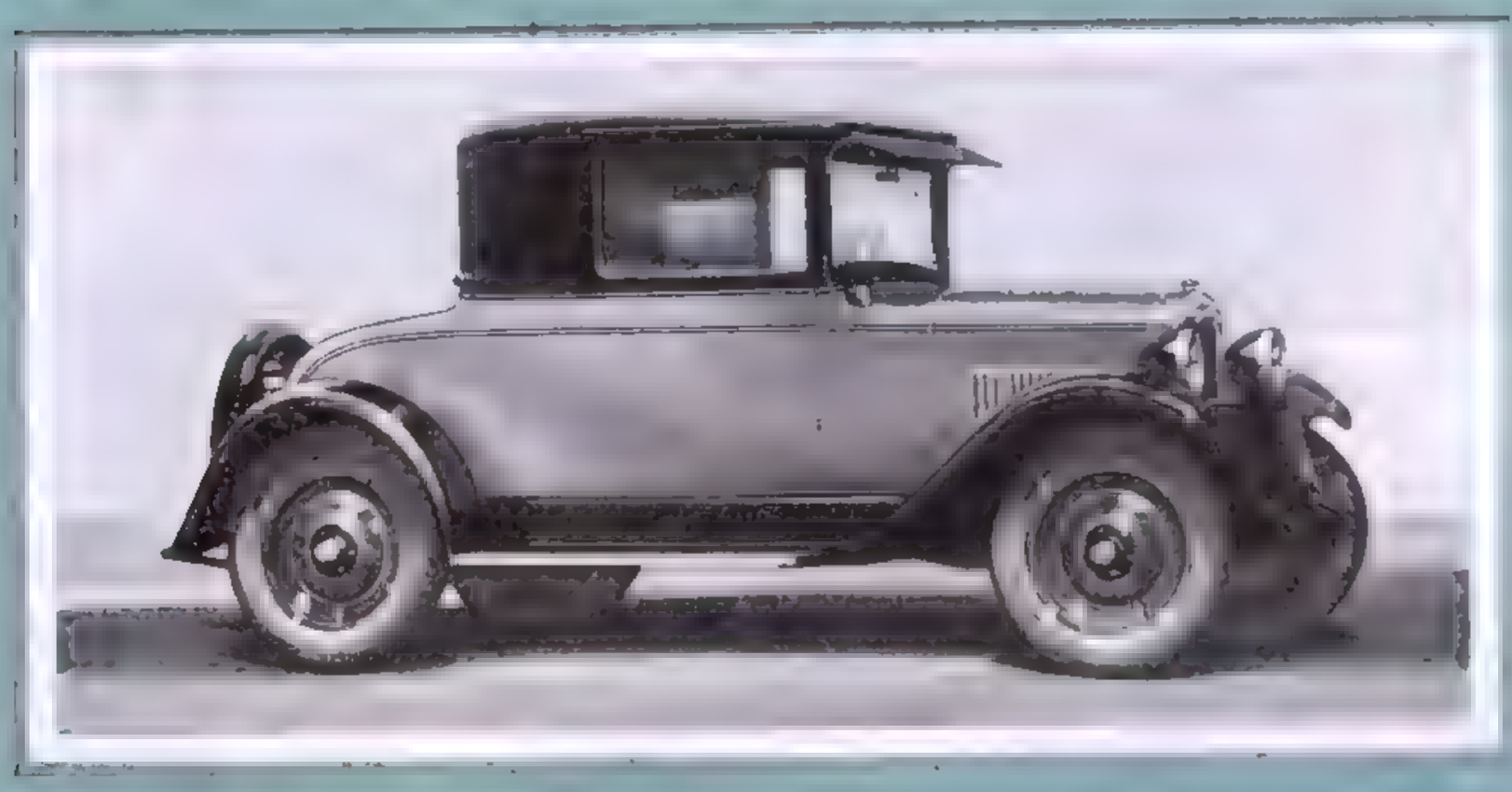
ROLET

Transportation

TE:

ience preserve
ogue for future

The Most Beautiful Chevrolet in Chevrolet History



The COUPE

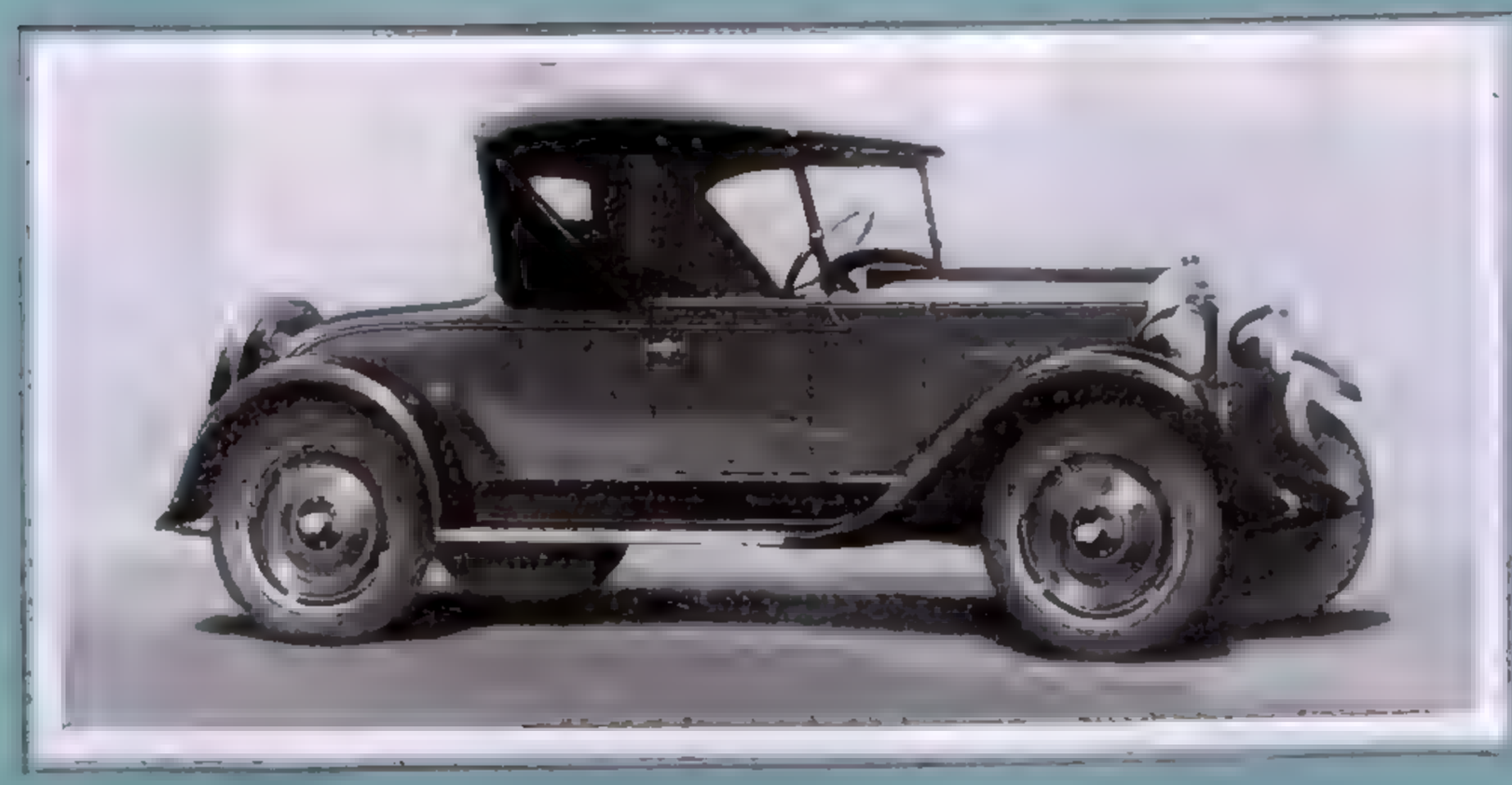
This fine car has a strikingly beautiful Fisher body with lower panels and hood finished in Beige brown Duco striped in chrome yellow. Upper panels are in black with brown moulding around windows. The upholstery is of fine quality durable blue material. At the rear is a very large watertight compartment affording abundant room for all sorts of luggage, grips, etc.

CHEVROLET

The TOURING CAR

This fine Touring Car has long, low, graceful lines emphasized by streamline moulding striped to contrast with the beautiful body finished in Falmouth gray Duco. Five people can ride in comfort on its deep, full-cushioned seats. It is equipped with carefully tailored side curtains that open with the doors. As illustrated, balloon tires and steel disc wheels are standard equipment.

CHEVROLET



The ROADSTER

Racy, full streamlines accentuated by a full-length bead moulding provide in this car a Roadster of smart, dashing appearance. It is finished in a beautiful Falmouth gray Duco. Carefully fitted curtains open with the doors. It has a deep, roomy rear compartment with watertight cover. Balloon tires and steel disc wheels are standard. The finest Roadster ever offered at low price.

CHEVROLET

QUALITY AT LOW COST

(Continued from Page 88)

second marshmallow, she thought, with the air of a conqueror accepting his due.

"I'm afraid you'll have to hurry now, Mr. Blake, to meet your passenger," she suggested.

"I guess so." He consulted his watch. "You gave me such a good time, Miss Pendleton, that I'd like to fool around forever."

"None of us can afford to do that," she reminded him rather crisply.

"I guess not."

She gave him his hat, "And I do hope you've enjoyed your tea, Mr. Blake."

"Never had a better meal in my life."

"Well, good afternoon. And you must come again."

"Thanks." But he wasn't going so easily. His expression had become sinister, she thought, as he shuffled nearer and asked, "How 'bout that buggy ride, Miss Pendleton? Do you want to pay now, or," looking around the room, calculating its value, "shall we send you a bill?"

"How stupid of me!"

Trippingly, daintily, Sallie went over to a desk by the fire, snatched at a pen, spoiled three sheets of her mother's stationery, and was so long making the figures come out right that her peculiar guest cleared his throat gustily. She was trembling a little when she brought the paper over.

"You'd better see if I've added it right," she suggested, peering across his shoulder to reread the scribbled page:

To Old Shingle Tea Room, Dr.:

To 5 cups tea	$1 25
To 4 portions Virginia ham	2 00
To beaten biscuits	40
To 3 double portions cake	1 40
To 2 hand-toasted marshmallows	50
To cover charge	40
	$6 00

"In the first place," said Livingston Blake, with a peculiar gentleness, as he looked over the figures, "you've added it up wrong. This ought to be six dollars and five cents."

"Oh, I made a mistake in the cover charge," she said nervously. "It should have been thirty-five."

"Cover charge? What's that?" His eyes—they were handsome—opened wide, innocent.

"Why, that's something the restaurants put in to make the bill come out right."

Livingston Blake glared nervously over his shoulder, expecting ambush; then again he scanned Sallie's inaccurate bill.

"Say, what kind of a dump is this?" he mumbled.

"A tea room, Mr. Blake."

"Tea room?" She might have mentioned the chopping block in London Tower, so macabre was his air. "Say, Miss Pendleton, I don't understand this game. I mean, I don't. I'd love to give buggy rides to everybody I like, but I can't afford it."

"That's just the way I feel about tea," she explained, ever so pleasantly.

"But that's different." He paused for an argument. "You know, I didn't ask to come into your what-you-call-it—tea room. How did I know you were charging me for the eats?"

"How did I know you were charging me for the ride when you were so sweet about it?"

That seemed to hold him for an instant, then he discovered his argument. "Why didn't you look at the card on my windshield? It says Taxi."

He was so patient with her that she was of a mind to yield, acknowledge his bill, let it go at that. But somebody had to pay for that cruel stab to her pride. She was resolved to give nothing for nothing, grudgingly.

"I did overlook your sign," she allowed. "But maybe you haven't seen mine. It's on a corner of the house. It says Tea Room."

"Is that so?" He walked out of the front door, leaving it open, went over to the corner indicated, examined the little sign and came back. His pale complexion had deepened, but his smile was wide, if a little embarrassed.

"Well," he said, "it pays to advertise. I guess you and I are in the same boat, Miss Pendleton. We ought to get bigger, brighter signs that would tell the world. Anyhow, you can take care of yourself all right." There was good nature in his tone, humor, and out of the snapping corner of his eye an admiration which touched her to the quick.

"Thank you." Somehow his generosity was taking the wind out of her sails.

"And say," there was something brotherly in the way he took her hand and tapped her shoulder with a long forefinger, "it's lucky you didn't take that airplane ride with Casey when he asked you. He charges ten dollars a trip—and you can't pay him off with tea." So with a wink and a queer, wise grin, Livingston Blake turned and swung down the path.

"The boy's a good loser," she thought; "a better loser than I. But I couldn't tell him how poor we are, how we owe for every stick in this concern. But maybe he's in the same fix as we are. Maybe he's working hard to pay for that fine car he's swaggering around in."

She wanted to call after him, but already he was at the wheel, driving away. Despite his country-gentlemanly air as he poked his knobby pipe between his teeth, six dollars' worth of tea sat rather heavily upon him. For he was, as Sallie had surmised, paying for his new car on the installment plan.

V

She let it grow dusk, and wanted just to sit there before the vain fire, so vainly lighted, which now flickered into coals between the high brass dogs. Crouched on a low stool, she let her eyes dream among the uncertain flames.

The farcical side of her adventure caused her to laugh bleakly at first. Now she had settled down to the complete solemnity of the situation. She had thrown herself into the lap of a passing taxi man. What had she meant to him? A fare—and that she had refused to pay. Her stubbornness was beginning to weaken. She couldn't let it go like that. She'd send him a check sometime if she ever got the money. It had cost her six dollars.

Well, six dollars isn't much for a theater ticket, as prices go nowadays. And it had been a good show—horribly disappointing in the last act, perhaps; but the first two had fooled her with their charm. She had made three wishes; a young man, a beautiful car and flattery—lots and lots of flattery; easy, mellow flattery of the sort she could have any evening at Saintsburg from men who hung on, heaven knows why, and bored her to extinction.

Flattery, flattery, flattery. During this silent half hour with herself Sallie began to realize what she had done to her life—just loitered in a hammock, nibbling pretty words. Men didn't tell her that her handsome nose was sharpening, that the years were spinning cobwebs at the corners of her famous eyes. She had thought herself too good for Ben Marsh, sent him to Brazil. Then she had gone along, year in and year out, playing the shallow game of fool yourself. Well, today she had invented the supreme practical joke on Sallie Pendleton. She laughed again to think how Livingston Blake had looked when she presented her bill. But laughing did no good. It merely smarted where her pride had been striped publicly by a cat-o'-nine-tails.

The doorbell rang. Scrambling to her feet, she thought of her mother coming back, belated, from a day's bargaining. Instinctive caution, however, caused her to peer through a crack in the drawn shades and see something which added nothing to her ease. A long-nosed sedan, its dimmers on, stood by the old horse block in front. Even in the twilight, she recognized Livingston Blake's car. Why had he come back? Had he changed his mind, decided to collect his fee for an afternoon's romance?

Her heart was beating fiercely when, again to her surprise, she saw the machine draw slowly from the curb, turn and disappear down the street. Once more the bell sounded. Still frightened, she switched on the lights and opened the door. Ben Marsh, looking stout and solid in a blue suit, stood framed in darkness.

"Well, Sallie!" he puffed, and took both her hands in his. "Is this the way you run a tea house?"

"Just about," she said wanly.

"Lights out, nobody home. I thought you'd gone to bed."

"I was just saving electricity." When, with a certain assurance, he walked in and put down his hat, she remembered that she had forgotten her manners.

"Won't you have tea, Ben?" she asked. "It's a little late, but ——"

"No, thanks, Sallie." He looked at the cluttered tea table and remarked, "I see you're through."

"Oh, I've had a customer."

"No! Get paid for it?"

"Oh, yes"—faintly. "Paid twice, at least."

"Well, I'll take back everything I've said. We Virginians are scrappers, aren't we, when you get us cornered?" He lighted a cigarette, and as the smoke seeped from his big eupeptic face she had a feeling of his power and his kindness.

"You know," he chuckled, "I came here earlier this afternoon."

"When?"

"About three. Nothing stirring on the place, so I yielded to temptation and played a round of golf. Course is still pretty wet. And say," he thumped a fat knee, "you're getting a lot of free advertising around here."

"Really, Ben?" This brought her up with a shock.

"Yep. Taxi man that drove me over from the club says you're going to make a million dollars if you don't weaken."

"Honest merit wins," she almost whispered.

He looked at her keenly an instant through his spectacles. "What's matter, Sallie?" he asked suddenly.

"Matter?"

"You've been crying."

"That's nothing. Girls do, you know. And I'm still a girl, I reckon, in spite of the years."

"Don't be foolish," he cautioned. Then, clearing his throat—"Sallie, I don't want to see you doing this. I didn't think you could get away with it, but now I see you can. That isn't it. It's just the idea of your attempting something you're not used to. It's just criminal for us to go on like this. We've done a powerful lot for shallow pride already." Her head was bowed, so he asked gently, "Sallie, am I talking too much like an old coffee merchant?"

"No, Ben." But she didn't look up.

"I think we can gather the pieces now, Sallie, and put them together again"—all in his kind, level voice. Suddenly she looked into his face and saw the love there; something glowing through that seemed to give him beauty; but not the beauty of the young Ben she had adored.

"I know we can, Ben," she whispered, "if you'll have me now."

"Do you really mean that, Sallie?" He had risen and was standing over her.

"Take me," she implored brokenly, "and you'll know."

Her arms around his neck, she felt a comfort in his solidity. No nonsense about him, no flourishes. "He wants me because he can't help it. Just honest love. That's what it ought to be."

"Sallie," he was mumbling in her ear, "I don't seem to be able to say the nice things I used to. I know I've changed. But I've never cared for anybody else. You're so beau——"

She put her hand across his mouth. "Don't tell me I'm beautiful," she implored almost shrilly. "Say I'm honest, say I'll do anything in the world for you; but don't ever, ever call me beautiful." And because his look was full of questions, she explained, "I've heard so much of that stuff."

WESTONIZE Your Radio

Once WESTON Equipped—No Radio Owner Would Think of Operating Without!

THOUSANDS of Weston enthusiasts using every make of radio receiver *know* the excellent set performance, operating economy, unalloyed radio pleasure given by a Weston voltmeter.

Manufacturers of advanced types of receivers, knowing the importance of proper electrical control, either mount a Weston panel Voltmeter or provide filament-jacks to receive the "pin-jack" type. Radiola, Victor, Brunswick-Balke, and Bosch choose the latter method.

MODEL 506 "Pin-Jack" Voltmeter, at seven and a half dollars, saves many times its cost by saving unnecessary tube and battery expense. It plugs directly into the filament—jacks on these quality sets, or—if your receiver is not already equipped for voltmeter control, pin-jacks are enclosed with your Weston Voltmeter,—easy to install.

MODEL 506 "Convertible" Pin-Jack Voltmeter is a unique combination of the "Pin-Jack" Voltmeter with the Weston High Range Stand. By simply removing the voltmeter from the filament jacks and plugging it into the High Range Stand you have another instrument to measure Battery voltages and locate circuit troubles. Only ten dollars!

ASK your Radio Dealer for a copy of the interesting free booklet "Weston Radio Instruments" or let us send you one. You can Westonize your set for performance, economy, pleasure, at a moderate cost.

WESTON ELECTRICAL INSTRUMENT CORPORATION
Weston Avenue, Newark, N. J.

STANDARD THE WORLD OVER

WESTON

Pioneers since 1888

Super-moist Bubbles

why they make shaving easier, quicker

Each whisker is softened scientifically at the base—right where the razor work is done

Your razor does its work at the base of your beard, not at the surface. In order to soak whiskers soft and pliable right where the cutting is done, your lather must hold an abundance of water, in contact with the bottom of each hair.

For science asserts it is the water which the lather holds that really softens whiskers.

Colgate chemists have created a super-moist lather. This lather goes deep down to the bottom of each whisker. If you look at the lather pictures on the right, you will see proof. Note the amazing smallness of the Colgate bubbles. See how compact they are—how closely they nestle to the base of each hair. That's the reason this modern cream gives shaving comfort hitherto unknown.

ORDINARY LATHER

This lather-picture (greatly magnified) of ordinary shaving cream shows how large air-filled bubbles fail to get down to the base of the beard; and how they hold air, instead of water, against the whiskers.

COLGATE LATHER

This lather-picture of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream shows how the tiny moisture-laden bubbles penetrate deep down to the bottom of every hair, holding water, not air, against the base of the beard and softening it right where the razor works.

How Colgate Lather Works

The moment Colgate lather forms on your beard, two things happen:

(1) The soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair, and floats it away.

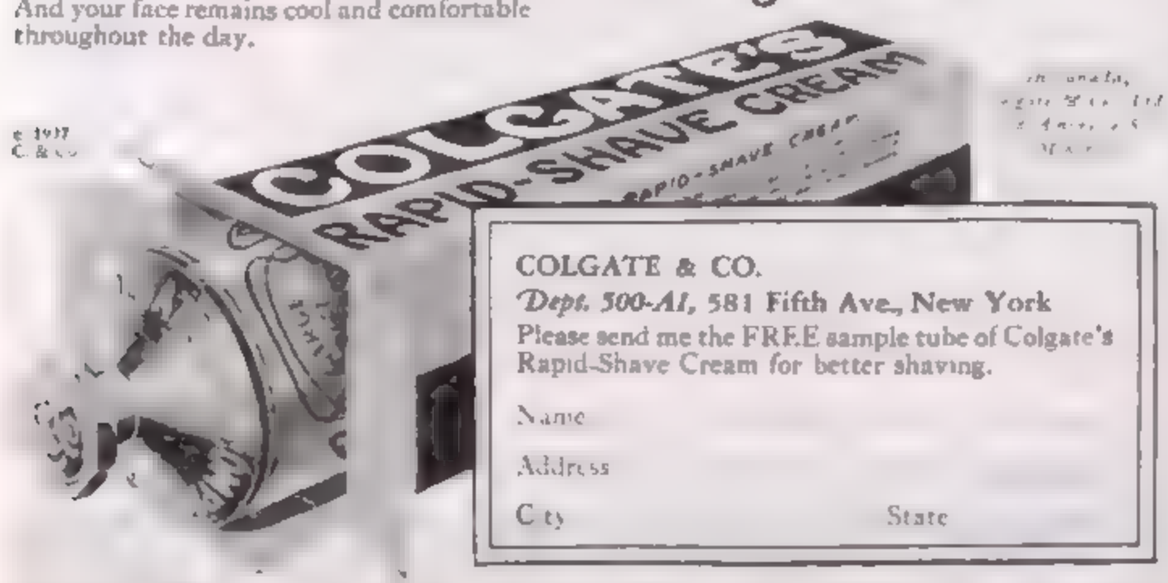
(2) With the oil film gone, millions of tiny water-saturated bubbles bring and hold an abundance of water down to the base of the beard, right where the razor does its work.

Because your beard is properly softened at its base, your razor works easily and quickly. The keen blade glides smoothly *through* the toughest whiskers—not over them. Every hair is cut close and clean. And your face remains cool and comfortable throughout the day.

A Week's Better Shaves—FREE

Once you try this unique "small-bubble" lather, you will never go back to ordinary shaving methods. Prove this for yourself at our expense. Just clip the coupon. We will send you a generous trial-size tube—free.

Colgate & Co.
Est. 1806
NEW YORK



COLGATE & CO.
Dept. 500-AI, 581 Fifth Ave., New York
Please send me the FREE sample tube of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream for better shaving.

Name

Address

City State

SOFTENS THE BEARD AT THE BASE

THE AMERICANS ARRIVE

(Continued from Page 21)

"And how deep is the water?" asked Mr. Brace

"No one knows exactly," answered the prince.

Penelope shook her head. "I don't think I will be lowered down into that," she said, and everyone laughed.

No one protested when it was time to return to the upper levels of the castle, except the child, who observed that she had been promised that she could search for the treasure.

"Tomorrow," said the princess.

"Oh, tomorrow we must be going," answered Mr. Brace. They were on their way up the main staircase as he spoke and the princess protested that it was a very short visit; that if they could not stay now they must return on their way home. She was thinking that one must be civil. But her civility gave her son a second. He drew Clara back so that a right-angled turn in the stair hid them.

"If you go tomorrow," he whispered, "I shall go with you."

"No, Ferdinand," she whispered back, shaking her head with a slow portentous rhythm. "No, I have come to a resolution." But she was not able to announce her resolution, or even to keep on wagging her head, for her moving lips were held by a kiss, and to her surprise her resolution melted utterly away as if she had never taken it: the work of a second.

"Ferdinand," called his mother's voice, alarmingly near, "where are you? The child is demanding a pickax."

Ferdinand leaped gayly round the corner, declaring that the child should have one after luncheon. Miss Wellesley followed in a more dignified manner, mounting with a leisurely grace from step to step. "Who could suspect so decorous a young person of being kissed in corners?" The princess asked herself this question and thought: "But I do suspect her, and perhaps I am a bad-minded old European."

The tour of inspection was over presently, and the princess explained that some neighbors were coming to luncheon—the Liensterbergs. Nothing made the situation clearer to her than the glance that Clara and Ferdinand exchanged. Clara's eyes said "Oh, so I'm to see the girl, am I?" and Ferdinand's replied, "Well, it wasn't my doing."

"Such a pretty girl," said the princess, watching Clara. Clara's chin rose about an inch.

Her first thought when the Liensterbergs—father and daughter—entered was that she was not pretty. A large, blond, healthy, fresh-colored lump of a girl, Clara thought, and then almost instantly began to alter her opinion. There was something charming about her; something essentially gentle in her way of speaking, a lovely deep voice, a wonderful enunciation—"what l's," Clara thought. She was shy, but without trace of awkwardness—like a well-bred, highly trained animal which is afraid and yet goes without hesitation about its recognized task. So the young countess was clearly afraid of all these great people, without hesitating to speak to them just as she had been taught to do.

Clara found herself hoping that Penelope would behave herself; would avoid too hideous contrasts with this older ideal of feminine youth. It was a mad hope.

The trouble began with the count; he was a small blond round-about little man. He detested Americans, although he had known hardly any. He detested them from several points of view. As a patriot he considered them responsible for the ruin of his country. His patriotism was involved with an even deeper emotion—his class feeling—and he hated America not only for setting the original example of republicanism, but for being gay and successful and luring away so many of his old friends and equals. The idea that Ferdinand—his probable son-in-law—had gone off to this place of rioting vulgarity, had not only enjoyed it but had actually brought back some of his fellow rioters, was an idea at once revolting and irritating to the old count. It had needed some persuasion on the part of his daughter to bring him today. He came in the calm black conviction that he would find additional material for hatred

Not but what his manners were excellent. He sprang to pick up Mrs. Brace's handkerchief and was the first to offer Mr. Brace a cigarette from his case, but he never addressed them of his own initiative, and if they spoke to him he looked, not at them but at a point about five inches away from their ears.

At the luncheon table Ferdinand began talking simply and nicely to the girl, with a simplicity he would not have stooped to use in talking with Penelope. Her father had just given her a new Italian car. Ferdinand asked if she were going to become a "speed queen." Countess Anna received the question with restrained delight. She looked round the table, beaming.

"I do not know what that is," she said.

The princess chuckled. "I will explain. A speed queen is American for a lady who drives too fast. Is not that right, Ferdinand? I learn American," she added in explanation to the count.

"Pray don't," said the count.

This was too much for Penelope, who had already felt the hostility toward her native land in the air. She leaned forward, and addressing the count directly, she said, "Did you ever stop to think that the United States is older than any of the governments of Europe?"

The count merely laughed, or rather emitted a faint sound like the whinny of a horse.

"Hear the child," said the princess, trying to be friendly.

"Oh, since the war!" Ferdinand began.

"Before the war," Penelope replied relentlessly, and she began to enumerate. "France changed her government in 1870; Germany, of course, changed hers in the same year; Spain had a republic not so long ago; United Italy ——"

Everyone was very much astonished. The princess and Ferdinand were amused, the Braces were embarrassed, and the count was deeply annoyed. He bent his regard upon Penelope's spectacles and said bitterly, "If you are so much older than we are, we must come to you, I suppose, for lessons in government and taste and art and manners."

"Well, why not?" returned Penelope almost sternly.

The Braces, experiencing the martyrdom of most American parents in finding that they cannot build up the great free personalities of their children in the home and count on their being docile little nonentities in public, began to murmur "Penelope!" in various keys. But Clara suddenly felt an immense necessity for ranging herself on the side of Penelope and her native land.

"I think," she said gently, and yet with an undercurrent of force—"I think the difference in our idea of good manners and yours over here is that we don't think any manners good, no matter how polished, unless some real kindness of heart lies behind, and here you don't care how much kindness there is, unless it is polished on the surface."

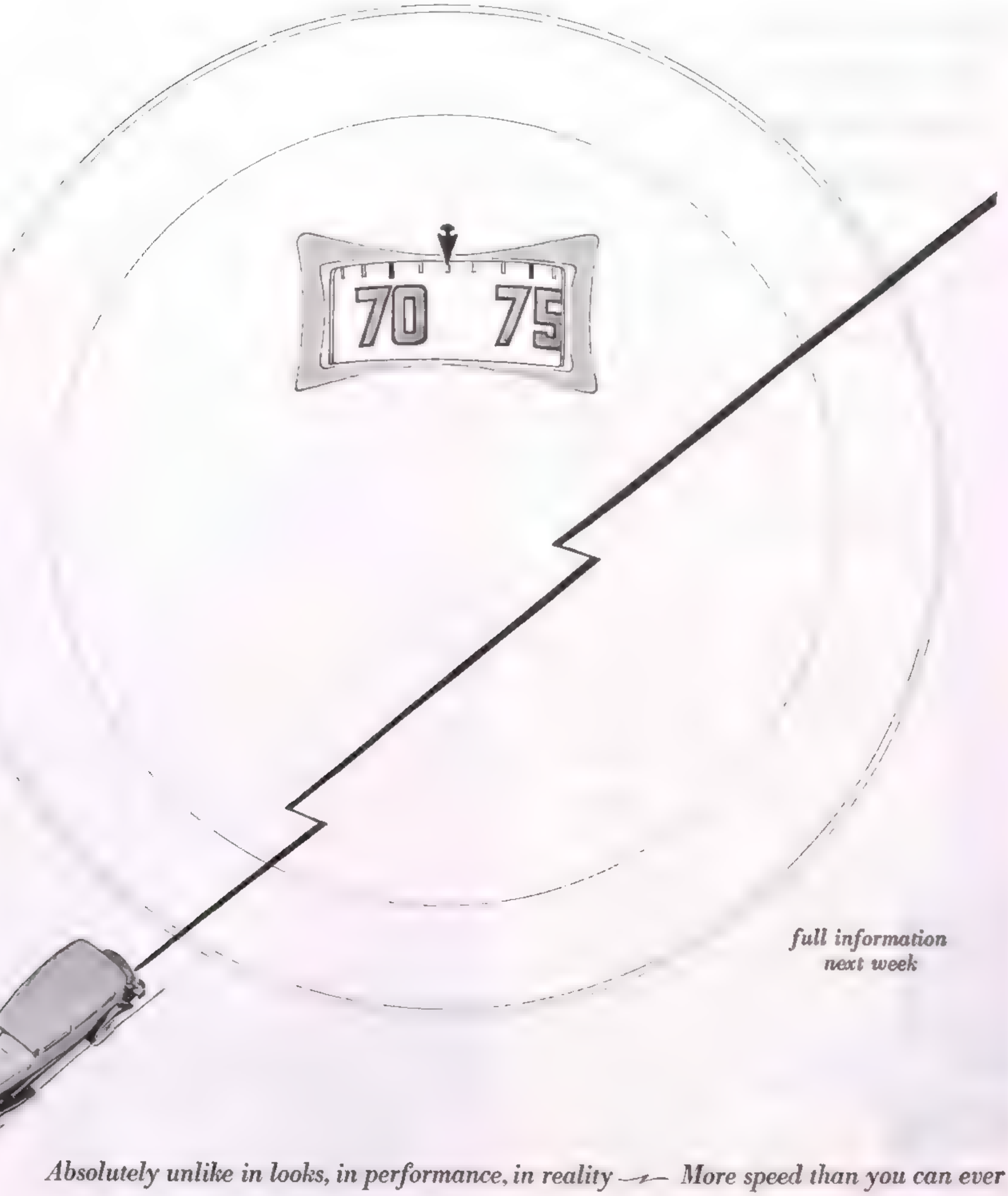
The count merely averted his eyes from the speaker.

"It is true," said Ferdinand. "In America everyone is kind."

"To princes," said the count softly, running his eye along the ceiling

The little countess remarked that she would like to go to America. Her father turned on her and said that she talked like all his servants. They all wanted to go to America. At this everyone—everyone, that is, interested in peace and quiet rushed

Continued on Page 95



full information next week

Absolutely unlike in looks, in performance, in reality — More speed than you can ever use; traffic agility beyond belief — Perfectly indifferent to "chuck-holes" or bad stretches at any speed. Luxuriously roomy — Eight cylinders in line — 20 miles or more on a gallon of gas — The car of the year — Prices, $1795 to $1995 — Marmon Motor Car Co., Indianapolis

The little MARMON

AMERICA'S FIRST TRULY FINE SMALL CAR

Doctor Recommends This Tobacco to Pipe-Smoking Patients

His own happy experience with this particular tobacco led him to recommend it to others

There seems to be an unwritten law among pipe-smokers. When one man discovers a way to get more enjoyment out of his pipe, he feels obligated to tell the "pipe-smoking fraternity" about it.

So it is not surprising that when Doctor Gardiner of Florida found a tobacco that really enabled him to enjoy a pipe for the first time, he made a point of recommending it to all his pipe-smoking patients.

You'll find his letter interesting.

Larus & Bro. Co.,
Richmond, Va.

Dear Sirs:

No harm done, I hope, if I feel like I want to say a word of praise for Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed.

I have tried many kinds of tobacco in a pipe, but until I got to smoking Edgeworth I never really enjoyed a pipe.

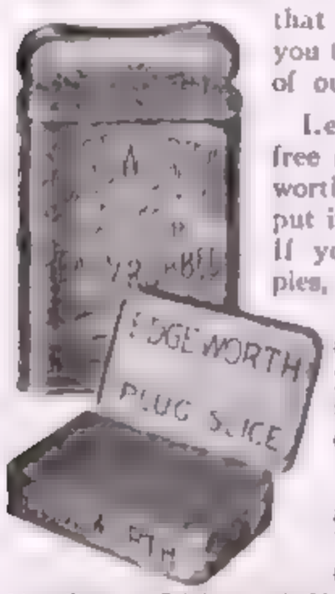
Frequently I say to patients who must smoke: "If you're going to smoke your pipe, use Edgeworth."

I like it and recommend it whole-heartedly to anyone who enjoys smoking.

Yours truly,
W. D. Gardiner, D. O.

There seems to be something about Edgeworth that gives a degree of smoking satisfaction that a man simply can't keep secret. He wants to "tell the world" about it—once he has discovered it for himself.

Of course, until you try Edgeworth, you won't know what this "something" is. For that reason we invite you to take advantage of our standing offer.



Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality.

Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 1-N S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va.—the Edgeworth Station. Wave length 256 meters.

(Continued from Page 94)

toward the topic of Leopold and his wish to emigrate. It was safe and mildly interesting, although the count did contrive to inject a little poison into the discussion by observing, when Mr. Brace spoke of the difficulty of getting into the United States under the new laws, that it did not seem to him democratic to keep out servants and let in princes.

Mr. Brace did not feel inclined to discuss the difference between a resident and a tourist with so hostile a critic as the count, and went on: "I believe that if I took him on as my servant I could get him in without any trouble—that is, if you approve."

"But I do not approve," answered the princess. "I think he is crazy. I think he will be wretched and starve. He has nothing to live on but his pension."

"I understand he has saved money."

"He has not," said the princess very positively.

Clara saw that the child was listening with the corners of her mouth hardened. "Remind me to tell you something," she observed to her governess. Clara nodded.

After luncheon the party broke up into little groups. Mr. Brace took the opportunity of extracting from the elder prince the names and addresses of all the good antique dealers between the castle and Florence. Ferdinand continued to tease the Countess Anna about not knowing her right hand from her left—a distinction which it appeared she had always found difficult. The count and the princess sat down where she could scold him and he could question her as to who these people were without being overheard, while Clara, followed by nothing but Ferdinand's eyes, led Penelope out on the terrace.

"Do you know what I think?" said the child as soon as they were alone. "I think the reason why Leopold wants to get to America is that he has found the old treasure and wants to sell it."

"Oh, Penelope," said Clara. "But why did you say that about the governments of Europe? Children don't talk like that over here."

"They do at home," said the child, "and I can't be different in different places."

Clara looked at her and smiled. "You certainly had a Puritan ancestry," she observed.

"As a matter of fact," said the child, "no one was rude except the old count," and she added, with one of her rare smiles: "People talk about old-fashioned courtesy. There's old-fashioned discourtesy too, isn't there?"

Presently Penelope went in to find her mother, and Clara sat on, looking out over the valley, with its full gray river, appearing and disappearing in endless curves. This luncheon had done more to separate her from Ferdinand than any of their innumerable partings. He had suddenly become a member of an alien, almost a hostile tribe. The difference between the civilization of Europe and America seemed to her unbridgeable, untranslatable, a great gulf fixed. She did not want to decide which was better. She was of one and he of the other. The only happy international marriages were those where one or the other gave up and molded his or her whole character into the nationality of the other. If she had had a fortune she would have given it to Ferdinand and attempted to make herself over in the image of the princess. Would that have been happiness? Would not there have come moments when she would have died of homesickness for the careless spendthrift candid youth of her own country? This castle, noble and yet now without any real function, this fortress, so separated from the people of the fertile plain, seemed to her a symbol of a waning aristocracy. In America the idea of being a princess had been a gay, an amusing, a delightful idea, like a prolonged masquerade; but now she seemed to see herself a prisoner on this hilltop, imprisoned by conventions with which she had no real sympathy, by duties whose importance she did not concede, with an alien husband, alien children.

She looked up, and Ferdinand was standing beside her, and again with the most shocking rapidity her whole mood changed, and it seemed to her that everyone in the world was a foreigner to her except him.

"At last," he said. "What a hideous day; not a moment together!" He sat down beside her, and as so often happens to people who have been craving an opportunity to talk, they sat in complete silence. The light was beginning to fade, the air was very still, the cows were going home and bells tinkled far away by the river.

"I have made up my mind just what I should do," he went on presently. "While you are in Florence I shall stay here with my parents, arranging things for them as much as I can. Then when you sail I shall go too. We shall be married as soon as we arrive, and I will get a job in New York."

Even in her own ears her voice sounded undecided as she answered, "No, Ferdinand. You couldn't. You would be wretched. You would have to work so hard for so little. It isn't easy to make a living at home, in spite of what everyone says; especially for a foreigner."

"I would become an American citizen," he replied gayly, as if that would solve all difficulties.

"We should be so poor. You'd hate it."

"Not at all. That would be fun too," he answered. "We could buy one of those little concrete boxes—model homes; this style $5000; the kind we used to laugh about as we motored on Long Island—with a little grass plot in front, and I would come home from work early and cut the grass in my shirt sleeves, and we would send the children to public schools—those magnificent buildings that I thought at first were palaces—and we shall be very happy. But smile, my darling. We shall be happy yet."

"And your mother?" she said.

A spasm of pain passed over his face. "She wants me to be happy. She will adore you. She will come out and stay with us."

"In the model home?" Clara shook her head. She was very conscious of the castle with all its windows looking down on them, peopled by what eyes she did not know—probably the princess', possibly even Leopold's, interested to know whether the family he had served for fifty years was about to commit suicide.

She went on after a moment. "Your mother would not be happy in a concrete box, Ferdinand, and I doubt whether you would either."

"You doubt me," he cried passionately. "You do not know what love is then. I love you. To me it is as if the whole universe had been created in order to bring us two together. I must have you for my wife; in my own surroundings if possible, but since that is not possible, then in yours I must live my whole life long with you."

It seemed to Clara that she did not move an eyelid or change the rhythm of her breathing, as she thought "Ah, my dear love, if you had only talked like this at Newport we should have been safely married by this time."

And yet, though it was only a secret thought, he knew it instantly and answered it "You are thinking I did not see so clearly that afternoon I came to see you. I had not learned then what America had to teach me. There a man has a right to any woman, to any fate that he is great enough to win I talked to many of your great men those who had been born to great fortunes, and those who had achieved them from nothing and they all talked the same way. Even those who wanted their sons and daughters to make prudent marriages, as we want our sons and daughters to do even they boasted they had married madly in their youth, following the impulse of their nature, married above them or below them, but married the women they loved. We are all utter individualists in love, but only America has dared to say so, because she is young and free. I will be an American, and your husband"

She looked at him and her eyes filled with tears. "I have been learning just the opposite," she said. "I didn't understand when you talked to me about all this, but now I have seen it. I don't think our happiness makes any difference at all compared to this."

"To this? To what?" he asked. "Medieval idea and an inconvenient old building? Nonsense! You are not true to the ideas that your country has given to the world."

"Listen, Ferdinand," she said. "Did you ever hear a terrible story about a light which has burned before a shrine in Venice for almost a thousand years, until some tourist blew it out just for a joke. I should feel like that if I married you—that I had blown out all this"—and she made a little gesture toward the castle—"not for a joke, no; but for the sake of something temporary."

He took the hand she had waved. "You mean our love?" he said in a deep reproachful voice.

She did not know what she meant. She stopped thinking. She tried to fix her eyes and her mind on the ring he wore on his little finger—a ring with the complicated arms of his family carved upon it—but she saw only that smooth hand of his, only felt her will dissolving, only knew that her love for him was stronger than any dynastic idea.

Then they saw the princess approaching, and they let their hands fall apart, hoping that a slow stealthy separation would be undetected. Nothing in the princess' manner betrayed whether she had seen or not. At least Clara could not tell; her son perhaps was better informed.

She sat down on a hard round wrought-iron chair that was standing near.

"Well," she said, as if they would be very much interested in her news, "Leopold has got hold of Mr. Brace and is trying to induce him to take him to run the villa at Florence for a month and then take him back to New York."

"That would be rather inconvenient for you," said Clara, trying to say something, and aware that her voice was very deep and strange and unlike her own.

"Oh, no," said the princess. "He is free as far as we are concerned, but I don't want poor Mr. Brace bullied into doing something he may not really want to do. Leopold is so very determined. Go in, Ferdinand, and see if you can protect our guest."

Ferdinand moved his shoulders about. "If Mr. Brace wants him why not let him?" he answered rather crossly, but he went.

A pause fell upon the two women. Clara's heart, which had been beating before heavily, chokingly, now began to beat with a quick frightened rhythm.

"My dear," said the princess, "you and I must have a little talk. My boy told me nothing. For the first time in his life he has been sly with me. But I am not a blind old fool. My son loves you, and I think I see, too, that you love him."

Clara gave a faint groan that was a complete confession.

"And he talks of marrying you? And living here? No?" Then as Clara shook her head the princess gave a little scream. "*Um Gottes Willen,*" she cried, "he means to marry you and go to America?"

"Oh, I know, I know how hard that would be on you!" the girl answered.

"On me!" said the princess. "What do I matter? I have had my life, such as it was. I lost my eldest son in the war and my daughter as a baby. What matters is Ferdinand. You cannot imagine he would be happy? You do not know? Well, let me ask you this: Do you think it likely that he will succeed as an American business man?"

"Most unlikely," replied Clara.

"Good. There is some common sense among us. How do you suppose he will feel when he has failed—failed over and over again? You would be charming to him, I am sure, but do you think men are

(Continued on Page 99

Dealers: Miller dealers stay with Miller because they do business under a staying franchise—and a paying franchise. Miller profits have put many a tire dealer in a position of high business repute in his community. For information concerning the Miller Franchise in your territory communicate with us.

THE MILLER RUBBER COMPANY
of N.Y.

General Offices and Factory Buildings, Akron, Ohio. Branches at

Albany	Chicago	Grand Rapids	Minneapolis	Pittsburgh
Atlanta	Cincinnati	Houston	Newark	Portland
Baltimore	Cleveland	Indianapolis	New Orleans	Rochester
Birmingham	Columbus	Jacksonville	New York	San Francisco
Boston	Dallas	Kansas City	Oklahoma City	St. Louis
Brooklyn	Denver	Los Angeles	Omaha	Syracuse
Buffalo	Detroit	Memphis	Philadelphia	Toledo
Cedar Rapids	Erie	Milwaukee	Phoenix	Utica
Charlotte				Washington

Distributors in principal cities throughout the world. Dealers wherever there are automobiles

Licked!

—The Two Enemies of Long Tire Performance

By CORRECTING the two outstanding causes of swift balloon tire wear—Miller produced the tire of SUPER-WEAR

TIRE building genius has long sought to build a tire of surpassing wear. But not until Miller engineers discovered the two outstanding causes of short life was such a tire made possible.

Miller devoted months of research discovering the enemies of long tire performance. Then *licked* them by adding 2 vital advantages—unique in all tire history.

Flat, Geared-to-the-Road Tread

The broad, flat contact surface of Miller's exclusive Geared-to-the-Road tread runs *even with the road.* With light or heavy load—the entire width of this famous tread is *on* the road—taking wear *evenly*—therefore *slowly.* Thus—Miller eliminated uneven, spotty tread wear—the first and outstanding cause of short tire life. Not satisfied to stop there—a second unique result was obtained.

"Uniflex" Construction

Every strand of this sturdy tire flexes as a unit. That means it resists curb and rut jolts that ordinarily bring inside breaks—springs back from blows to its normal shape—instantly—leaving tread, sidewalls, bead, cord and fibre secure and intact. Thus—Miller eliminated costly and dangerous inside friction and wear, adding many miles to balloon tire life.

The result—a tire that will keep pace with your car—be it the costliest car built. A tire that will *wear* with it—and *stay* with it, far beyond the life of the average tire.

Today—the appearance of this tire of longer wear on any car is a silent testimonial of a manufacturer's keen foresight—or an owner's shrewd tire-buying ability. On *your* car—it is assurance of *surpassing wear.*

The Tire Builder says—

"If one comes back
I'm penalized"

Miller
GEARED-TO-THE-ROAD

THE HEALTH THAT'S DRUNK AROUND THE WORLD

Over 7 million a day

For healthy thirst that knows no season - that taste-good feeling and delightful after-sense of refreshment. Coca-Cola! A pure drink of natural flavors. The one great drink of the millions.

IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

(Continued from Page 96)

happy who are failures? Do you think he would not hate the country which made it impossible for him to succeed? For it is impossible. He could never push himself forward. Everything he has ever learned is just the other way. And do you think he will not remember that at home, here, he had his place, unquestioned since the Middle Ages? It will not only be in your country that he will feel himself an alien, but in the class into which he will inevitably drop. My dear child," the princess went on, laying her hand on the girl's, "I could love you very much. I would like to have you here with me. You amuse and interest me, and I think you are lovely and good and clever. I should ask nothing better than to have you for my daughter-in-law if ——"

"If I could bring you a fortune?"

"If it were possible; if there were any way. If by selling everything we value in the castle it would bring in enough to save us, but it won't. My dear, you must give him up."

"I know—I know," said Clara. "I must, but I don't."

"You cannot realize, perhaps, how much this sort of thing is in their blood," the princess went on, waving her hand toward the castle. "Absurd to all of you, I dare say, but we never get away from it. Oh, I have seen so many of our men who gave up their rank for the women they loved in their early youth. They are miserable, and the women, my dear—the women are not happy, either, I can assure you."

Clara interrupted. "I know what you say is true, if I could only feel it enough to act on it. You see," and she turned her agonized face upon the princess—"you see I cannot really believe that he could be happy with anyone but me. Isn't that too silly?"

"No, my dear, it isn't silly at all," replied the older woman. "The truth is he won't be happy now either way, but he will be less miserable."

"With the Countess Anna?"

"With that sweet beautiful child."

"I don't think she is beautiful," said Clara, intending to be a little comic, and burst into tears. The next instant she was crying comfortably in the princess' arms.

It had grown dark now, so that there was no further danger of eyes overlooking them from the castle. At last the girl raised her head.

"Of course, you know," she said, "that I am going to do what you say; partly because you say it, but more because I know it's right. Only, you must not let me see him again alone, for I have no will except his when I'm with him."

The princess did not answer in words; she simply raised her hand and patted the empty air, but it was a gesture that conveyed the idea that Clara need give herself no concern on this point.

The older prince came out of the house. He came with a quick trotting step to his wife, and they began to speak rapidly, moving their hands and shoulders, so rapidly, indeed, that Clara could not form any idea of what they were saying, and the conviction forced itself upon her that Ferdinand had spoken to his father of his love for her. She watched each face, strained her attention, and then almost laughed with relief. They were speaking about Leopold. It was all settled, it appeared. Mr. Brace was to take him away the next day for a month in Florence and then to America.

The prince turned courteously to Clara, "It is too—too crazy," he said, feeling for a word that would be strong enough and not finding it. "A sick old man with a weak heart and no money."

The princess shrugged her shoulder. "It is his own fault. We have advised him," she said.

The prince vibrated his head. "We have a responsibility to him, after fifty years with the family."

Oh, that eternal responsibility, Clara thought. Her heart sank at the idea of that fishlike presence in Florence, that pale sinister face, always reminding of these two terrible days, always eager to talk to her in his native tongue of the man she was trying to forget.

It was almost dark. Lights began to appear in the castle, making it look more than ever like a stage set—the third act of an opera. She looked up at it and knew that in a few weeks it would all seem like a dream to her.

Ferdinand's voice sounded, "Is my father here?"

His father immediately began to tell him about Leopold and how crazy it was—this old man going to America. He would die; he would starve. But Ferdinand was too intent on his own plans. "Have you told him?" he said to his mother.

"Told him what?" answered the princess.

Ferdinand gave a quick shake of his head at the perversity of women. "What a question!" he exclaimed, and then turning to his father: "You must know that I love Miss Wellesley and have asked her to marry me."

The old prince decided at once that he would not understand the words, that so impossible a statement should not penetrate the cortex of his brain. What could the boy mean—marry? Was he not then aware that for his marriage the consent of his family was necessary? Did he think he could marry like the first peasant you met on the road? Not, said the prince very courteously, that he intended the slightest disrespect to Miss Wellesley. He thoroughly understood. He might say he sympathized with his son's wish, but the whole idea was ridiculous and the less said about it the better. The consent of the family would be, of course, impossible to obtain.

"I should not even ask for it," said Ferdinand.

The statement was like a thunderclap. The older prince gave a cry.

"You would marry without the consent of your family?" he asked.

"We do not think such things necessary in America," Ferdinand answered, as if he were already a citizen of the republic.

"You don't understand what you say," cried his father. "Do you remember you would be cast out of the family? Your cousin Frederick would be made the heir. To him your mother and I would be obliged to turn over everything that we have loved so much because it was all to be yours. You could never come back here. You would be an exile. We are not peasants—to marry according to our whims. We must submit ourselves to the discipline and obligations of our position—a royal position."

"My dear father, let us look at things as they are," said Ferdinand. "We are no longer a royal family, and if we were—this sort of thing is dead. The aristocratic tradition has passed away. That is the simple truth."

"Dead if you kill it; dead if the younger generation betray it," returned the prince. "It has been said before. The field marshal, Prince Julius—he went to France in the eighteenth century and became imbued with these same ideas, just as you went to America. He came back—you can find it in his letters—convinced that the idea of one man ruling over another was dead and done with; and what happened since then? Did we die? Did we cease to reign? If you do this thing we shall not die, but you will. There is your cousin Frederick; he can step into your place if you desert it."

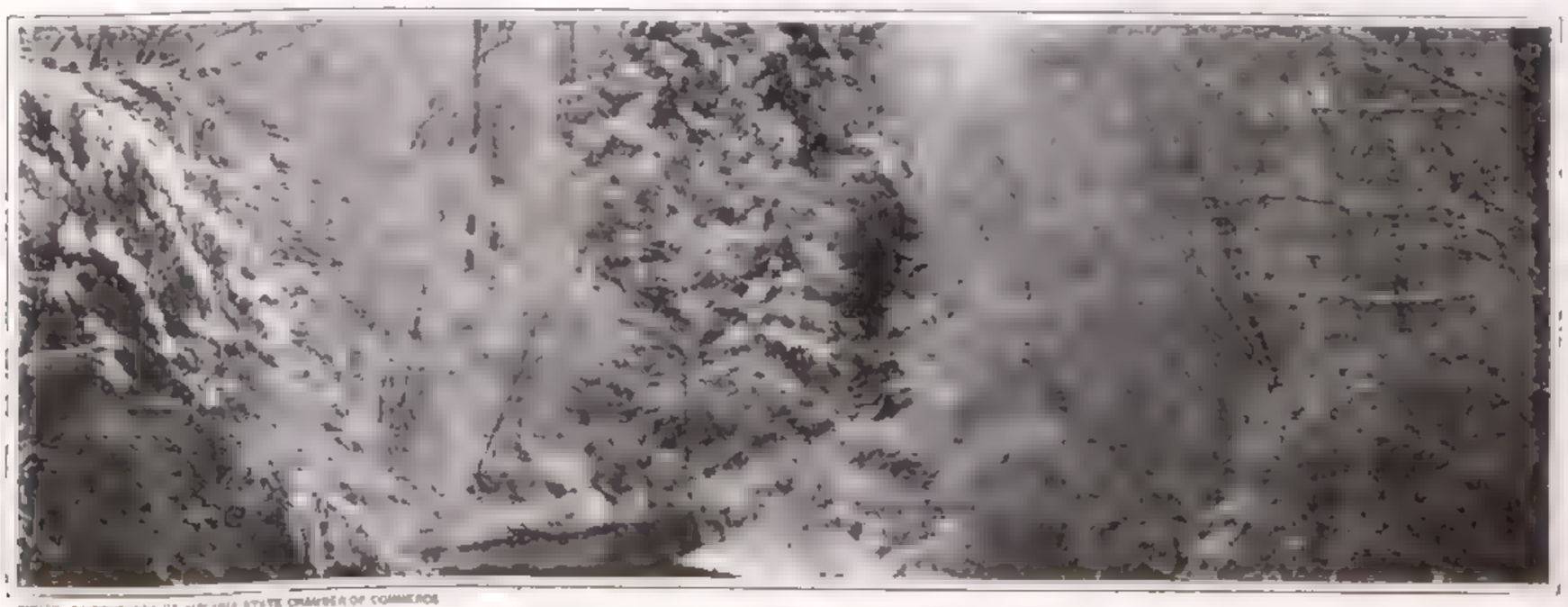
Clara rose to her feet. A thing had happened to her which she had experienced only once or twice before in all her life. She found herself in possession of a clear irrevocable decision. She never knew whether it was weakness or an open mind which made it so difficult for her to arrive at a decision which could not eternally be reopened and altered. It was very seldom that both her nature and her intelligence spoke together and said the same thing. But now suddenly she knew that under present conditions she would never marry the man she loved, and that nothing that he could say or do would shake her. An uplifted spiritual strength—what her father, the bishop, would have called grace—had come to her. She saw that it would really destroy Ferdinand to marry her against the will of his parents, and she would not destroy him.

She came between the two men and put a hand on the arm of each.

"Do not quarrel," she said; "at least not over me, for I am not going to marry your son."

"There," shouted Ferdinand—"there, you have hurt her, insulted her, made her angry!"

"My dear, I am not angry," said Clara. "I cannot bear that you should be angry, or your father. You and I love each other, Ferdinand, and we are going to part. The only possible comfort left to us is that we shall be agreed about it—shall help each other—that we shall be kind to each other. You might have learned that, too, in my country, Ferdinand—to be kind." Her



A Scene in the Blue Ridge Mountains, Virginia

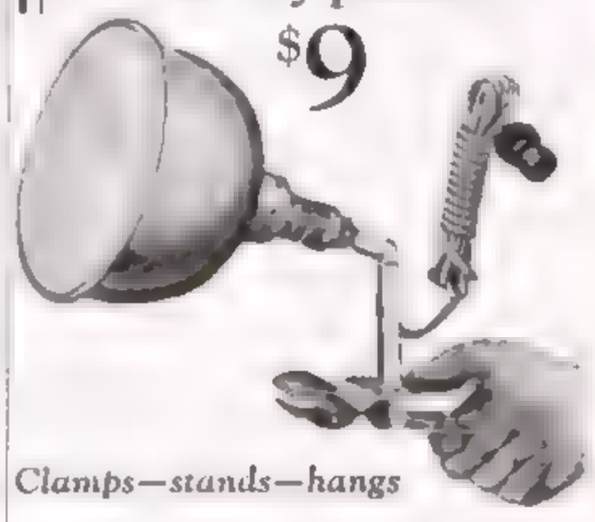
Relieve it with

Adjusto-Ray
A FARBERWARE PRODUCT
BAKES OUT PAIN

Adjusto-Ray is the improved therapeutic lamp. Wonderful for relieving rheumatism, neuritis, neuralgia, lumbago, headaches, nervousness and many other ailments. Its sun-like rays quickly soothe the affected parts, penetrate to the seat of the trouble, ease pain and help to *remove the cause*. Recommended by physicians everywhere.

Adjustable to any position

$9



Clamps—stands—hangs

Adjusto-Ray is simple, convenient and safe. No assistance needed—just clamp Adjusto-Ray on your bed or chair—or stand it on a table—or hang it up—and attach to any electric light socket.

Adjusto-Ray is built on scientific principles. It throws a parallel ray and has no focal point. Complete with 260-watt bulb. Comes in three styles—hand model: $6.50; clamp model (as illustrated): $9.00; floor model: $13.50. Sold by all leading dealers.

Manufactured by
S.W.Farber, Inc., 141-151 So. 5th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

voice died away, and Ferdinand turned furiously on his father.

"You have done this," he said. "You have made me lose her."

"Nobody has done it," said Clara sternly. "Don't be blind, my dear. It's the facts. It's the flow of life. It's the way things are."

A large autumn moon, almost full, had floated up out of the valley and was shining faintly on Clara's face.

"She looks like an angel," said the princess, "and speaks like one too."

"Understand me," said Ferdinand. "I do not yield. I do not agree. I do not give you up."

The girl dropped her hands to her side. "Oh, well," she said. "It would have helped if you could have; but not very much, I suppose." She turned to the older prince. "Will you walk to the castle with me?" she said.

He offered her his arm. It was not easy for him to understand that his son had been refused, but the greater wonder was that a man brought up as Ferdinand had been brought up could have intended such a marriage. Still the fact remained that the girl had saved them, if, at least, she stuck to her decision. The prince had never formulated his conceptions of the United States, but if he had been obliged to do so it would have appeared that he thought of it as a country, civilized in the sense that all the laboring classes were rendered happy by mechanical devices and high wages, and all the educated classes were rendered wretched by being exiled from European culture and aristocracy.

"You have decided rightly," he said as they moved away together. "We are very grateful to you. We shall never forget the sacrifice you have made."

Clara would not have been a New Englander, to say nothing of being a bishop's daughter, if she had not wanted to be morally accurate. "Sacrifice is not the right word," she said. "I am not making a sacrifice. I am recognizing a truth. What you ought to be grateful to me for is my clear-sightedness."

The prince frowned, as he always did when he did not understand. He did not understand now, although she was speaking his own language. She went on:

"Just as Ferdinand would have suffered in being expatriated if I had made him come with me to America, so I would have suffered in coming here to live."

The prince stared at her. "*Wirklich?*" he said. "Really? You would not like to be a princess? You think," he tried to remember odd bits of information about the Declaration of Independence—"you think it would be abandoning American ideals?"

She smiled, shaking her head. "I think it would be abandoning American opportunities."

Ah, that he could understand. "American opportunities—American dollars—the great material expansion. Yes, you want to have your part in that?"

"No, it's not that," she answered. She felt the necessity of making this man who might have been her father-in-law understand why he never could be her father-in-law, and yet she knew it was unlikely that she would succeed. "The world has needed different nations at different stages of its life—Greece and Rome and Spain and France and England, each for a little while on the crest of the wave. Do you think a citizen of one of those countries would have given up his citizenship gladly—a Roman, a Spaniard in the days of Charles the Fifth, an Englishman in the eighteenth century? This is our moment—America's; everything comes to us today. Not because we're rich and selfish, as you all think over here, but because the foundations on which we built turn out to be sound, all our dreams which used to seem so absurd to other nations have suddenly come true. It's a good deal to give up, Prince Masc."

"And do you consider it nothing to become a princess of Grauenstein?" he asked, and he asked honestly for information.

"Very, very little," said Clara seriously. "I think it's immensely interesting and romantic and and remote from human life as it is today. Only I love your son so much I would gladly be anything or go anywhere to be with him. For some unknown reason I did want you to understand, and I don't suppose you do."

He did, at least enough to repeat it almost word for word to the princess when she came in presently to dress for dinner. He was not in the least annoyed, as Clara feared he might be. On the contrary, he was amused. He told the story with the sort of smile with which a trader might recount how some simple good-hearted savages had actually preferred a colored bead to a diamond. He did not in the least doubt the sincerity of Clara's statement, still less did he condemn so convenient an aberration. He did not even attempt to argue the matter out; he merely repeated it, noting that in the world of civilized taste and inherited position, the preference was rather amusing. A few days before, he had repeated another experience to his wife on his return from a day's shooting. He had very nearly shot a tourist—a trespasser on the prince's preserves—who had stepped suddenly out of the woods, where the prince was watching for a stag. The prince had been angry and had shouted at the fellow that it would have served him right if he had been shot, and the tourist—a native—had replied: "Yes, indeed, Your Serene Highness, and it would have been an honor to be shot by Your Serene Highness." The prince had smiled over this, too, but had smiled with far more understanding of the point of view.

The princess couldn't smile over anything. "Isn't it bad luck," she said, "that this lovely creature should turn out to be the only American girl that anyone has ever heard of who did not possess a fortune? Poor Ferdie is so unhappy, Masc."

"And he deserves to be," replied the prince. "Who ever heard of such a thing—making love to a respectable unmarried lady to whom he could not possibly offer marriage? The boy is not fit to be trusted alone with women."

It was this aspect that most of all distressed his parents—that their son should have done something so contrary to their code as this. In the few minutes she had had alone with her son on the terrace the princess had heard enough of the story of the practical joke to understand that there was some excuse. She passed it on to her husband.

"As I understand it, it wasn't his fault."

"You always say that," returned the prince. "I hope he won't take it into his head to run off with her tonight and make a scandal that the Liensterbergs would never forgive."

"She would not do it," answered the princess. "She is an angel, Masc."

"She is an angel very much in love," said the prince.

The princess did not continue the discussion, for she wanted to get downstairs half an hour before dinnertime. She knew that her son would be there hoping for a word alone with Clara. He was pacing up and down the vaulted drawing-room in his dark gray evening clothes when his mother came down, but Clara was the last person to appear. Dinner had already been announced when she came in, looking as white and translucent as a piece of alabaster. She was calm as to manner and a trifle tremulous as to voice.

Dinner on the whole was gay and amusing. Ferdinand made no effort to conceal that he was in a frenzy of despair and rebellion, kept pushing his plate away from him, fixing his eyes on Clara and just not groaning aloud. But Mr. Brace had been a good deal entertained by the consequence of the fact becoming known that he was taking old Leopold away the next morning, first to Florence and eventually to America. Every one of the other servants in the castle and not a few of the population of the village had let it be known that they would like to go too. All of them had offered to serve him for nothing on this trip if he would get them into the United States.

"I bet he didn't like that idea," said Penelope, and nodded her head back to where Leopold was bending over the sideboard.

"No, he was bitterly opposed to anyone's going but himself," said Mr. Brace. "Though I really can't see why."

Penelope glanced at her governess and raised her eyebrows, meaning that it was all as clear as day to her.

The instant dinner was over the princess suggested bridge, and though Ferdinand protested that he was in no humor to play, he and she and the Braces were presently cutting for partners. The prince brought out a book of beautiful old costume plates to amuse the child, and Clara also became absorbed in it.

The effect of grief and distraction on Ferdinand was to cause him to bid three no-trumps without a stop in his opponent's suit, so that he and Mrs. Brace kept crashing down—a situation only relieved by a revoke on the princess' part, when, while he was dummy, Ferdinand sprang up, and leaning over the back of Clara's chair, invited her to go with him into the study where there was, he said, a picture he wished to show her.

Clara shook her head in silence, and Mr. Brace called his partner back to the game. When Penelope's bedtime came Clara also said good night. It was in a pause between rubbers.

Mr. Brace said, "We are starting at 8:30, you know."

At this Penelope was heard saying very clearly, "Would there be any objection to my sleeping in Miss Wellesley's room tonight?"

There was a second or two of complete silence. Everyone looked first at the child and then at Clara and then at Ferdinand. The princess at last replied that there was no objection so far as she was concerned. Mrs. Brace said that she should think Miss Wellesley would object very much to so restless a companion, and Clara said that on the contrary she should like nothing better than to have the child in her room. Mr. Brace asked the question that everyone wanted to ask.

"Why in the world do you want to sleep in Miss Wellesley's room, Penelope?"

"I'd rather not say," answered Penelope.

It was a moment so terrible that nothing could be done with it. Clara saw that Ferdinand believed that she had put the idea into the child's head. She saw it, too, from the extreme tenderness with which the princess kissed her good night.

"I'll see you in the morning, my dear," she said.

Clara held out her hand toward Ferdinand, who merely bowed across the table

"Shall you be up to see us off, Prince Ferdinand?" she asked.

"Oh, I hope so—probably," said Ferdinand.

He did not even look at her as she and Penelope left the room, but sitting down again, seemed to concentrate all his attention on trumping his partner's ace.

Clara waited only for the drawing-room door to be shut behind them to say, "I'm delighted to have you, Penelope, but do tell me why it is that you want to sleep in my room?"

Penelope looked a little more patient even than usual. "Isn't it pretty clear what's going to happen tonight?" she answered.

"What do you mean?" asked Clara sternly. She had had so many examples of the child's acumen that she was prepared for anything.

"I mean," returned Penelope, "that if Leopold is going away from here forever in the morning, he'll have to dig out his treasure tonight. He'll go down that staircase by your room. I rather think, Miss Wellesley, that I shall sneak after him, and see where it was he hid it."

"I see," said Clara, and drew a long breath.

Penelope was now walking upstairs two steps at a time, her spectacles almost touching her knee at each stride. "You see," she went on, "I have a lot of reasons for doing that. In the first place I am curious about where the place is, and in the second, it seems to me that if there is a lot of treasure he won't have room to take it all away in his luggage tomorrow, and in the third place, you know how obstinate these people are. They could not be persuaded to search his trunks for treasure unless I gave them a good reason for doing it."

Clara, still somewhat trancelike, admitted these were excellent reasons.

"I probably shan't go to sleep at all," the child continued, "but if I should fall into a doze, I want you to promise me that you will wake me up if you hear footsteps on the stair."

Clara always liked to remember that she had not absolutely promised.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

THE WHEEL OF TIME

(Continued from Page 15)

as neat a suburb as you could see in a day's journey, Wellesley scoffed violently. There was nothing artistic about bricks an' mortar done in rows, he said. The mere sight of the terraces gave 'im the 'ump. An' they just about stifled him, too, crowding in on top of him and robbing him of air and liveliness. A man couldn't make the best of 'isself in a place like this. He was cramped.

Alexandrina had the same feelings. She wanted a place where there was a more elevated society, where there was more style, where people had real conversation. Where one could be really ladylike and have intellectual friends, where one was not cramped up in a really vulgar little house. Mrs. Dill said that she thought the Rewells had quite the swellest house in Holloway, and such lovely furniture and in such good taste.

Alexandrina called it a poky, stuffy hole, not large enough to swing a cat in. As for the furniture, it was gimcrack. Dear Wellesley's ma had had a habit of collecting such stuff Of course she could say nothing while the old gentleman was alive, but now that he was gone she saw no reason why she should have to endure it.

And she did not. In due course the Rewells shook the dust of Holloway from their feet and, tempting Providence, went to live at Hampstead

They had a fine house there and a very select circle of friends, Holloway learned by letter Albertina Rewell, the daughter, was almost good at archery and cut such a pretty figure on the croquet lawn: while the son and heir, Benjamin Wellesley Rewell, was riding one of these new-fangled bicycles and going to a college for the sons of business gentlemen.

Letters soon stopped coming, for living in a whirl of spelling bees and routs, and so forth, Wellesley and Alexandrina had very little time to spare for Holloway.

The firm of Rewell & Son was well to the fore in all matters concerning industrial science. When someone discovered that by adding cod-liver oil to blacking one could produce a polishing paste so luscious that it

(Continued on Page 105)

YOUR JEWELER IS AS ESSENTIAL AS YOUR MODISTE

Personal taste and charm — are expressed in JEWELRY

VARYING with the modes of the centuries, jewels have always been the magic media by which is expressed the sparkling charm of personality.

Jeweled possessions are untouched by Time . . . yet there is a constant change in the jewelry vogue. Never does one note the abrupt departure of other style tendencies. But one always finds definite jewelry trends observed by those of discriminating taste. Your precious jewels enhance in value. It is their settings which should be modernized by your jeweler.

Today fashion demands severe simplicity of frock and gown . . . . . which makes necessary distinctly modern jeweled accessories. To correctly express personality, your jewelry must be thoughtfully selected as a part of the entire ensemble.

for GIFTS THAT *LAST*

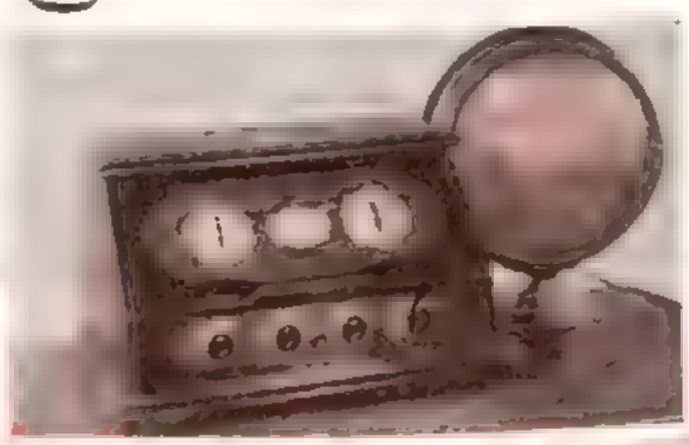
Consult your Jeweler

The high sweetness of the violins carries the theme . . . the deep tones beat the rhythm . . . pre-eminent

RCA has made radio *not only* greater—*but* simpler

The new RADIOLAS *that are such remarkable* MUSICAL *achievements are at the same time the* simplest *of musical instruments*

EVERY RCA Radiola shows this trend toward simplicity—combined always with new achievements in performance.



Radiola 20—twenty times as selective as the ordinary antenna set. With performance and tone quality that challenge competitors at any price. With Radiotrons, $115

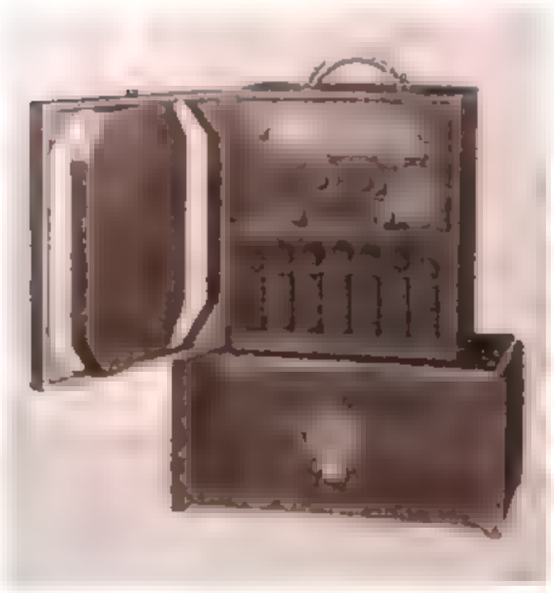
Consider the eight tube super-heterodyne, Radiola 28. It is the culmination of twenty years of radio development—a remarkable instrument of music and of radio. Yet it stands as a simple, charming piece of furniture, and captures the magic of distant music with the turn of a single control!

In the RCA Radiolas of today, single control has been tried and proved . . . . it is

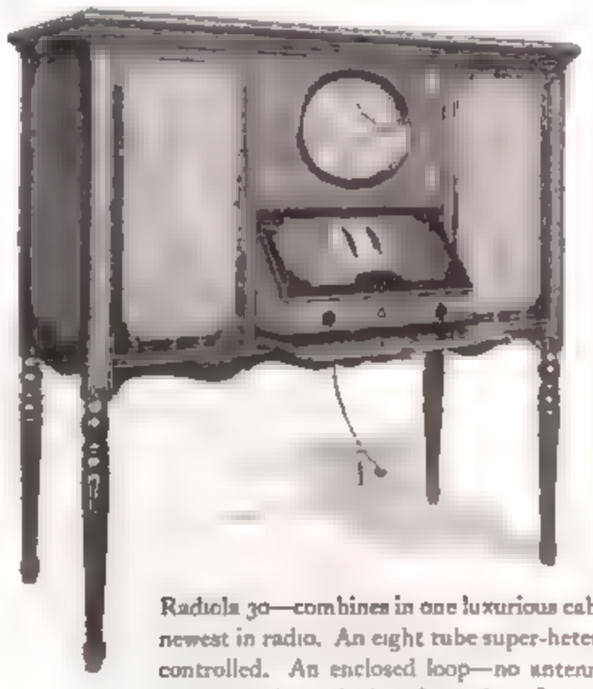
no experiment. With these same Radiolas, operation from the lighting socket has had many months of testing and perfecting. They have shown the remarkable musical possibilities of radio when hooked up with the power of the lighting circuit.

And practically every new feature that is heralded in radio today was first developed by RCA engineers—or by their associates in the General Electric and Westinghouse laboratories. In RCA Radiolas, modern radio has had the "road test" of experience and there is nothing to compare with them in tone or in performance.

They have made the old type radio obsolete, and have brought a new conception of radio—and of music—to thousands of homes. Whatever price you plan to pay for radio, be sure to hear the RCA Radiolas. From the least expensive Radiola to the most remarkable "electrical" model, each represents the most advanced radio of today—and the most thoroughly tried and proved.



Radiola 26—six tube super-heterodyne. As a portable it has a loop in the cover, loudspeaker inside, place in the back for small batteries. At home it has a fine walnut cabinet that holds larger batteries and has a coupler for an antenna. Cased in richly grained walnut. With 6 Radiotrons, $225

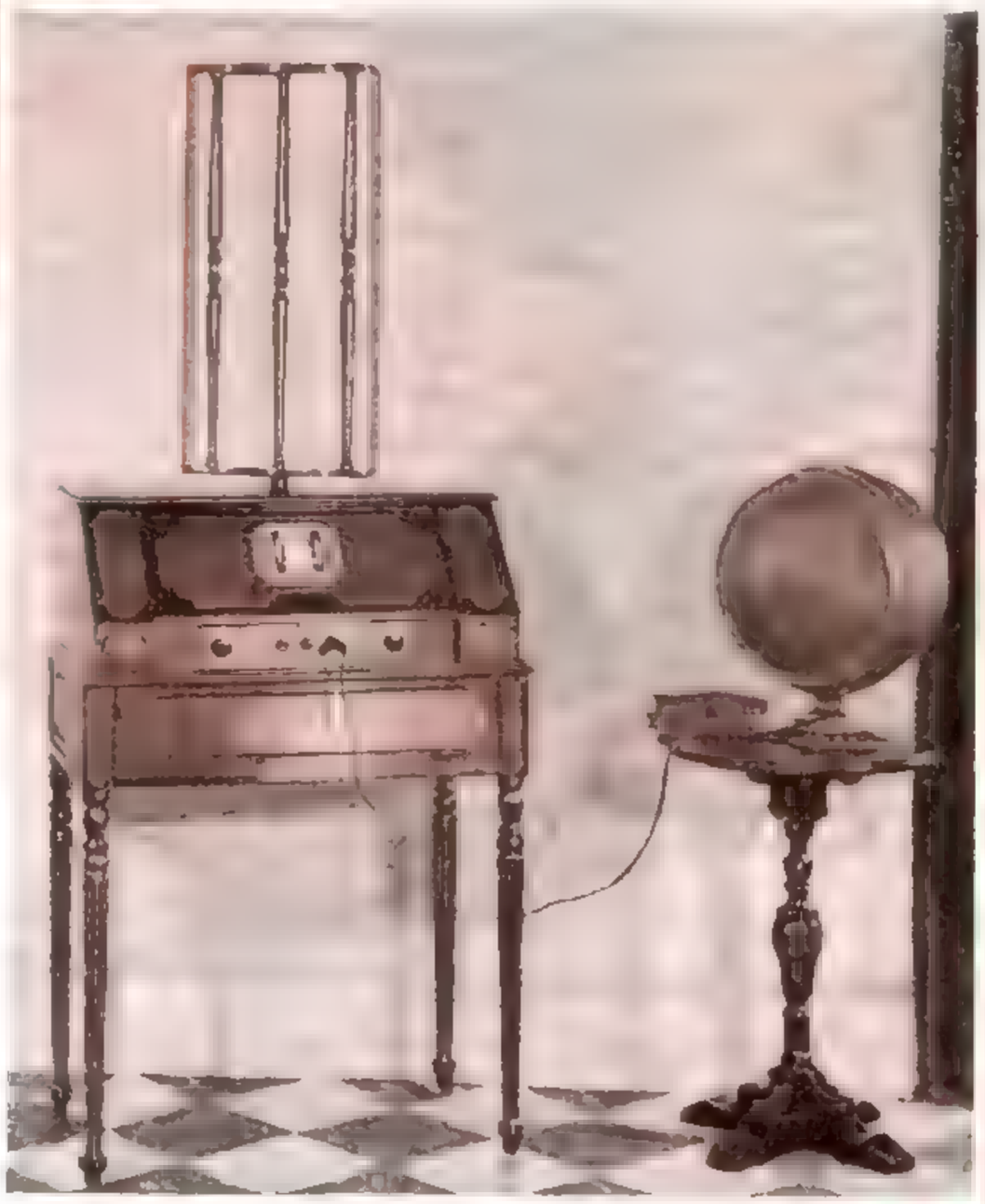


Radiola 30—combines in one luxurious cabinet all that's newest in radio. An eight tube super-heterodyne, single controlled. An enclosed loop—no antenna. An RCA power speaker. And no batteries. Just plug it in and tune in! Complete, $575

RCA Loudspeaker 104—the speaker that set a new musical standard for radio. Clear at a whisper—and clear at the volume of a brass band! Operates Radiola 25 or 28 (adapted) on 50-60 cycle, 110 volt A. C. lighting circuit. Used with other makes of sets, it eliminates just the "B" batteries. Complete, $275

Radiola 25 or 28 can be adapted from a battery set to a "lighting socket" set for use with RCA Loudspeaker 104. A. C. Package adapter. $35

Radiola 25—six tube super-heterodyne with all the far-famed super-heterodyne quality of tone and performance—and the "catacombed" sealing of the vital parts. Single controlled. With 6 Radiotrons, $165



Radiola 28—eight tube super-heterodyne with loop. Tuned with a single finger! With eight Radiotrons, $260
An inexpensive antenna coupler adapts it for an outdoor antenna, if you prefer it. $4.25

RCA Loudspeaker 100—Clear through the whole tone range—and clear at any volume you give it. $35

RCA Loudspeaker 102—is the Loudspeaker 100 with the addition of a power amplifier (RCA Uni-Rectron) that puts great volume at your command, with tone that is real—true—undistorted.
Complete, $140

(Operates on 50-60 cycle, 110 volt A. C. lighting circuit.)

RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

RCA Radiola

MADE · BY · THE · MAKERS · OF · THE · RADIOTRON

NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

"POSITIVE AGITATION"

as accomplished in the new Hoover is beating—the time-tested requirement of thorough rug-cleaning—reduced to an exact scientific process. Such beating instead of being concentrated in a few violent strokes as with the carpet-beater or broom, is modified by The Hoover into a series of swiftly repeated air-cushioned taps. This is achieved by means of a totally new appliance—the exclusive and patented Hoover Agitator illustrated here. Suction lifts the rug from the floor and floats it on a cushion of air while the Agitator gently flutters out all the embedded grit as the strong suction draws all the dirt into the dust-tight bag

This makes the difference

"Clean enough"—or C-L-E-A-N?

Can there be a question of *how* clean a rug ought to be —particularly when that rug is your baby's play-place? Think . . tiny fists clutch the soft nap . . rub sleepy eyes . . then, perhaps, furnish a solacing thumb to chew upon! Decidedly, here, "clean enough" *must* mean *clean!*

The new Hoover, by reason of its revolutionary cleaning principle "Positive Agitation," in the ordinary cleaning time beats out and sweeps up from carpetings MORE THAN TWICE AS MUCH DIRT as even the former Hoover. You want this extra speed and extra cleanliness; especially when your Authorized Hoover Dealer will deliver you the new Hoover for only $6.25 down, with the balance in easy monthly payments

THE HOOVER COMPANY, NORTH CANTON, OHIO

The oldest and largest maker of electric cleaners *The Hoover is also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ontario*

The New HOOVER

It BEATS . . . as it Sweeps as it Cleans

(Continued from Page 100)

simply cried out to be served in natty little tins and sold by the ton, the firm was one of the first to swear allegiance to the codfish.

The tins of its Black Star polish were more natty and eloquent than all other tins, its advertising more persuasive and persistent. Money rolled in. When old Wellesley grew frightened at the excess of it and turned Black Star into a limited-liability company to control it, he also found that Hampstead was very stifling for a man of his abounding disposition. He therefore moved to Notting Hill.

He was just getting over his awe of Notting Hill when Mafeking Day arrived and proved fatal to him. He told his son that he had got caught up by the crowds accidentally. His son thought his low taste for jollification was responsible. Whatever the reason, an old man cannot stay out shouting and throwing himself about until four in the morning with impunity, and Wellesley Rewell did not. His funeral took place a fortnight later.

Albertina Wellesley-Rewell, his daughter, Benjamin Wellesley-Rewell, his son, and Marion, his son's wife, sat themselves down in the drawing-room of the Notting Hill house after the funeral with faces expressive of the cultured horror they felt for their surroundings. Benjamin Wellesley-Rewell said:

"I thought you would fall in with us, sis. There's no object 'tall in being mixed up with trade, and it's not the nicest thing for one's friends to know, y'know. And there's no need for it. I've talked it over with Brief & Offthen, and they tell me there will be no difficulty in selling our holdings in Black Star. That and our investments will give us all the cash we'll ever need, and more. We've got to think of our children's interests too."

Benjamin Wellesley-Rewell had one child, Peter, aged four months. Albertina was unmarried and meant to remain so. She was fermenting even then with the germs of that movement that was later to carry her to fame and jail for window smashing, and meanwhile was devoting herself to some vague good cause in the Midlands.

"I shall be glad of all I can get for the cause," she said darkly. "What will you do—move into this house?"

"Good heavens, are you cracked, Bertie?" gasped her brother indignantly. "Do you think we live in Notting Hill from choice? It was bad enough living out in the wilds because the old man wanted us to be near him, but now that he has gone we can escape. I've just about had enough of this pocket of suburbia."

"It is rather circumscribed," said Albertina.

"Can't stomach the place," Benjamin growled. "Impossible for anybody to live here. In fact, it isn't living; it's the existence of cabbages and cows. Can't ask any decent people along, of course; can't make anything of oneself. As for the children, they'll have no chance 'tall. An address like this will simply cramp their careers. No, we've made up our minds about that. People of our position in life must live amid circumstances compatible to their position."

"Where do you think of going?" asked Albertina.

"Oh, I've fixed on a very decent little place just behind Knightsbridge. Not large, but all we want, just handy for my club and the theaters, where people of our sort can drop in."

"Will you be taking any of father's furniture? You know I'll want none of it, Ben."

"My dear, its antediluvian," cried Marion. "It makes me shudder every time I look at it. Pictures by Frith and chairs by William Morris—if it was William. How anybody could ever be so lacking in taste, I don't know."

"Well, you know," said Benjamin Wellesley-Rewell, "the guv'nor was practically self-made. As far as I recollect, his beginnings go back into darks beyond Hampstead. He did not talk much—wisely, no doubt—but you can see from the local exhibits that his schooling left a lot to be desired. But he would cling to the stuff—you know how these old stick-in-the-muds cleave to their prejudices."

"Well, we don't have to," shuddered Marion. "We'll scrap the lot, if you are agreeable, Bertie. I intend to have the Knightsbridge house done over by a good firm. They'll do it quickly and in taste. The sooner we're away from this stodgy and conventional neighborhood the better. There have been times when I wanted to scream, I felt so walled in by impossible people in an impossible neighborhood. Knightsbridge means the breath of life, anyhow."

A sports model roared to a stop outside a block of studios in Chelsea. Its horn blared four longs and four shorts. That meant "I'm hopping up, old bean."

Pam Wellesley-Rewell lifted the cocoa off the gas ring, went to the door and opened it. She did not wait to greet her visitor, but drifted to a cigarette box and chose a gasper. Two minutes later a dark, wiry, vehement young man, in gray-flannel shirt and collar and other garments to match, lounged in through the door.

"Thought it was your murmur," said Pam, returning to her cocoa. "What's been obliterating you this last week, Peter?"

"Oh, I've been round and about," said Peter Wellesley-Rewell in his carefully bored manner.

"Father's inclined to fly the storm cone," said his sister.

"What's biting our noble K. B. E. now?" he asked indifferently. He found a slab of cheese in the kitchenette, broke off a portion and began munching it. He also found a cherry cake and munched a slice of that at the same time.

"He's down with a rush of parenthood to the head," grinned the girl. "We're both of us symptoms of the unrest and instability of the age. It's time we tautened our suspenders and showed the Reds what sterling stuff the ruling class is made of. You, for instance, are to return home and exhibit yourself as a working model of what the heir to a million should be."

"Quaint old bird!" said Peter. "Do these Victorians never learn?"

"It's serious this time, old thing," said the girl. "He's been very much the elder statesman for some time past. He's decided that it's time we justified our existences. He will not endure my cubes or have you drifting about the country at a loose end."

"As a parent he's got a nerve," said Peter. He went somberly to the window and flung it open with the gesture proper to a young man of the Noel Coward dispensation. He glared at the glow of the King's Road showing distantly over the houses, growled:

"Live in that Buffet-Byzantine tomb? My hat!"

"Amid Whistlers and G. F. Watts. Gruesome, isn't it? But that's the great idea."

"Not on his life, or mine," said Peter savagely, and he shook his fist toward the King's Road. "I'm finished with this—this festering heap of rubble. I'm clearing out of London."

"Another new destiny?" said Pam, smoothing her Eton crop without excitement.

"It's the real thing this time," he said passionately. "I'm getting out of this stewpan, this delirium of houses. I can't breathe here, can't realize myself in this welter of browbeating streets—the dirt, the muck, the stifle and din of it all."

"You sound like a grim evening with the Georgian poets," she said.

"I mean it this time, old thing. I'm fed to the teeth with towns. It's not living—this ant swarm. Rushing round doing nothing at top speed. Silly little cliques with their silly little piques. The crowding in and stagnation of the whole mass. The hideousness of it all. I'm just about cramped, choked, stultified here. One can't do anything in a place like this. I can't realize myself."

Pam grinned at him, said coolly, "The passionate intensity of his utterance left the beautiful girl breathless, while intriguing her enormously. She waited spellbound for him to tell his plan. . . . What's the next verse, Peter? Get a move on."

"I've found the way out—that's all," he grinned.

"Honest?"

"Sure," he grinned; "or as they say down there—surelye."

"Down where?"

"In Sussex; little place I've found."

"Don't stall on it," she cried. "Open out. I suspect I'm going to be excited about this."

"It's a little place called Pennyhill," said Peter solemnly. "Little place right out of the world. Gorgeous little place. Tucked away under some perfectly swizzing hills—you never saw such a line and color. There are some dinky woods and little fields, and the village is just about the same as when Noah sighted it on his way to Ararat—funny little wandering street of cottages built of ironstone, untouched by time and scarcely dusted by char-à-bancs. It's the one spot of spots one prays for these days, but it's true, and it's there."

"Yes, and what are you going to do with it?" asked Pam with a thrill in her voice.

"I'm going to live there forever," he said decisively.

"But the K. B. E. ——" she began.

"Can't help his troubles. I'm staying for keeps in Pennyhill. Fact, I've bought a cottage there. It's a gem of a place called Three Chimneys."

"How utterly divine!" gasped Pam.

"Yes, gorgeous name, isn't it? The house is to match too. All low ceilings and oak beams, dark ingles and stairs tucked away in cupboards. It was owned by an amazing old dame called Chewth."

"Is there such a name?" cried Pam.

"A heap of it, apparently," grinned the enthusiastic Peter. "Chewth seems to be one of the ancient families of Pennyhill. The Chewths have owned Three Chimneys for hundreds of years—and the furniture in it. Furniture, my dear—you ought to see it! All George and William IV stuff, solid and ugly and glorious."

"Peter, if you could only buy the furniture too!"

"I've got it," he grinned triumphantly. "Bought it for a song. Dame Chewth's nieces—she's going to live with them—consider it lamentable old-fashioned, so I took it off them at a charity price. So there I am with the house and furniture of one's dreams set down in the one livable village in the kingdom."

"And what are you going to do there?" asked Pam.

"Leather work," he said exultantly. "You know my ideals. Craftsmanship leather goods; honest hand-wrought leather to show the world what was lost when we discarded the labor of individual craftsmen for cheap-Jack, machine-made, mass-production stuff. Sheila will join me, and one or two others. We're going to set up an old-era colony of artist workers. Perhaps we'll bring back an age of country industries. Who knows? Don't you think it a top-hole idea, Pam?"

"Gorgeous," she giggled. "Comic, isn't it, though?—the heir of Sir Benjamin Wellesley-Rewell, international financier, cutting his glories for the village cobbler's last."

"It is the rebellion of youth against too much civilization and old-family convention. . . . And by the way, it's queer that you should mention the cobbler's last. The village saddler and bootmaker of Pennyhill is—who do you think—a certain Hosea Rewell."

"Good Lord," she cried, "how perfectly droll! I wonder if he is any connection?"

"No hope of that," said Peter Wellesley-Rewell airily. "We've been cockneys since the beginning of time."

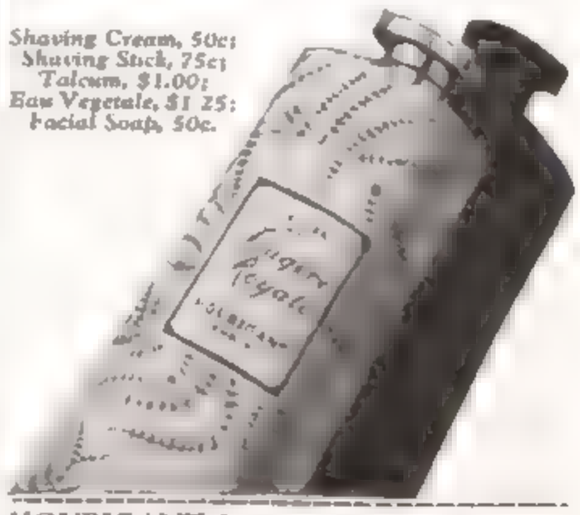
You don't need a wire beard to like *Fougère Royale* but if you have one you will

THIS new way to a better shave was made for wiry beards and tender faces. Others naturally find comfort in its soothing, beard-softening lather. Fougère Royale (Royal Fern) Shaving Cream contains no secret chemicals. It is thoroughly neutralized, beneficial to the skin and never leaves a soapy, after-shaving odor. Delightful to use.

If you want a better shave get the generous fifty-cent tube of Fougère Royale Shaving Cream today from your druggist. Or send a dime and the coupon below for a trial tube that will tell you all you will ever need to know about shaving comfort.

Fougère Royale
Shaving Cream

Pronounced Foo-Zhaire Royal



HOUBIGANT, Inc. P-5
539 West 45th Street, New York City

I want to try Fougère Royale Shaving Cream. Here is my dime.

Name

Address

DOLLAR FUR DOLLAR

(Continued from Page 48)

hoisted into the wagon, and he and Zelda drove into the neighboring township. They remained in the grieving household for nine days and upon the day after the funeral they came home. Daniel was not there.

"Oh, him?" answered Elias. "How do I know where he was? He said he was taking that card-playing aunt of his to some such town where she was wanting to visit. The day after you left he made his tracks."

Zelda beat her palms. "And you give him dare to go? Now, when he is so late with his cornland? Och, my souls, this much he is behind could ruin him!"

"I give him dare?" shrugged Elias. "Looky here, I ain't taking no tramp to raise. I says if you feel fur it, go ahead on; and I guess he felt fur it and off he went. But if the farming is so easy as what he says he can be easy ketching himself up."

She said no more; there was not even bitterness in the wide look with which she regarded him; but before the wonder and the woe in those eyes his own fell and he went out. He halted uncertainly upon the top step and mumbled over his shoulder, "He'll be back in two, three days, I shouldn't wonder."

She did not reply. And she said nothing of reproach or apprehension to Daniel when he finally came roistering in, his ardent eyes intense with the joy of seeing her again, his tongue palpitating with the jollities of the small city with which he would delight old Christian's ear. She said nothing. Of what use? She was only twenty-two, but she had excellent discretion. Only, when he swept the flame of the match across his bedtime candle and said, "And now tomorrow Kutz borrows me the lend of his stirring plow fur to start on my corn. I will be stirring with my stirring plow then!" she looked up into his confident, laughing eyes, and there was a new tenderness in her own.

The brooding tenderness was there often during the weeks that followed. April passed with its plowing and its harrowing. "Round and round I go again," he told her gleefully. "My, this here farming life has awful lively—just one merry-go-round after the other."

The first of May came, and in their harrowed fields with their corn planters were Adlai Kutz and Elias and all the other good farmers. But Daniel was still harrowing. Zelda paused one unusually warm day with her jug of cooling vinegar, sugar and water, and from the crest of his rolling land glanced about over his acreage. Below them the wheat field and the oat field were already plushy in their verdant promise; around them the harrowed earth thrust upward its lines of curving mouths for the belated corn for which it breathed its fragrant yearning.

"Till the fifteenth I will be setting my checkrow wires fur the corn planting," he assured her. "I am three weeks behind the others, but that ain't so bad fur a greenie."

She turned that he might not see how bad she knew it was. "Your wheat looks good," she encouraged.

"As good as any of the others," he boasted; but there was as usual the faint crinkle of ironic amusement as he surveyed the tiny blades.

"If you can get it cut before it shatters fur you, in July."

"And my oats. They ain't so bad, was they?" He pleaded like a small boy for her flattery. "And this here patch of red clover. Look oncet at the green it is."

"If it will only stay green till you can cut it! Fur if the sap goes out of it, it will go dusty and dry on you, and it makes the horses and the cattle cough in their throats. In early July you have got to make with it. And the oats, too; fur if they go too ripe fur you, they bend ower and you can't make with them. In early July you have got to deal with the oats."

"And what else will happen me in July? The wheat—and the oats—and the clover," he cried in comic dismay. "Tell me somepun else now, so I can plan to grow me such another pair of arms fur this here July."

She hesitated for a moment, as one who would form hard words in as soft a mold as possible. "Your corn is near three weeks late. So it won't be out of the way now, fur you to make with the other things. On the top of all the rest, you will have to lay by your seventy-five acres of corn."

"Lay it by oncet?" he puzzled. "Lay it by whiles I ain't got it in the ground yet?"

"That is how we say it. It is the last plowing; when you turn the shovels at the plow and bank it up that way. Yes, you have got to plow yet the third time them seventy-five acres."

He turned upon his feet in a slow circle, staring down upon his hundred acres. There was sober bewilderment in his expression. He tapped himself upon the chest. "And just only me—this here little I—fur to do it all. . . . Well, I read it off in a book oncet somepun about a 'merry month of May.' But I conceit that poet writer got mistook ower the months and was meanful to say July."

By a strange psychological maneuver, which proved perhaps that they were rightly mated, the balance of their dispositions remained true during the trying weeks which followed. As the inexorable weight of the millions of tiny lives which he had evoked from the soil the rapaciously growing weight—began to crush more and more the buoyancy from his shoulders and to flatten his ready smile into a tired, grim line, it was she who became, upon the surface at least, the light-hearted one. Her labors were heavy, too, for she had now Elias' extra help to feed; but she saw to it that Daniel had the sort of food he most liked and plenty of it; and she smiled, she smiled, smiled.

She faced Elias one night in early July in the lantern-driven shadows of the barn.

"His wheat is beginning to shatter fur him."

"Well?" Elias went on rubbing lard and turpentine upon the chafed shoulder of a horse. "What could you otherwise expect?"

"I could expect that you would help him," she flamed passionately.

"Help him oncet? That know-it-all?" Weariness graved his ironic amusement with wry depth. "What fur reason would I have fur helping a feller where the farming comes so easy to? Let my own crops, heh, in this busy season, fur to help such a one? I would see myself!"

Her fingers left off their tight pinching of her gown. She stood, then went to the door. She looked back upon the stooping figure and upon his gnomelike shadow which seemed to fill the barn with its black flickering; and she said:

"You ask me what fur reason? I will tell you what fur reason. Fur the reason that you planned fur his ruin."

Outside she leaned in the warm moonlight against the barn and trembled. Her tongue was not fashioned for the cutting word. She herself felt flayed.

Nevertheless, when she saw a dark figure huddled against the porch pillar, she said brightly, "Leave me git some salt and we will go oncet to the orchard and snitch us off a green apple. This kind of a night makes me feel fur being a young kid oncet again."

But this night for the first time she was unable to rekindle a spark of his natural gayety. He flung away the core of his apple and said suddenly, "And now it's my clover. It is getting brown at the edge. Adlai Kutz says it should be quick cut if I am to save the good of it." He stretched an arm and it fell, a weary weight. "If I could only work all the night through. To think that it was once a time when I didn't know what it was to have tired!"

"If you could hire oncet that boy again fur a little," she ventured, "he could help you save the corn, mebbe. And that would be much. Think oncet! If you could save your seventy-five acres of the corn!"

"If I could hire—yes, if I could hire! If I could hire—with nothing in bank to hire with. Of course my Aunt Sade—but, no. That I will not do. But Kutz now—och, that little Kutz with the big heart!—he says still he will help me with the corn if he can git oncet a little out from under with his own."

"Yes, he is good, that Kutz," she mused. "And if he would only let the sheriffing to somebody else and make only with his farm, he wouldn't be always ketching himself a little behind. But if he will help, and if it will be a late winter fur you ——"

"A late winter?" He caught her words quickly. "What does that mean now? What has the weather got to do with it? My gosh, is it possible something else can happen me?"

She swung quickly from him. "Look oncet at the moon the round and bright it is! Do you mind oncet how you said your color was the color of the sun? Well, it's like this here moon, too; yes, if it ain't!"

But in the light of that same moon by which she sought to divert him she saw upon his face an expression which set her fingers to plucking at her throat. It was the fear of the land. She picked at her shoulder as though she had a shawl which she would draw about her; and they went back through the hot, bright air.

She went into her father's room and stood by the side of his bed. She did not know how much he knew; but she was certain that he was very wise and she believed that he was very kind. Even so, it was hard for her to confess in words the failure of one who was more to her than her life; and she stood silent, looking down upon the long, sheeted effigy, upon the strong features painted by the moonlight with pale grandeur, upon the white beard which lay like a snowy plume of honor upon his breast. She told him all.

And he said a cruel thing: "It is best for some—the hard." That was all he said, and she went out.

August passed with its threshings. September passed with its corn-cuttings. October passed with its corn shocked in the fields. And its frosts. Its frosts!

Late November came and with it came a morning upon which Daniel Kistler pushed back his chair with the impatient impulse of the man who can brook no more. He pushed back his chair from that table which eight months before had witnessed that compact so strangely drawn in old Christian's words, so strangely accepted in the wrath of the one, in the eager reluctance of the other; and upon that table he threw a limp book from his vest pocket.

"My bank book," said Daniel Kistler. "Empty! You might as well know it. You do know it." He threw back his head and gazed straight at Christian and at Elias; but not at the girl. "The frost come and my corn went soft on me."

He was not the same Daniel who had sat there eight months before, laughing, boastful, soft of contour and expression. Only the fine texture of his skin remained the same, that skin which wind and sun had wrought against in vain—that and his soft radiating hair, the color of his corn which had proved so treacherous.

"You named the fifth of March," he said to Christian. "But it's no use waiting. I can't wait. It's finished. And I go."

If the girl stiffened, she was the only one who made a movement. Elias drew a rasping breath through his teeth. Christian said calmly and conversationally, "And where do you go then?"

"I go in town," said Daniel shortly. "I go into a garage. Till March comes I conceit I can pay you what you think would be right fur the rent of them fifty acres I had the use of a'ready. My corn I give all to Kutz. He says it ain't too soft but what he can feed it to his hogs anyway. So till March comes I think to be free. Free." He shook his shoulders, thrust his hands into his pockets and stared at the wall.

The girl looked down at her lap. She drove her two palms together as though something precious, which she could not hold, were slipping from them. This then was what the fear of the land came to. And she—where was she, what was she, in that winding net which her father had spread about that table so long, so long ago, and which was now drawing them, drawing them all, suffocatingly, in this abortive day of reckoning?

"And where was your book?" Christian was addressing Elias now. "Two hunert dollars you was owing to me."

Elias went to his vest, which was hanging upon a hook, took his bank book from its pocket and threw it down with a slight snort of scornful satisfaction upon the table. The old man drew one and then the other to him. He looked at them in leisurely fashion.

"So, then. You have got the two hunert and I have got the two hunert. Four hunert, then, is coming to you. And, you. You ain't got the five hunert, so I ain't got the five hunert. And the thousand ain't coming to you."

No one spoke. Old Christian handed each his book, settled back in his chair and folded his hands. He looked at Daniel.

"So your year has gone fur nothing." In intonation it was calm statement, but there was something of challenge in it too.

Young Kistler looked up quickly. "That there's the size of it. Nothing. But, yes. Why, yes, I got something out of it. I got my experience. I got my experience of the land."

"What fur good is experience of the land if you are leaving the land?" probed the patriarch.

"Leaving the land? Who said I was leaving the land? I should guess anyhow not. Do you think I would leave a lot of dumb acres beat me? Not so you could take notice to it. They could beat me once mebbe, but they ain't beating me again. Leave the land? Huh! The land's the first thing in my life where ever give me a run fur my money—well, it beat me and got my money and now I'm fur running after it and gitting it back again. That's sense, ain't it? I have got a'ready the promise of that same fifty off of Kutz."

He was so much the Daniel she had known, as his full ardent eyes turned toward her with their old twinkle, that she drew her hand across her own, as though her vision of him had been clouded. "I make yet another surprise fur you off of Kutz, not? Does this here one suit you any worser?"

Christian chuckled deeply in his breast. "It is best for some—the hard. The roots ketch stronger."

Elias, that wry lover whose sweetheart was the land, stared strangely at this young neophyte who had once so angered him by his contempt of his mistress' charms, but who had now so gallantly acknowledged them. He slubbered out of his chair and fumbled his hat from its hook. He went out upon the porch. Through the eerie air of early morning came back to them his mutter: "I got to have me a hand this winter. I guess I could pay you as good as any garage if you feel fur the job." His heavy feet went down the steps.

Zelda sprang from her chair and poised there like a winged thing, too happy for earth, too fearful yet to take the air. "And would you?" she breathed. "Or—of course it has more life in the town ——"

"Would I oncet?" He leaped to her mood and swept her off her feet. "Just try it yet to drive me off from the only home I ever had!"

"Let that mushy slobbering!" commanded old Christian. "And git me to my chair. Where is that swanged stick anyhow?"

WHEN that boy of yours "takes all day" in the bathroom you merely realize more acutely the importance of having *enough bathrooms to go round*. And why not have them? Let your plumbing dealer show you what a joyous bathroom you can have in almost no space at all. See if his careful estimate is not lower than your "guess." And mention Kohler Plumbing Fixtures, those with the name "Kohler" fused in superbly white enamel, if you want the best—at no higher cost. . . . Write for the booklet of Kohler Ware.

KOHLER CO., *Founded 1873*, KOHLER, WIS. • *Shipping Point, Sheboygan, Wis.* • *Branches in Principal Cities*

KOHLER OF KOHLER

Plumbing Fixtures

The American Club in Kohler Village the most beautiful industrial community in America

BACK OF BEYOND

(Continued from Page 25)

what the length of days, what the toil of travel; no matter what the abundance of wild beasts or the untamed savagery of men, the fact remained that to some degree, however slight, the white man had spun his insulation. He was within his conquered territory, lord of his destiny.

But here he stepped outside that circle. The invisible web, spun out of his efforts as a race, was reft. He stood alone. And he must move softly, one among many creatures, under some strange menace which he never could understand.

Then as suddenly the illumination faded. The presence withdrew. Maclyn, a little bewildered by a subtlety which had struck at his inner being without touching his understanding, braced his shoulders. He had felt a momentary chill, followed by an upsurge of outflung energy and courage, as though at a challenge.

Breck too must have sensed the presence, for after a moment he shook his shoulders slightly and looked up.

"Well," said he, "there she is!" And then he added under his breath, almost as though in spite of himself: "I wonder what she'll do to you."

"Let's go!" cried Maclyn joyously.

XV

THE single nub of rock Mavrouki had pointed out as the rendezvous looked neither very large nor very far, but it took them two full days to get to it. This was not because of any especial difficulty in the actual driving. The mimosa trees that clothed the country were spaced far enough apart so that it was a simple matter to thread a way anywhere among them, and the rolls of the hills were low and broad. But in the troughs of these waves ran eroded watercourses. They were, most of them, of no great size; but their banks were precipitous, and they had to be crossed.

Hemenway had puzzled out a rough route that led from one game crossing to another, but even at that it was slow work. Then, too, one or more of the thunderstorms with which always the wide landscape was somewhere adorned had evidently passed here within a few days. The soil was extraordinarily sticky, like fly paper. The wheels nowhere seemed to sink deep enough to matter, hardly enough to make clearly marked tracks, but the cars labored and steamed even on the levels. A slight hill sometimes stopped them dead, the power failed under the load. This meant pushing and pulling, and sometimes the building of short stretches of dry traction. And yet, apparently, the surface was nearly dry.

"What if it were to rain?" wondered Maclyn.

"In that case we'd simply stick where we happened to be until it had dried," Breck told him.

But it was a pleasant country. Beneath the mimosa trees, spaced as in a park, the new grass was soft and green, and varied bright wild flowers spangled it as with stars. There were many birds—green pigeons, parrots, hornbills, black widower birds with long tails, brilliant sunbirds and many more modestly clad bird people less obtruding on the attention. In spite of the slow and difficult travel, it was a pleasanter, more intimate country than any Maclyn had yet seen. Deep game trails ran everywhere, some of them worn down like troughs, but of game itself very little was to be seen, and those singly or in small shy bands that melted away into the thin forest on their approach.

Maclyn asked about this.

"It's probably seasonal—none about," surmised Breck. "Comes in here when the grass gets stronger, or gives out in the other ranges."

"I'd like to be here when it is."

"Oh, you'll see plenty of game," said Breck carelessly.

"Why do no natives live here?" asked Maclyn, struck by the thought that since the Forrester camp they had not laid eyes on a human being.

"There you are." Breck made a gesture.

"What?"

"The reason there are no natives here—that fellow there."

"Looks like a horse fly—what we call a deer fly at home."

"Only this chap has his wings crossed. That's a tsetse."

"Good Lord!" cried Maclyn, leaning forward with interest.

"Oh, there's no sleeping sickness this side the lake," said Breck, "but the fly carries other germs. He's fatal to cattle, and as your natives are great cattle fanciers they stay out of the fly belts. He won't bother us."

By the early afternoon of the second day the nub of rock, which had sunk from visibility once they had descended from the pass, now showed near at hand. Only now it was no longer a nub of rock, but quite a respectable small mountain sitting out there all by itself. A wisp of smoke drifted from among the trees near the base of its steepest rise.

"Looks as if our *safari* was there," observed Kali Sana with satisfaction.

They chugged on. By four o'clock they drew out from the mimosas into a small grass opening beneath a cliff. Under a huge fig tree stood two small green tents. Scattered about were several grass huts. Groups of men stood looking in their direction. As soon as they appeared in sight these men bounded forward. They bore down on the cars at full speed, yelling at the top of their lungs. Maclyn had never in his life seen such men—tall, naked, bronze-red, their heads shaved in weird designs and patterns, tattoo marks on their faces, backs and arms, with polished bracelets on their wrists and upper arms, their hair oiled and stiffened with red clay, their eyes wild and rolling in their heads, their front teeth filed to sharp points. A few carried long bright spears which they brandished; the rest flourished peeled staves.

For a brief panic-stricken instant Maclyn wondered if this were not an attack by some wild tribe that had captured Doctor Hemenway's effects, but a glance at his companions reassured him. Breck had stopped the car and was staring about on the mob that immediately surrounded it. It was now evident that, in spite of their fierce appearance, these people were on a broad grin of friendliness and of cordial joy. They pressed about the after body of the car, hailing Mavrouki by name and reaching over to shake his hand, and that of M'bogo. They tried to catch Breck's eye, the grin broadening to ingratiation.

"*Jambo, bwana m'kubwa!*" they cried again and again.

"*Jambo,* boys," Breck said once, and once only.

They greeted Maclyn also, who shouted *jambo* back again into the pandemonium. Several offered their hands, which he shook. This encouraged them, and they deserted all other occupation to crowd around Maclyn's side of the car, until Breck checked them with a sharp "*Bassi!*" when they fell back with loud shouts of derision at one another, like small boys caught out. Maclyn realized uncomfortably that in some manner he did not understand he had committed a social error.

"*Nyimpara wapi?*" Breck demanded sharply—"Where is the headman?"

The tumult died to silence. A man who had heretofore held himself in the background, aloof, stepped forward, stiffened to attention and delivered a smart military salute. This action was the more startling in its incongruity with his appearance. He differed in no way from his companions save that he wore two garments of remote European origin—an exceedingly soiled and ragged pair of khaki shorts and a dilapidated old felt hat.

Breck examined him attentively. "I've seen that blighter before," he muttered; then in Swahili "What is your name?"

"Morenda, *bwana m'kubwa*"

"Morenda?" repeated Breck, searching his memory. "What tribe are you?"

"The people of the Watassi, *bwana.*"

"By Jove, I have it!" exclaimed Breck in English. "You were with me in Nyasaland," said he, again in Swahili.

The man's face broke in a delighted smile. "*Bwana* remembers!" he cried. "It was when the *bwana* fought the elephant with one tooth."

"What do you here?"

"These are my people, *bwana.*"

"Curious." Breck turned to Maclyn. "This chap tracked elephant for me way down in Nyasaland, and now I find him here, and he tells me this is his country. Small world. *Nenda!*" he commanded, and drove the car forward.

They came to a stop beneath the great fig tree. Breck, with Morenda, immediately began to investigate conditions. Dozens of willing hands under the direction of Mavrouki undid lashings, unloaded the trucks, distributed their contents as the old gun bearer commanded. Maclyn had leisure to look about him.

The two small green tents had been neatly pitched. In one of them he saw a cot and a folding chair. A canvas bathtub in a folding stand stood next the tree trunk, and into this a man poured hot water from a galvanized pail. Wooden boxes had been piled to form a table, and already another man was laying out eating utensils with a deftness of arrangement in strange contrast to his appearance.

Other men were unpacking food and cooking utensils at a fire some distance removed.

Certain of the loads were added to a pile already under a canvas in the middle of the encampment. After the bivouacs of the journey, the camp seemed incredibly luxurious. Naked men brought in his tin box, distributed his accouterments with a skill evidently resultant from long practice. One said something which he could not understand, then made motions of unlocking. Maclyn gave him his keys. Soon the man returned, presented Maclyn with a cake of soap and a towel, stooped before him to unlace his boots. Maclyn gathered he was to take a bath.

He did so, in slow luxury, slopping the scalding hot water over his body, drying himself slowly, savoring the taste of leisure and relaxation and comfort after the toil of the journey. He stretched his muscles, breathing deep. The air on his body flowed about him, touching him with soft fingers, brushing away the film of dusty monotony and endurance. It was as though something were flowing in on him, resensitizing him. He quivered in a kind of ecstasy at the vastness of the untouched world before him; his spirit leaped in anticipation of the morrow and the days to come.

Breck, pausing in his round of inspection, watched him with a somber speculation. He was trying to remember his own youth; he was wondering. All that was so long ago. Since then had intervened so many long days and half-sleeping watchful nights, so many years of alertness and minute surface details of such things as tracks and currents of wind and weight of suns. Little surface things, but they had persisted and finally had bred him slow and dogged and clothed in a sort of objective ruthlessness. Now he looked out from behind this incasing self Africa had made of him, looked out at the unbent, untouched boy's spirit as he would have looked upon some new animal he had discovered—curiously, with speculation. And somehow it hurt him a little, for in the naked figure looking toward the sunset he felt something of his own lost beauty and freedom of life that Africa had taken from him bit by bit. He felt it grimly, as the intrusion of sunlight into a dark cave.

Maclyn caught sight of him and waved his hand. "This is great!" he cried. "Better try it. I'm coming out."

Breck shook his heavy shoulders. He had paid the price. What had she given in return? He wondered, a little bitterly, if that splendor of life which so obviously radiated from the godlike young figure would continue to exist for him if someone were not always there to arrange the scorned and necessary details.

"I'm getting to be an envious old fool," muttered Breck to himself. "He's a good lad."

XVI

IF MACLYN had been able consciously to sense that challenge he would have been justified in looking upon the next two months as a victory for himself. The week afoot was a very hard one, from his point of view; though Breck in his stolid, taciturn fashion seemed to take it as it came. But Maclyn overcame it with a certain somber zest in accomplishment in spite of its toils and its wearing, wearying attrition.

For one thing, he was becoming hardened in spirit and body; for another, the country was gradually changing and promising. The mimosa forest thinned, opened up in places to prairies three or four miles across. Each day they saw more and more wild animals. Their numbers increased so gradually that at no point could one have said he had entered into a game country, but the time came when Maclyn never raised his eyes during daylight hours without seeing some sort of large wild creature. Often the vistas down through the sparse woodland seemed alive with shimmering, elusive shapes, fleeing to right and left before their advance, and the dust clouds arose like the smoke of a fire.

As the *safari* men continually beat upon their loads with staff or spear, and sang or chattered at the tops of their voices, Maclyn did not marvel that the animals fled. When he remarked on this, Breck sent him with Mavrouki a few hundred yards ahead. Then he had nearer opportunities. He could see now more clearly and at leisure the dark wildebeest, the zebra shimmering as though in mirage, the ghostlike Tommies which made up the bulk of them; and he tried to identify other and more unusual beasts. Mavrouki helped him here.

Maclyn began perforce to learn a little rudimentary Swahili, beginning with the names of animals. Once his roving eye caught sight above the grass of a great shaggy head with yellow eyes that gazed into his with a certain detached haughtiness. Even before he had realized its identity, an illogical electric thrill clutched his chest.

Mavrouki grasped his arm, thrusting the rifle at him. "*Simba! Simba!*" he hissed.

But before Maclyn could gather his wits the shaggy head quietly disappeared; nor though the two of them advanced promptly to the spot, could they find trace of its owner. Mavrouki pointed out the shallow dip in the grass down which it had withdrawn.

This was Maclyn's first sight of a wild lion. It was like a tonic to his whole being, which was sagging under the weight of a long day. He could not wait for Breck's slow approach, but turned back to meet him.

"Aye?" Breck greeted his recital.

"I'd no idea he'd look so big," concluded Maclyn, a little dashed by the other's calm acceptance. "And, by Jove"—he laughed excitedly—"there I stood with a gun in my hand, and it never occurred to me to shoot until he had gone. It didn't seem possible so large an animal could have disappeared so completely in that short grass, but when

(Continued on Page 113)

The "BRAINTREE," *early American dining room suite —as painted in oil by Joseph Chenoweth*

A trait that reflects good breeding

TO PREFER one good picture to half a dozen cheap ones . . . one thoroughbred dog to a kennel of mongrels . . . one blue-white diamond to a sunburst of flawed stones . . . that is a trait which gentle-folk share in common. It is the test of taste.

Mere show doesn't interest these people. But they are jealous indeed of the approval of their kind. And mere POSSESSION of good things—GENUINE things—is, to them, one of the prime delights of life.

For these people Berkey & Gay have been building furniture of distinction for 73 years. Indeed, it is their taste and patronage which have made it possible for Berkey & Gay to grow and expand and yet maintain the old-world standards of craft and progressive style leadership for which they are renowned.

FURNITURE'S
PROUDEST COAT-OF-ARMS

Look for this Shop Mark inset in every Berkey & Gay creation. It is your protection when buying, and your pride ever after.

Men still carve with knives at the Berkey & Gay Shops. Decorate by hand with palette and brush. Cut and match beautifully grained tops for bureaus and tables. Hand-inlay bits and blocks of rare woods, creating exquisite and colorful panels. Rub and shade rich finishes with the patience and art of other days.

Yet Berkey & Gay styles are fresh, spirited, advanced; and, thanks to vast production, Berkey & Gay prices are now lowest in their history—$200 to $6000 the suite.

Berkey & Gay Furniture

BERKEY & GAY FURNITURE COMPANY, GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN • *Founded in* 1853 • NEW YORK WHOLESALE SHOWROOM 115 W 40TH STREET

Announcing New

Whichever You choose – the best that

NESCO [*Kerosene*] COOK STOVES

WOMEN everywhere are delighted with the latest Nesco models for 1927. The newest model has a built-in oven and the oven burners can also be used for grate surface cooking—*a most desirable feature.* Cooking service that was never before thought possible on an oil cook stove becomes a joyful reality. Recipes that women would not dare try on an oil stove are now prepared easily and *perfectly* on the Nesco.

Ask your dealer to show you the Nesco—with its quick, intense heat, uniform blue flame and absence of all soot, smoke and odor. Send the coupon for our beautiful free booklet showing 13 other styles and sizes.

NATIONAL ENAMELING & STAMPING CO., INC. *Executive Offices:* 425 E. Water St., Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Factories and Branches. Milwaukee, Chicago, Granite City, Ill., St. Louis, New Orleans, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore. • *Licensed Canadian Manufacturers:* Dominion Stove and Foundry Company, Penetanguishene, Ontario, Canada

THE FAMOUS NESCO BURNER

—with the blue gas contact flame.

Quick, easy acting—no ratchets and gears.

The Nesco Rockweave wick is made of woven asbestos, wire cored, selvage edges. Non burnable.

Call on your NESCO dealer *Now*—and have

NE

BAKES FRIES

Models For 1927

skill can make – or money can buy –

NESCO [*Gasoline*] COOK STOVES

GAS—*without gas mains!* "Why that *is* a gas burner!" women say in amazement when they see the Nesco Gasoline Cook Stove burning.

And it is a gas burner. Each burner is turned up or down just like gas without affecting the other burners. This remarkable new stove, which uses ordinary gasoline, converts and burns the fuel in a gaseous form. *The flame is actually hotter than city gas!*

Now every kitchen in America can actually have gas cooking service!

Our booklet tells the whole story of this amazing development in cook stoves. Send for a free copy.

The GAS-I-FIER
Heart of the Nesco *Gasoline Cook Stove*

Converts ordinary gasoline into a gaseous form—making possible the clean, uniform, intensely hot flame.

him show you the attractive features of these new models.

NESCO

ROASTS TOASTS BOILS

NATIONAL ENAMELING & STAMPING CO., INC.
425 E. Water Street. Milwaukee, Wis.

Send me your free booklets describing the stoves checked below.

☐ Nesco Kerosene Cook Stoves
☐ Nesco Gasoline Cook Stoves

Name

Address

City State

Your hardware dealer's name DD-1

Those who place a wholly literal meaning on the word "mild" probably may not understand why smokers enthuse about the mildness of White Owl.

But mildness in a fine cigar means sweetness of taste and refreshing coolness—a full-bodied mildness that enables you to enjoy one cigar after another throughout the day.

If you would learn the delights of *satisfying* mildness in a cigar, try White Owl today. You'll add your appreciation to the millions who are finding new smoking contentment through the enjoyment of tobacco from the finest crop in years.

General Cigar Co., Inc.

White Owl

3 for 20¢

MILLIONS ARE SAYING — TASTING BETTER THAN EVER!

(Continued from Page 108)

we got over there we couldn't find hide or hair of him. I wouldn't have believed it."

"Oh, you went over after him?" said Breck.

"Just as fast as we could run, but he'd absolutely vanished."

"Aye," commented Breck, "it's a way they have—at times." He apparently dismissed the subject as far as Maclyn knew, for he at once turned to Mavrouki and began to talk to him in Swahili. His tone was casual; he might have been passing the time of day.

"Bwana Doctori had told me that you were a gun bearer and also a man old with wisdom," he said; "but I find you acting as a foolish *shenzi* whose head is only made to wear feathers. Do you not know that a lion in the grass is *kali?*"

"The young *bwana* wished to kill the lion, *bwana*," protested Mavrouki. "It is the business of the gun bearer to follow his white man."

"It is the business of a man as wise as you to know that this young man does not know the lion. Do you understand?"

"Yes, *bwana*," said Mavrouki.

Thereafter Breck marched ahead with Maclyn, leaving Morenda to lead the men, while M'bogo brought up the rear, on the watch for stragglers. They camped at night near little pools of muddy water. These were shallow and often fouled by the multitudes of animals that had drunk at them. Boiled and made into tea, the water was only just drinkable. At first Maclyn could not bring himself to touch it from his canteen, but the heat of marching soon forced him to it. Then he discovered that he was not to be permitted a drink until the afternoon. He protested.

"My mouth is like sandpaper!" said he.

But Breck was obdurate. "You must get used to it," the latter told him. "If you drink too early you'll just sweat it out again without its doing you any good. You must wait until your tissues dry out enough to absorb it. Remember, that canteen must last you all day. There's no more when that is gone."

Maclyn perforce obeyed; but as he was young and quite undisciplined, his bodily sensations assumed undue importance in his cosmos, and concentrated the greater portion of his attention upon themselves, shunting aside to a large extent other impressions. Maclyn felt vaguely, without defining the feeling into thought, that he could be immensely interested in beasts and flowers and strange landscapes and soaring great skies were it not for the fact that the attention he might pay them was all taken up by inordinate thirst, and a feeling of physical weight as the sun laid its hand upon him, and aching feet, and the sweat that tickled his body and ran down into his eyes, and weariness of unaccustomed muscles called upon to do the same things over and over long after they had distinctly informed him they had done enough of that sort of thing.

His appreciations for the unusual became dulled, so that with precocious swiftness the unusual became the accustomed, the wholly unremarked. And glimmering in the background of his perceptions was the first far realization that all these strange things would be very wonderful, very inspiring to him, were not this dull gray blanketing repression cast upon him. But there was such an endless call upon him, such a frightfully tiresome repetition of demand! Ramparts! Ranges! Ramifications of hills! Long sweeps with hopelessly distant landmark goals! Dreary, dreary hours and days! His spirit was as though hypnotized under a wicked slave-like apathy, hopeless and dull. Without knowing it, he was already making his first small payments of the price of exploration—aging, plodding endurance. Only, he paid with a protesting resentment that compounded the price. He existed as an insect caught in a web may still be said to exist, self-centered, absorbed.

That was the inside of him. As to the outside, he merely seemed to be nursing a gigantic grouch. He did not talk; he answered Breck's rare remarks in monosyllables. He paid no attention at all to Mavrouki's cheerful indications of this or that. Unreasonably, he seemed to resent the fact that Breck felt like making any remarks, that Mavrouki could be cheerful. When night came and camp was made, he lay on his back and stared straight up. The bitterness of his spirit left no absorption in him for the influences about him. He did not hear the varied, fierce, multitudinous voices of the African night; he did not even see the flaming, unwinking stars. He was quite alone with himself.

Breck did not appear to notice. He oversaw methodically the morning preparations for the day; he marched methodically; he superintended the making of camp; he consulted with Mavrouki at great length; he smoked his short pipe and stared into the darkness. In no way did he attempt to break through the young man's mood. Breck was an experienced hand; he knew better. He knew that mood of old. It was inevitable, the small preliminary test his mistress laid upon the soul of men. "Going black," the old-timers would have called it. He knew he could not help or interfere. It was a valley through which one must pass who would approach the presence.

On the eighth day they turned between two low hills to look from a saddle over another wide expanse of country. The immediate foreground and for some miles was gray and green with mimosa, but beyond them into illimitable distances rolled grass plains. League after unguessed league they billowed on without a break, until they were lost in the heat shimmer over the far shoulder of the world. And above it skies no language of man can encompass. As though by common consent, they halted.

"That is the country of Bwana Doctori," said Mavrouki. "See? There by the edge of the hills is the river. That is the camp." He shaded his eye with the palm of his hand and stared steadily across the great expanse. "Can you see, *bwana*," said he at last, "over there, low down, blue like the sky, and thin like a smoke that has almost gone?"

Breck looked long in the direction indicated. "What is it, Mavrouki? I see nothing."

"Very far. Look swiftly, *bwana*. If you look closely, it goes."

"Yes—no—I think I make out a mountain. I can't be sure. What of it? It is very far?"

"Very far, *bwana*. Look well, for you may not see it again. Only once have I seen it before, and from this place."

"What is it?"

"It is the Mountain of God," said Mavrouki.

The eyes of all the natives were turned in the direction of the elusive apparition. They were silent, and a slight awe had sobered their faces.

"It is good *n'dowa*," cried Mavrouki. "To very few does she reveal herself. The spirits smile on us. See? She has gone."

And, indeed, the faint half-guessed loom of blue seemed to have vanished, leaving the horizon clear. Breck continued to stare in that direction for a moment or so longer. Then he uttered a short laugh. "Mirage," he said. "All right, let's get on! *Bandika!*"

They took up their loads.

XVII

WITHIN an hour of sunset they had arrived at Doctor Hemenway's old camp. It proved to consist of a veritable village of substantial-looking grass huts, some of them of great size. They were still in good repair, for their disuse had been short; and before dark the cots were up, the other effects all unpacked and distributed, the cooking fires burning. Maclyn ate his supper half asleep; he turned in almost immediately; he slept like one dead.

He came suddenly broad awake just at sunrise, and thrusting his feet into mosquito boots, he stepped outside. It was as though the night had been a dividing boundary. He looked back on the journey and its trials of the body—but especially of the spirit—as one would look back into a cloud shadow from brilliant sunshine. He had never felt better in his life. The air was crisp, much too cold for pajamas, but he could not go in yet. It breathed from some unguessed pure space refreshing as water. Birds were singing. The whole eastern sky was patterned as with inlaid copper. Against it flat-topped trees silhouetted black and arresting. A smell of freshness came to his nostrils and entered into his lungs and spread throughout his whole being.

Maclyn shivered a little, groped for his clothes in the darkness of the grass hut. By the time he had dressed, full daylight had come, after the sudden miraculous manner of the tropics.

The camp—or village—still lay asleep. The tiny wisps of smoke from last night's fires alone spoke of human occupancy. It huddled, loosely grouped, under the flat-topped trees, four big houses and fifteen or twenty little round huts. Maclyn now saw that it had been located about halfway down a long and gentle slope. The upper end of this slope terminated on a sky line to the east; the lower end in a long river jungle like a green wall. Atop this wall here and there, outlined against the lucent green western sky, stood great birds.

A trail went out from camp toward this jungle. Maclyn followed it.

The trail was beaten hard as by the passing of many feet, but on either side the grasses had sprung up waist high, and the weight of them had bowed them nearly to close the opening. Maclyn found them laden with very cold water. Nevertheless he pushed on, a little gingerly at first; then, as he became thoroughly soaked to the waist, with more boldness. The path led him a quarter of a mile or more down the slope. It passed beneath a huge archway of vines through a black opening in an apparently otherwise solid wall of green. Maclyn found himself in the interior of the river jungle and on the banks of a river.

It was unlike any place he had ever seen before. Huge trees with writhing thick trunks; equally huge trees with straight boles, wide-spaced, but canopied in a remote ceiling to exclude the sky. Long looped vines like pythons flung across the free mid-spaces. A dense flowered lower growth; and beneath it, furtively, low, half-distinguishable trails which a man must stoop or crawl to follow.

Maclyn thought he had walked quietly, but his entrance into these spacious halls was well remarked. Something half grunted, half whistled at him from the low jungle; bright birds fluttered through the mid-spaces; some large brown beasts dropped rapidly down a slender tree and crashed off through the underbrush, barking; smaller gray creatures scampered up the rope vines to horizontal limbs far above, where they flattened themselves and gazed down at him with bright curious eyes.

Something slid into the river with a heart-arresting swish, like a huge launching. Maclyn recognized the baboons and the gray monkeys; but he did not know what had whistled or what had swished. He stopped short and gazed about him with delight.

It was a strange sort of river, without kinship with any other river he had ever known, sliding along dark and furtive, saying curious things low-voiced to its precipitous shores of mud, dark brown and shining with drip. It was none too clear a river, of a gypsy brown, sensuous, languid, slow; its current turning on itself lazily; its surface heavy-aired, insect skimming; reflecting the equatorial lavishness of papyrus and dripping long fronds of palms which seemed, where the brown water caught them, to weave back and forth, back and forth, in a slow rhythm.

Maclyn was utterly fascinated. How long he stood there lost in a daydreaming quiescence he could not have told. He was aroused finally by a scandalized voice at his elbow. Mavrouki was addressing him in chiding tones. The old man carried Maclyn's rifle.

"What is it, old sport? Late for breakfast?" inquired the young man cheerfully. "Well, I'm ready for it!"

He followed the gun bearer back to camp, which was now awake and about its business. Breck greeted him, listened a moment to the apparently scandalized Mavrouki, and turned to him.

"Look here," he said, when the latter had finished, "won't do, you know. You mustn't go barging off like this without a rifle or your gun bearer. You'll get scuppered *maramoja*. It won't do at all. Now remember this: Never leave camp, even for five minutes, without a gun. Never go anywhere alone." Breck's manner was impressive.

"I'm sorry; I forgot," said Maclyn; "but this was so close to camp that I thought ——"

"Here, come with me," interrupted Kali Sana. He led Maclyn to a point about twenty yards beyond one of the main houses. "See that?" he demanded.

Maclyn looked at a faint smudge next a grass root. "What is it?" he inquired.

"Lion track—made last night."

Maclyn gazed at it impressed. "Golly!" said he. "Suppose he's around here yet?"

"Why not?" asked Breck. "Now don't forget any more."

But Maclyn's high spirits were only momentarily dashed. He was bubbling over. It was as though a physical weight had been lifted from him; as though he had suddenly emerged from the lethargy of a severe illness; as if he had come up from the miasmic deadening atmosphere of some dark hole into clear air. He was full of energy, full of a desire to get at it, whatever it was.

At the breakfast table in the airy thatched *banda* without side walls, he chatted effervescently, telling of his morning experiences. The thing that whistled at him, he learned, was probably a bush buck; the thing that launched itself might have been a hippopotamus, or perhaps a crocodile. He stopped with a little gasp of amazed delight at this. Some of the bright-colored birds might have been parrots—bona-fide parrots not in cages and with probably no knowledge of crackers. And—Breck pointed out a little grimly—there was an excellent chance that there might have been a leopard or so which he had been fortunate enough not to have seen.

"I know; I won't do that again," Maclyn assured him; "but it's the most fascinating place I ever saw." He suddenly stopped, hesitated, and went on a little shamefacedly. "You know," he blurted out, "I've been an awful grouch lately; I don't know why. I don't know what got into me. I'm not really that way."

He ate an enormous breakfast and sat back with an air of satisfaction. Suddenly he chuckled. "You ought to have seen one of those monkeys!" he cried. "He got up on a high limb just above me and lay down flat and looked down at me. He had gray whiskers all around his face. He was the living image of an old chap named Buller who is head bookkeeper in the governor's office, and he had the same look on him that old Buller used to have when he'd finished looking over some of my noble efforts to be a budding young captain of industry—sort of resigned, and disapproving and hopeless, you know. I told him to go chase himself—which I'd never dared do to Buller; and he—the monk, I mean—sort of made a face and spit at me—which old Buller had never dared do to me. It would be a great satisfaction to old Buller to know about it—the last part, I mean." He shouted with laughter.

"Well, what's up today?" he inquired as he leaned back from his empty plate and lighted a cigarette. "Let's do something."

"We can't do much today," said Breck. "We'll have to go out and get some meat."

"Great!" cried Maclyn. "Let's go!"

They found Mavrouki and M'bogo waiting outside, with ten men squatted on their

(Continued on Page 115)

THE SECRET OF HEINZ TOMATO KETCHUP

If you possessed the time-proven recipe, and followed to the letter the many minute directions, there still would be one thing lacking *—the 57 years' experience that belongs only to Heinz.*

Heinz develops the seed, raises the seedlings, supervises the growing of the tomatoes—every step is a Heinz step—every bottle of this world-known condiment is truly "Heinz" *from the ground up.*

That is why it is so good and *always* so good, and why it gives to even the best of foods that *added* zest which says *"it's best".*

When in Pittsburgh, visit the Heinz Kitchens · H. J. HEINZ COMPANY

(Continued from Page 113)

heels. The white men at the head, the little procession started out, taking its way up the hill through the sparse growth of flat-topped trees toward the sky line of the rise. Hardly had they left the limits of the settlement before they came across a band of Tommies. The little beasts scattered before them, to come to a halt some two hundred yards away, staring at them, but poised for flight.

"Shall I try one of them?" urged Maclyn, all his primitive hunter's instinct atremble.

But Breck shrugged them aside. "We may pick up one on the way home," said he, "but we want something bigger now. We'll find something worth while out in the open."

They topped the sky line. Here the trees came to an end. Before them stretched the plains. They were not flat, of course; plains rarely are, but the next sky line must have been ten or twelve miles distant, so a sufficiently wide panorama lay before them. It was crowded—literally crowded with game.

"Good Lord!" gasped Maclyn. "Good Lord!" Then: "I never dreamed of anything like it!" And well he might wonder, for no Western cattle ranch would have even considered stocking its pastures so thickly. Even Breck seemed impressed. Mavrouki wore an air of pardonable pride, as though he owned the show personally.

"I told you, *bwana*," said he—"like the leaves of grass."

Maclyn wondered how many sorts were visible.

"Take your glass," advised Breck; "we'll see."

The wildebeest stood or grazed in loose wide herds, plainly visible as black splashes on the landscape, even at great distances, and old lone bulls stood grumpily here and there. The striped zebra, in contrast, appeared tenuous and ghostlike and volatile in vivacity. Far away, they looked white and shimmering, as in a mirage. Tommies and their larger cousins, the Robert's gazelles, filled in all the chinks, so to speak, with a constantly flowing eddy of movement. At a first hasty glance, these three species seemed to usurp all space.

But even a casual inspection revealed many other species, and in what anywhere else would have been considerable numbers. A large plum-colored antelope Breck named as the topi, for instance; and the fawn-colored hartebeests—these had a very respectable vote in this mass meeting. And after these had been acknowledged and dismissed in the mass, Maclyn was astonished to discover how a close and detailed examination revealed the scattered individuals and groups of other sorts. At the edge of the thorn were giraffes by the half dozen. Under Mavrouki's repeated indication, slinking hyenas materialized one by one, perfectly evident—when once they were pointed out—where no hyenas had been before. A queer-colored patch resolved itself into eland—sixty or seventy of these huge beasts, each as heavy as prize cattle at a fair. In contrast, Maclyn was fortunate enough to catch sight of a dainty deerlike creature, not much larger than a good-sized jack rabbit.

"Steinbok," pronounced Breck. "There are probably any number of them, but you'd have to kick them out of the grass to see them. There ought to be jackals about; see if you can't make them out."

He made out jackals, plenty of jackals, once he had seen one and knew what to look for.

And in the range of the glasses appeared many other things besides these obvious animals—secretary birds, with their trim white waistcoats and neat black legs and the cluster of old-fashioned quill pens behind their ears; *paus* twice as big as the biggest turkeys—and equally good to eat, Breck said—standing head and shoulders above tall grass; clouds of all sorts of smaller birds hovering near some unidentified attraction. At one place Maclyn's glasses paused at a heaving brown mass an acre or so in extent, over which sailed and swooped numbers of broad-winged birds.

"Vultures and condors—and hyenas," Breck explained this, "cleaning up on a lion kill."

"Talk about your zoos!" cried Maclyn. "How many kinds is that?"

"There are plenty you can't see unless you hunt for them or go where they are. There'll be reed buck and bush buck and water buck and dik-dik along the dongas; and impalla in the hills back of us; and roan and koodoo, Mavrouki says. He tells me there are buffalo along the river. And, of course, rhinos and hippos here and there—perhaps, roughly speaking, twenty-five or thirty species of game beasts; and, of course, quantities of things like monkeys and baboons and lemurs and badgers and ant bears and mongoose and wart hogs and such stuff that are not, strictly speaking, game, but are interestin' enough."

At this moment Maclyn enjoyed a small triumph. Here and there a flat-topped tree stood alone, somewhat advanced beyond the thin forest border. His glasses had paused beneath one of these while he listened to Breck. His conscious attention perceived there nothing unusual; but as he listened, visually abstracted, to Breck's remarks, gradually something defined itself as an image develops on a photographic plate. A moment ago, as far as he was concerned, the thing was not there; now it was! It was uncanny.

"I believe I see a leopard!" cried Maclyn breathlessly. "There—under that tree!"

"Cheetah," corrected Breck, after a look.

"Can't we get him?" cried Maclyn, all excitement.

Breck shook his head. "He's had his eye on us. We'd never get near him."

Maclyn watched the beautiful spotted creature with eager interest. It dozed, half asleep, apparently quite oblivious of everything but its feline comfort. Maclyn lowered his glasses for a second. When he raised them again the space beneath the tree was empty.

"Those fellows are hard to come up with," was Breck's comment. "Sometimes you'll jump them and get a shot."

Mavrouki touched Breck's arm, pointing.

"By Jove, yes!" said the latter, after a moment's scouting. "Look yonder," he told Maclyn—"the third small ridge over, just beyond that lot of wildebeest."

Maclyn directed his glasses, but could see nothing unusual—simply animals, and yet more animals.

"They're moving to the left," said Breck, "just passing that small bush."

Under repeated and varied direction, Maclyn at last understood that he was to note a number of beasts moving leisurely in single file.

They looked to him at that great distance quite like any other animals, of the topi or hartebeest size.

"What are they?" he asked.

"Lions," said Breck.

"Good Lord!" cried Maclyn. "But the size of them—and the number! Are you sure? How do you know?"

"The way they move."

"Ten of them," marveled Maclyn, after counting. "I wouldn't like to be too near that lot. I had no idea they went in packs."

"Eleven," corrected Breck.

"I'd certainly like to get a good one, but I don't know whether I'd have the nerve. I'll bet I'd be scared to death if one of them spoke harshly to me."

"We'll get you one," said Breck carelessly. "There ought to be any number of them with all this game about. They are lying up along the dongas. This lot is a little late getting home."

Maclyn watched through his glasses until the last of the leisurely procession had disappeared behind the folds of the prairie.

"It looks to me as though they walked right through the other animals," he marveled. "I shouldn't think they'd let them get so close."

"Oh, they don't mind. Lions don't hunt in the daytime," said Breck. "They just draw aside far enough to give them space."

Maclyn's attention began to veer from the interest of identification and of sheer numbers to concentrate on individuals. These beasts gave an impression of upsurging abundant life which an equal concentration of domestic cattle could never have conveyed. They had other business in life besides mere existence. They possessed exuberance. The Tommies chased one another gayly, weaving in and out among the multitudes in flashing streaks of speed; other beasts stamped and fought and bluffed at one another and kicked up their heels and cavorted about in a sheer spirit of play. Everywhere was movement, joyous movement, attuned to the brilliance of the sky, the humming great wind, the outfling of space.

Here and there, now that he looked for them, Maclyn made out evidences of other tragedies of the night, more flapping groups of carrion birds intent on some lion's leavings. A whirring rush of air through pinions caused him to look up to see more of these great birds, wings held rigid, volplaning magnificently out of the blue toward some focal point of new quarry just discovered. And he chuckled with delight when M'bogo pointed out to him a hyena galloping hard as he could run in the same direction, his head cocked sideways so he could keep an eye on the birds, the line of whose stoop had given him his hint and his direction.

"Hopeful cuss," he observed. "I'll bet by the time he gets there a smell will be about all that's left."

Somehow these hints of tragedy made no note of depression in the joyous whole. It seemed unimportant that things were killed. They died so small in the big design of it all that one did not mind them any more than one minded a fly caught on the river surface as food for some trout.

Breck aroused him. "Well," said he, "we must get moving. I'll wait here with the men. You take Mavrouki and go get some meat. If you get near eland, shoot a cow—Mavrouki will show you. But don't bother. Anything will do—one eland or two beasts the size of a wildebeest or zebra will do."

It looked like a simple matter. Here were animals, within sight, by the tens of thousands. One should be able to pot the requisite two by merely taking the trouble to do so. Nothing easier. But immediately Maclyn discovered that none of these animals seemed especially keen to be potted. They proved to be individualists. They had permitted the lions to walk through them, but human beings were different. Whether this was the result of heaven-born instinct, or whether—as was more likely—it was because creatures on two legs were unfamiliar, while lions had become quite predicable, is uncertain. The result was the same. When Maclyn walked toward them, they withdrew. They did so more, apparently, in a spirit of joyous kick-up-the-heels play than in fear; but that made no difference in the situation, which was that at no time did Maclyn find himself nearer to any of them. He tried sidling toward them, pretending to walk past them, but in reality edging always a little nearer.

In this manner he did manage to get within about three hundred yards of some of them; but he gravely doubted his ability to hit anything at that distance, and he wanted very much to make good in this first attempt. Finally he tried to maneuver behind such scanty cover as he could find to conceal himself from the selected beasts. He could do this all right enough, but undetermined thousands of other beasts, from which he could not conceal himself, watched him sardonically and took especial pains to inform his quarry of the exact progress of events.

A number of very noisy birds of the plover family attached themselves to him and tagged him about, exchanging shrill opinions as to his undesirability. Wiping the sweat of his sixth attempt from his brow, Maclyn gazed upon these deboshed fowl malignantly and wished for a shotgun.

"Ghosts of the Past"

Think of spending three and one-half days behind a wood-burning locomotive traveling from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh! Imagine writing your business letters in longhand! Imagine operating your business without a telephone, adding machine or a cash register, or using tallow dips to illuminate your office, factory, store or institution!

Slushing dirt around on floors with a dirty mop or smearing wax unevenly on your polished floors are now just as inefficient and as unnecessary as those other old-time methods.

Twenty-one years ago, the FINNELL Electric Floor Machine was introduced. Today, more than 9500 stores, factories, hospitals, schools, and institutions of all kinds, use the FINNELL for scrubbing, waxing and polishing floors. Gets floors of all kinds and all conditions far cleaner in less time and at a saving in labor. Pays for itself!

Free Booklet. "Your Questions Answered by Users," gives full information about the FINNELL for business concerns and institutions. Address

FINNELL SYSTEM, Inc.
101 N. Collier St. Hannibal, Mo.

Floor Machine headquarters for twenty-one years

District offices in principal cities of U. S. A.
Standard Bank Building, Ottawa, Ont., Canada
114 Southampton Row, London, W. C. 1, England
Kungsgaten 65, Stockholm, Sweden

FINNELL
ELECTRIC FLOOR MACHINE

It Waxes
It Polishes
It Scrubs

HOUSEHOLD FINNELL
There is now a Finnell for home use. If interested ask for booklet, "Beautiful Floors."

"You, too, can enjoy

Instant Sleep

when you go to bed"

Try this delightful, new food-drink from Switzerland that brings all-night sleep—all-day energy

When you go to bed do your nerves stay up? Leaving you dragged out on the morrow—your mornings logy, your energies drained by afternoon? Modern science has found a natural way (a way without drugs) to overcome this—a way to sound, restful sleep that quickly restores your tired mind and body.

Morning finds you a new man. Fresh, clear-eyed, buoyant. You have the energy to carry you right through the day and into the evening.

That is the experience of most Ovaltine users.

A 3-day test will show you. We urge you to make this test. It is well worth while.

Sound sleep—active days

Taken at night, a cup of Ovaltine brings sound, restful sleep and all-day energy quickly and naturally. This is why:

First—it digests very quickly. Even in cases of impaired digestion. It combines certain vitalizing and building-up food essentials in which your daily fare is often lacking. One cup of Ovaltine has more real food value than 12 cups of beef extract.

Second—Ovaltine has the power actually to digest 4 to 5 times its weight in other foods which you eat. Thus, soon after drinking, Ovaltine is turning itself and other foods into rich red blood.

This quick assimilation of nourishment is restoring to the entire body. Frayed nerves are soothed. Digestion goes on efficiently. Restful sleep comes, and as you sleep you gather strength and energy.

Hospitals and doctors recommend it

Ovaltine is a delightful pure food-drink. In use in Switzerland for 30 years. Now in universal use in England and her colonies. During the great war it was included as a standard ration for invalid soldiers.

A few years ago Ovaltine was introduced into this country. Today hundreds of hospitals use it. More than 20,000 doctors recommend it. Not only as a quick "pick-up" beverage, but because of its special dietetic properties, they also recommend it for restless sleep, nerve-strain, malnutrition, backward children and the aged.

Just make a 3-day test of Ovaltine. Note the difference, not only in your sleep, but in your next day's energy. You tackle your work with greater vigor. You "carry through" for the whole day. You aren't too tired to go out for the evening. There's a new zest to your work; to all your daily activities. It's truly a "pick-up" drink—for any time of day.

A 3-day test

All druggists sell Ovaltine in 4 sizes for home use. Or they can mix it for you at the soda fountain. But to let you try it we will send a 3-day introductory package for 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Just send in coupon with 10 cents.

OVALTINE

©1926 T.W.C. *Builds Body, Brain and Nerves*

I had not been able to sleep well. After taking Ovaltine for one week I could sleep the whole night and fall asleep as soon as I lay down. Ovaltine is the best thing for sleeplessness.
Sol Eitman,
Chicago

Before taking Ovaltine faulty digestion kept me awake at night. After taking Ovaltine two nights I found that I could get more sleep and that sleep came quicker and easier than before.
William Hogle,
Wheeling, W. Va.

THE WANDER COMPANY, DEPT. 1115
37 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine.
Name
Street
City State

Send for 3-day test

Mavrouki followed him patiently, offering no comments. Maclyn was hotly conscious of Mavrouki's probable opinion. He wondered what he could do different. He had an uneasy feeling that there must be something.

Finally, at the conclusion of the seventh painful crawl in the heat of the grass, which had as usual brought him to within about three hundred yards of topi obviously preparing to depart thence, Mavrouki touched his elbow.

"*Piga, bwana,*" he urged. Maclyn gathered he was expected to shoot. The distance seemed to him much too great. When he looked through the sights, this impression was strengthened. The front sight looked bigger than the topi's whole body. A shimmer of heat waves rose from the ground to confuse him. The rifle muzzle swayed in the wind. He did his best and pulled the trigger, which finished that episode harmlessly as far as everything but Maclyn's feelings were concerned.

It was nearly eleven o'clock and Maclyn and Mavrouki were more than two miles from the waiting group under the flat-topped acacia before the dull heavy plunk of the seventh bullet announced a hit. The beast, a topi, plunged forward and fell, kicking. Mavrouki darted forward to get his knife into it, Mohammedan fashion. The dark specks under the acacia debouched on the plain and moved slowly toward them. Mavrouki began methodically to skin the prize. Maclyn sat on a small baked ant hill. He was very hot, rather tired, but more than a little disgusted and mortified. He experienced over his quarry no hunter's triumph whatever. But Mavrouki seemed to be taking it all in the day's work; and Breck, when he had come up, was placid and unsurprised.

"They take a little getting," he casually answered Maclyn's expression of his feelings. "You'll learn the trick of it."

"But such rotten shooting!" persisted Maclyn. "I don't pretend to be much of a shot—but seven cartridges!"

Breck glanced at his face, then straightened up to answer him seriously. "Nobody ever hits anything for a week or so when they first come to Africa. Nobody! It doesn't matter how good shots they are at home. There's something about the light, or the different sizes of the beasts—or something. I don't know what—that throws them all off. Then all at once they begin to hit, and after that there's no more trouble. It's a universal experience."

"Well, I hope so," said Maclyn.

"This'll feed us for today, if you've had enough," said Breck. "Or I'll pot something. Just as you choose."

"You said I was to get two," rejoined Maclyn doggedly, "and two it is."

Breck spoke rapidly to Mavrouki. "I've told him to stalk for you this time," he explained to Maclyn. "You just follow at his heels and do exactly what he does at the exact instant he does it."

Maclyn followed the old gun bearer somewhat grumpily. He did not like the idea of being led about like a dog on a string. But when the actual stalk began he got interested in spite of himself. Why the old man stooped when he did; or crawled when he did; or froze to an absolute immobility, sometimes for a half minute at a time, when he did, was sometimes obvious enough, but more often the reason was completely obscure. Maclyn, patterning his movements exactly on those of the other, tried to see the sense in these maneuvers. When, as occasionally happened, he understood, he felt a little glow of triumph and of new knowledge.

Thus once they held still for some time when it seemed they were wholly concealed from all surroundings. Maclyn, moving his head by inches, could see nothing, watching them. Then, about forty yards away, he discovered a pair of small furry ears and a pair of bright eyes peering over the edge of an ant hill. The eyes stared at them fixedly for some moments; then a fox walked slowly away. Mavrouki continued his stalk. Maclyn guessed that if the fox had run away the attention of the veldt might have been aroused. He told himself to remember to ask Breck about this.

Mavrouki was flat on his face, hitching himself along with one foot and an elbow. Maclyn tried to imitate him. He found it to be one of the most strenuous athletic games he had ever tackled. The sun beat upon him, the sweat poured from him, his muscles ached and cramped. He could see nothing save the soles of Mavrouki's feet, slowly pushing forward, inch by inch. For an indefinite young eternity he performed the same motions over and over, reaching forward with his left elbow, gripping it against the ground, pushing his body up to it with his right foot. He would have given anything he possessed to have rested for a moment, to have wiped clear his eyes. Only his fully aroused pride prevented him from touching Mavrouki to pantomime for a respite.

And then Mavrouki's forward advance had ceased. Cautiously, Maclyn peered from under the brim of his helmet. Mavrouki was looking back over his shoulder, motioning him to come alongside. He hitched himself forward. Mavrouki slid the rifle into his hands

"*Piga, bwana,*" he whispered.

Maclyn raised himself slowly on his elbows and was startled to find himself almost among a number of wildebeest. There they stood, not fifty yards away, dozing, or grazing, or walking slowly about, wholly oblivious to danger. There could be no missing at any such absurd range.

"Hah! *Na kamata!*" exclaimed Mavrouki aloud at the flat crack of the rifle.

To Maclyn's chagrin, the whole herd dashed off at top speed. Mavrouki had risen calmly to his feet, his eyes fixed on them. But suddenly, without warning, one of the fleeing animals seemed to crumple in its tracks, turned a somersault, lay still. Mavrouki darted forward; and Maclyn, the great thankfulness of surprised relief flooding his heart, stood erect and stretched his cramped muscles.

Breck and the remaining five men came up. Maclyn's spirits were again effervescent, though he could discover in himself no particular sense of triumph. "It's all this old sportsman," he told Breck, laughing. "He certainly showed me up for a dub at this business."

"Oh, you'll learn how. But there's no sense in taking the trouble to get so near."

"He probably thought he'd better get near, if he wanted me to hit the thing," laughed Maclyn. "And I don't blame him."

He felt very light-hearted, somehow. Now that this responsibility was behind him, he could enjoy things again. He realized that this was an irrational feeling in a rising young sportsman in a game country, but so it was.

The meat cut up and distributed into loads, they prepared for the return. Already they were surrounded, at a respectful distance, by a circle of carrion birds. Others flopped overhead, and still others soared back and forth higher in the air ready to stoop. Here and there at the edge of the grass the lithe small forms of jackals appeared and disappeared restlessly. Among the birds on the ground were a number of tall storklike creatures. They wore well-cut, light-blue coats, with pure white waistcoats and pantaloons, very trim, very neat, very well groomed, as though just turned out by an expert valet. But above white ruffled collars arose bare, stringy purple necks and bald, pink, wrinkled heads, and enormous beaks; and their eyes, sunk in folds of flesh, were aged with a cynical and vicious wisdom.

Maclyn shouted with laughter at their absurd and snobbish dignity. "They look like a bunch of dissipated old clubmen," said he.

"Marabouts," Breck told him.

The men shouldered their burdens and moved away. Maclyn looked back. Already the remains of the wildebeest had

(Continued on Page 118)

TO GET THE TRAINS THROUGH . . . SWIFTLY, SAFELY, AND ON TIME

The first railroad to use telephonic communication, the Pennsylvania now operates the largest private telephone and telegraph system in the world. The deep banks of wires strung along its right-of-way are owned or leased almost entirely by the railroad, and used primarily for the conduct of its operations.

A Hundred Miles Ahead

they prepare for the coming of these swift trains

ONE AFTER ANOTHER the trains rush through the night.

And as each one speeds on its way, the news of its coming is flashed far ahead. It is as though its searchlight cast a hundred-mile beam before it, clearing the way, warning a thousand men to stand by.

"The Broadway Limited is coming!" And in a cottage ninety miles ahead a man is awakened from sleep. Two hours later he will take the throttle of The Broadway as it speeds over the next division.

"The Broadway is coming!" In a roundhouse three counties ahead the fires of a great locomotive are stoked to a roaring glow.

"Clear the way for twenty-eight!" The signal flashes from tower to tower, miles ahead of the speeding train. Switches click into place, signal lights are set. And the Broadway Limited thunders on its way, guided, guarded by a thousand Pennsylvania men.

THE "nerve system" of the Pennsylvania—so might be called the huge spiderweb of wires that makes this perfect coordination possible.

It is the largest private telegraph and telephone system in the world. As each of the Pennsylvania's 6700 daily trains leaves its terminal, a flow of signals speeds before it, often far ahead to the end of the next division.

"Uninterrupted service" is the motto of the thousands of men and women who operate the Pennsylvania's system of communication, for uninterrupted service on the wires is vital to uninterrupted service on the rails—to getting the trains through safely and on time.

6 FAMOUS TRAINS

BROADWAY LIMITED
New York and Chicago—20 hours

THE AMERICAN
St. Louis and New York—24 hours

LIBERTY LIMITED
Chicago and Washington—19 hours

CONGRESSIONAL LIMITED
Washington and New York—4½ hours

THE RED ARROW
Detroit, Toledo and the East

CINCINNATI LIMITED
Cincinnati and New York—18 hours

Carries more passengers, hauls more freight than any other railroad in America

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

(Continued from Page 116)

disappeared beneath a flopping, jostling, fighting brown tide.

It was now near noon and the sun was overhead. Great waves of heat shimmer danced across the landscape. In their mirage, the herds of game took strange shapes. Single animals seemed to stand on stilts ten feet tall. The members of herds blended into strange grotesque masses that constantly changed shape. Trees looked like beasts and beasts like trees. The mountains flattened on top, shot up into spires, threw long arches from one to the other. Africa drew across her creatures a veil of strangeness behind whose security they rested, compensating mercifully for her nervous nights of danger. The beasts stood quiet, dozing in the midday truce, while slowly, rhythmically, the heat radiations wove their somnolent dance. The three-dimensioned world was flattened, receded, blanked into blessed nothingness and security.

At camp, the *banda* was cool and refreshing. Maclyn gratefully laid aside his helmet and reached his hand for the tall *balauri* of tea which Morenda had ready waiting.

XVIII

THREE months went by, with several very surprising results. One of the most surprising was the fact that life fell into a framework of routine, and that this routine in time became irksome to Maclyn. At first it seemed impossible that the delight and varied interest of such a wonderful place should ever wear thin. The mere exploration of the surrounding country within foot range appeared to offer endless opportunities.

The staggering abundance of wild animals and birds, both great and small, could never lose its effect; and then there were the contacts with the natives from the tribes round about, and the life of the camp itself, and the endless changes of earth and sky, night and day, calm and storm.

Nevertheless in time these things, merely as novelties and items of spectator's interest, lost their first lure. Maclyn was brought into contact with the truth, whether he intellectualized it or not, that one must be a partaker in any life whatever to keep his whole interest in that life. The spectator's outside viewpoint can be satisfactory for only the space necessary for externals. That is why foreign travel is satisfactory for so limited a period, unless in it one possesses also some absorbing definite interest.

In the time mentioned, Maclyn, with Breck, had rummaged every nook and corner within a radius of ten or twelve miles—and loved it. Certain favorite spots he visited again and again. He learned the habitat and distribution of all sorts of beasts, and never tired of watching them and enjoying their surprising ways. He mastered a working knowledge of Swahili and loved to practice it on the men, to get their ideas and opinions. He lost himself with ever fresh delight in the sunrise and sunset; he lay awake listening raptly to the busy, cruel, palpitating, nervous, clamorous stirrings of the beautiful African nights. The conviction that here he was living a life of vivid romance in conditions probably to be duplicated nowhere else in the world grew on him day by day. Never did he cease to thrill to the imminence of adventure, great and small, which lurked potentially behind every bush, around every bend, in every shadow.

Nevertheless, little by little, restlessness grew in him; and the hours multiplied—especially afternoons and evenings, after the day's excursion was done—when he did not know what to do with himself.

For one of the lesser surprises, both to himself and to Breck and Mavrouki, was that he really lacked one interest that would have kept any other man going almost indefinitely. He had at bottom neither the collector's nor the sportsman's desire to shoot things. At first he was keen enough, but that keenness was based fundamentally on a pride in perfecting his marksmanship and learning to stalk properly. Once he had rehabilitated his damaged self-respect in those particulars, his desire waned.

When meat was required, he took a certain normal satisfaction in the exercise of his skill, and he had no false sentimentalities; but it was more or less a job to be done and not a goal eagerly to be pursued. Nor did it matter to him particularly what the animal was. The humble kongoni was just as welcome to his rifle as the lordly koodoo. And he was quite indifferent as to whether the head was a good one or not. He had no great urge for trophies, not a trace of the collector's spirit as to numbers of species or length of horn.

This completely upset Mavrouki. That any *bwana* should pass up the chance of acquiring an impalla whose horns were evidently of an inordinate number of *inchis* was quite beyond his experience. Even Breck was forced to a considerable revision of his habits of thought. He had to become accustomed to daily long trips afield with apparently no other object than to tramp around. For Maclyn walked just as far and just as hard every morning as though he were in pursuit of quarry. He had the oddest enthusiasm for the animals themselves, was constantly moving with infinite pains into positions favorable for observation, was continually bursting forth.

"Did you ever see such a funny beggar?" was his typical delighted cry. "Did you see what the little cuss did then?"

The presence of the swarming multitudes seemed to stir his imagination, to release an underlying genius that conventional life had hidden.

"By Jove!" he cried one day, as they all lay on top an ant hill watching a herd of animals stamping and snorting, advancing step by step in curiosity, dashing off again, swept by the wind of sudden small panics, returning again as though compelled by some impulse stronger than themselves. "By Jove, it's amusing! Don't you see? We are the zoo! You know—we humans, at home, have zoölogical gardens where we take the children to look at the animals. Well, here they're bringing their children to look at us. That's what it amounts to, isn't it? We're the human zoo."

Breck stared at him with his appraising blue eyes; then broke into something between a grunt and a laugh, as though it had been surprised out of him. Breck was constantly doing that. He had not been taken unaware in his sense of humor for a very long time. The boy seemed to find an especial delight in bedeviling him into these outbreaks.

"And probably they're telling their offspring," continued Maclyn with relish: "'And remember, children, be very careful to keep away or you'll feed the animals!'"

Just at the first he tried to play up to what was expected of him, to answer Breck's and Mavrouki's obvious, almost excited enthusiasm for some beast that looked no different to Maclyn from any hundreds of its fellows. He even shot several which Breck pounced upon, tapeline in hand, and over the measurement of which he and M'bogo and Mavrouki exhibited a certain exultation. The gun bearers carefully skinned the capes and cleaned the skulls, and dried them and packed them flat. Maclyn did not protest; it seemed to please them. But he had no earthly desire for these things himself.

One day they spent hours wriggling through a long stalk to get near a beautiful koodoo. For three weeks they had been tramping the hills across the river in an apparently hopeless hunt for this rare and shy creature. Maclyn wriggled enthusiastically. He had seen the koodoo through his glasses and thought he had never beheld so beautiful a creature. He wanted to get as close to it as possible.

But when finally, having reached the coveted shelter of a great bowlder, Breck motioned to him that he should shoot, Maclyn held back.

"We don't really need the meat, do we?" he whispered.

Breck favored him with his wide stare. "Meat!" he repeated. "This is a koodoo, lad! Men come out from England just on the chance of getting one. And it's a magnificent head."

"I see that. But—well, he's so much more amusing alive. Now isn't he?" Maclyn smiled his most winning smile.

Breck snorted, and for a moment held silence. "What do you want to do then?" he demanded.

"Let's just watch him a while and see what he's going to do."

"Your *shauri*," said Breck shortly. He settled himself with his back to the bowlder.

Mavrouki watched with puzzled eyes. "Isn't the *bwana* going to shoot?" he asked.

"No," said Breck.

Mavrouki subsided, perplexed. Maclyn, cramped around the side of the bowlder, watched to see what the koodoo would do. The koodoo did nothing for a long time, then he scratched himself on the back just forward of his tail by the simple expedient of lifting his nose and using the tip of his five-foot horn for that purpose. After that he walked away. Maclyn was delighted.

"Wasn't he amusing?" he demanded. "Did you see him do that? Just as easy! Wouldn't he fill a dog with green envy, though? You know what a devil of a time a dog has getting at the root of his tail. And, Lord, wasn't he funny when he did it? He looked so noble and dignified before—sort of Landseer stag effect; and then he twisted around as if—as if—well, as if you'd caught an earl picking his teeth."

All the way home he was abstracted and silent. In camp, he poked about the extinct camp fire until he had found a piece of pure charcoal. With this in his hand, he stood staring about him for a moment. His eye fell on a pile of empty chop boxes whose contents had been transferred to the storehouse. On the flat faces of these he sketched rapidly.

"Like this," said he.

A few bold strokes had transferred to the chop boxes the koodoo scratching the root of his tail with his horn. There he was to the life, an obvious koodoo, but also an elusive suggestion of pride of rank caught out in vulgar pursuits—the earl picking his teeth.

Breck stared, then snorted. Maclyn had managed in a dozen lines to convey to him a comicality he would never have been able to see in the actual situation. "I didn't know you could do that!" said he.

"I sometimes wish I couldn't," replied the boy, erasing the lines with a sweep of his hand. He grinned engagingly. "This little gift got me fired from college," he confided. "Some of my best efforts fell into the hands of the faculty, who had the least sense of humor—especially as to themselves."

But from that time on hardly an afternoon passed that the chop boxes, or a piece of canvas hung against the sun on the westerly side of the dining *banda*, or any other flat surface, did not display some twist or quirk of Maclyn's morning experience. A leopard seen on a rock became an absurd tabby cat with its tail tucked about it and one ear cocked for security and the other furled for comfort—a ridiculous mixture. A whole series seemed to illustrate the futile superstition of invisibility cherished by monkeys in trees. They posed in all sorts of attitudes of concealment, but in plain sight. Little by little, all the veldt was portrayed—the wildebeest humping about; the impalla leaping in graceful curves; the giraffe at all angles. One of the cleverest was a group of wildebeest going through the contortions, twistings, bucking idiocies affected by that buffoon of animals.

"The latest gnus from Africa," Maclyn deplorably called this.

Breck was astounded. He tried to induce Maclyn to do them on paper so they could be preserved. "I think they might have scientific value," said he.

The play and humor had evidently escaped Breck. Maclyn chuckled delightedly. He loved secretly to bedevil Breck, of whom he had become very fond, and here was a new way to enjoy his companion. But he refused to take his efforts seriously, and continued merely to decorate the surroundings with the ephemeral charcoal.

It was not often that Maclyn kept after one objective as steadily and as long as he did after that koodoo. In that instance he began it to oblige Breck, and persevered doggedly to show himself he could, as much as anything. Ordinarily, he was maddeningly inconsequent—to serious persons like Breck and Mavrouki. They never knew when and by what he would be deflected. He took an absurd delight in unimportant matters—the wading of little rivers, napping on the sun-warmed earth, wasting a morning changing the leaders of a *safari* of fuzzy caterpillars, just to see what they would do. For some time the creatures tried to follow the confused leaders Maclyn imposed upon them, then suddenly gave it up; and all at once, as by unanimous consent, individually burrowed underground and disappeared from view. This pleased Maclyn greatly. Breck and M'bogo sat resignedly, awaiting his pleasure. Old Mavrouki, however, squatted by the boy greatly interested. Apparently Mavrouki was getting the hang of this new kind of *bwana*, and the engaging childlikeness of the savage, long repressed through pride, welcomed this white man's indorsement of itself.

These things amused Breck grudgingly, as it were. Breck was a direct and serious-minded person. Africa had made him so. When he started out to do a thing, he felt the discomfort of an unsatisfied equation until that thing was done. Anything that deflected from the main purpose was thereby reprehensible, no matter how worthy it might be in itself. If you went out for meat, it was almost sinful to lie on your stomach for three hours watching driver ants. He would gladly have gone on and got the meat himself, but he actually dared not abandon Maclyn to his own devices. It was not that the boy was helpless—quite the contrary, he had become a very good veldt man as long as he kept his mind on it. But he did not keep his mind on it. If something snatched at his interest, he followed it heedlessly.

"Oh, sure! I forgot!" he answered Breck's cautions contritely.

But he was very difficult to take care of. He was always going into the river, or lying down in the grass, or doing all sorts of things or going into all sorts of places perfectly safe at home, but where a real Africander or a native would have stepped cautiously and watchfully, every sense alert. On the veldt, his eyes roved far abroad, ignoring the lurking places near at hand; in the jungle, he stumbled along, looking up into the boughs, stretching his arms in sheer lazy irresponsible enjoyment of the orchid-hung stillness.

"As if it were his private conservatory," said Breck, who was spying for leopards, buffalo and rhinoceros.

Nevertheless he said it in kindliness. Breck was also becoming, in his silent dour fashion, very fond of Maclyn. He welcomed, perhaps, in the boy something Africa had taken from him so long ago that its fragrance did not linger with him even as a conscious personal memory. Maclyn was so young, so eager, such a marvelous specimen as an athlete, so brimming with energy. Breck was always tired, meting out his strength cannily just to meet the occasion. Maclyn moved with a beautiful poise and rhythm. He seemed always ready for flight, as it were. He confessed himself to Breck as feeling outrageously fit.

"It makes me laugh when I think of them at home imagining me suffering the well-known hardships of Africa," he chuckled. "Where do they get that stuff? I had an awful grouch coming down on the steamer," he confessed; "felt as though I'd been shipped off like an exile to Siberia. I had a grouch on everything—especially girls," he added reminiscently. "But, say, I've certainly snapped out of it! I'll bet I could lick the world. I'd like to run a race with

(Continued on Page 122)

WILLARD RADIO POWER UNITS

The Willard "A" Unit and "B" Battery Charger

Gives you full convenience of lamp-socket reception with steady, non-fluctuating battery power. Two-speed selective charging—a trickle charge for regular use, and a 2-ampere rate for emergencies. Insures full "A" battery power for sets up to 11 tubes. Charges storage "B" batteries, too, if desired, without changing a single connection.

Here are the Power Units for your radio set—the Willard "A" and the Willard "B"—electrically perfect in every respect and built in the same factory, by the same men who build Willard Radio Batteries.

Naturally, you can expect better results when you plug in either one, or both, of these units. Better results from Radio has been Willard reputation for years.

Better results from Radio Power Units is Willard reputation today, and the reason why radio set owners prefer to wait, if necessary, in order to obtain genuine Willard Units.

The Willard "B" Power Unit

Rectifies the full wave of A. C. house-lighting current. Uses harmless, non-acid solution. No tubes. Will give ample, steady power in all types of radio sets up to 10 tubes, including sets using power tubes in audio stages. Voltage can be varied at will as follows: detectors, 18 to 60 volts—amplifiers, 90 to 110 volts—power tubes, 120 to 160 volts. And there is no hum.

For sale by the

Willard Battery men

and authorized radio dealers

A Great Eight—Making

By reason of the finer interpretation which it gives to ultimate eight performance—

By reason of the momentous buying-change it has inaugurated in the higher price-ranges—

Hupmobile Eight stands out as the one car to buy above $1500.

An eight of new and sound simplicity, of distinguished smoothness and ease, of lavish miles-per-gallon, Hupmobile quickly became the largest-selling straight-eight in the world.

Not only has it made complete conquest of its own market; it is actually displacing other types in other markets.

Even though you should drive this Eight only once, you will find yourself asking where else on earth you could find such super-smoothness, such a wealth of power, with such a finished manner of turning it into performance.

The difference is definite and obvious. It gets into your blood, so that you *want* the Hupmobile Eight as you've never before wanted any car.

Ten Distinguished Body Types—priced from $1945 to $2595 f. o. b. Detroit, plus revenue tax.

Eight HUPMOBILE

A Great Six—Motor Car History

Hupmobile has now made this Six the closest-priced six in America, excelling even its own previous peaks of quality and value.

A demand that keeps on growing is the response from those who seek, at a reasonable price, all that a six should be.

Ten per cent quality-increase—ten per cent more for finer materials and finer manufacturing—but not one penny added to the price.

In performance, reliability, staunch service—in low costs and long life—the owner benefits, and his satisfaction is enough for us.

In beautiful bodies, beautiful colors and upholstery—in the wealth of high-grade accessory equipment—you see the results of Hupmobile's ten per cent higher quality.

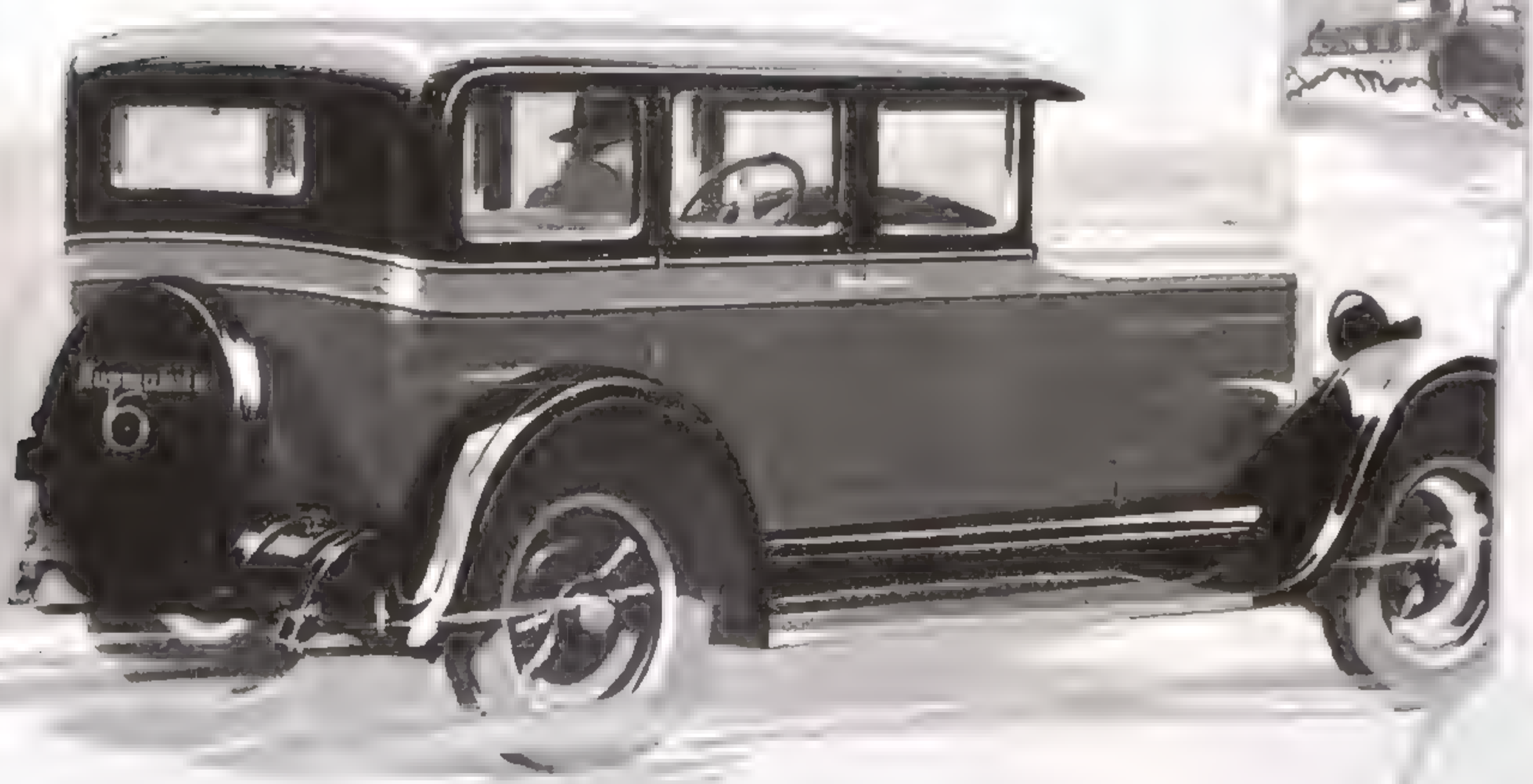
You sense them when you feel the over-flowing zest and "go"—the silky power—of this Six.

Make your contrasts as you choose. We are sure you cannot close your eyes to this superlative six value.

Sedan, (Illustrated), $1385; Coupe, $1385; Roadster, $1385; Touring, $1325, f. o. b. Detroit, plus revenue tax.

New Six Brougham $1385

First Showing Now at New York Automobile Show



HUPMOBILE *Six*

Milk is your best Food

keep it CLEAN by using the

PERFECTION
PULL and HINGE CAP

Never leave milk uncovered after the bottle is opened. All the efforts of your dairyman to keep it clean and uncontaminated are wasted if you do.

That is why many progressive milk dealers take the added precaution of capping their bottles with the PERFECTION PULL and HINGE CAP!

Unlike the old style cap, the PERFECTION PULL and HINGE CAP need not be taken out of the bottle or punctured with a fork or ice pick. A slight pull on the tab (see illustration above) opens the *hinge* flap half-way. A gentle pressure returns it to its original position *and seals the bottle as safely as before it was opened.* It is simplicity and convenience itself.

A month's supply free!

If your dairyman does not use the PERFECTION PULL and HINGE CAP *we will gladly send you a month's supply free. You will be quick to urge him to adopt it, once you see how clean and protective it is. Mail coupon below.*

THE SMITH-LEE CO., INC., Oneida, New York
Without cost or obligation, please send me a month's supply of Perfection Pull and Hinge Caps.

Name .....
Address .....
City ..... State .....

Canadian Manufacturers: THE ARMOUR COMPANY (Canada) Limited, 245 Carlaw Ave., Toronto

(Continued from Page 118

that long-legged beggar over there, but I suppose it would upset the entire dignity of the white man's prestige."

"It isn't advisable to compete with natives," Breck told him seriously.

He took it out in standing on his hands, in vaulting the table, resting only on his fingers, in flipping himself directly to his feet from a recumbent position without touching his hands to the ground.

"Try it, old sportsmen!" he would urge the inevitable group of interested natives.

They grinned doubtfully at one another, but they did not try it. This was a new and strange form of worship not to be attempted unless one knew better the gods to whom it was offered.

Breck was lost, frustrated, out of his element. He was capable of painstaking, single-minded undertakings; he did not know how to prance with this boy. He could travel in a straight line, but he did not understand zigzags. They started out one morning with the serious intention of getting an eland. The eland was needed not only for meat—any other animal would have done for that—but because they were entirely out of cooking fat, and the eland is the only beast capable of supplying good cooking fat. As the eland is a very large creature, the whole camp came along to carry in the meat.

Maclyn spent the entire day getting an infant lemur out of a hole in a tree. He managed, after innumerable attempts, to climb the tree, and in the process he got all scratched and bitten up. Neither the tree nor the baby lemur was hospitable to Maclyn's ideas. With the able assistance of twenty skylarking boys, he finally effected the capture and descended in triumph to Breck, who had smoked sardonically, in weary patience, his back to another tree. He displayed his capture with a certain pride of proprietorship, as though he were personally responsible for its physical construction and psychic characteristics.

"Look at the bottoms of its feet; aren't they funny?" he demanded. "And look here!" He rubbed softly the little creature's furry stomach. The lemur gradually relaxed into a species of sleepy contentment. "I'll bet I could tame him; he's just like a cat. He'd purr if he knew how."

"You'd better get some iodine on your hands," Breck advised him dryly.

"I wonder if the full-grown ones are the same way," said Maclyn.

He walked over to the tree, gently attached the little creature's paws to the bark, and stood back admiringly while the infant hoisted itself up the trunk and disappeared into the same hole from which it had been so painfully extracted. Maclyn was unpredicable.

"It's too late to go for eland now," Breck pointed out in patient reproach.

"Oh, well, we'll get him tomorrow," said Maclyn cheerfully. Evidently he considered he had had a very sporting day. "Why didn't you go get him?" he asked, as an afterthought.

"I thought I'd better stay and take care of you," said Breck dryly.

"I guess that's right," agreed Maclyn, with a cheerful laugh at himself.

On the way home a thought struck him. "Any fish in this river?" he asked.

"I suppose so," admitted Breck incautiously. "But they're soft and bony," he hastened to add, "and you can't fish safely, anyway, on account of the croca."

Maclyn said nothing, but was to be observed, during the next day or so, in frequent consultation with certain of the men.

"They're going to show me how to build a weir," he told Breck.

Breck did not object. He objected to nothing. Africa had taught him that also. He sat on the bank above a shallow mud flat, his heavy double rifle across his knees, occasionally firing a shot or so into the water beyond the busy workers to scare off the crocs. Maclyn worked happily alongside the boys, up to his waist in the brown water.

The trap was successful. It accumulated a choice aquarium of weird goggle-eyed fish of great size. Maclyn tried eating one, but found it unpalatable, the flesh muddy and full of bones. Even the men displayed no wild enthusiasm; they much preferred meat. So Maclyn opened the trap and let them all go. There were three days wasted to no purpose, Breck said. The whole result was an idiotic pop-eyed cartoon which Maclyn said looked like a royal family.

Breck grunted, which always secretly pleased Maclyn. His real affection for the older man took the form of badgering. He got the same sort of pleasure out of Breck as he did from the animals. He pranced around the older man with an entirely courteous but unpredicable impishness.

Breck was no fool. He saw this clearly enough. He even wondered a little if Maclyn had not secretly caricatured him also, and was curious as to what such a caricature would be like. But deep down beneath the crust of long habit, he liked it, though he would not have admitted it even to himself. Indeed, he expressed it in grumbling. But it was affectionate grumbling; just as Maclyn's impishness was affectionate impishness. It was outrageous, but what could you do? You could no more frown at the tomfool than you could at a baby that gave you a gurgling smile.

Yes, secretly Breck liked it. He liked the vitality of it. Even through Maclyn's clothes one could sense the hard-fleshed, quivering muscles, the tiptoe power of him. But he was a handful; and what was it all about? They weren't collecting any trophies or museum specimens. There was no ivory hereabouts. Taking a child to the circus—that's what it was. Breck told himself it was none of his *shauri;* he was getting a good screw, wasn't he? As for mischief, Breck didn't wonder he'd had trouble at home. Maclyn would get into mischief anywhere in the world you'd put him, Breck told himself.

In this easy, healthful, idle life; in a settled camp, a pleasant climate, with only the usual problems of *potio* and men and management to solve, Breck relaxed in spirit as he had not relaxed for years. Africa's face was smiling. She had made for him a peace, lifting the hardness of her demands. For even to Breck's dear-bought wisdom it did not occur that in spite of this her purposes were not loosened. Even in this ease of life she fashioned slowly, as always, instruments for her desires, shaping delicately between two a balance impossible in one. Grooved endurance, bottled-in wisdom and knowledge, settled acceptance, the self-continence of competence, a certain objective ruthlessness and clarity of vision, patience, the ability to plod endlessly—these qualities, and many others like them, are the gifts of this unsheltered land where the elements are overbearing, where the sun dominates the days and chills the nights; gifts of the substance of its own elemental consciousness. But they are gifts only to be bought with the wine of youth, and are only available in their highest use to exuberance. Here she had the fresh wine of youth. Subtly, craftily, slowly, as a chemist delicately fashions his mixture, she interfused these two to an end whose time was not yet.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

SCRIPTS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT

(Continued from Page 19)

author in Who's Who that hasn't been pestered, time and time again, by these geniuses, all ready to set the world on fire, provided some poor fish who has sold his soul for literary fame will reach out a helping hand to a less sordid-minded fellow artist. It may be the big business man who has a looking-backward novel up his voluminous sleeve; it may be a show girl with a collection of *vers libre* behind her make-up box; it may be the rural spinster with an incredibly outspoken sex novel to let loose on an altogether unsuspecting public; or it may be a former society leader wishing to perpetuate in type both the triumphs of a once-unquestioned beauty and the animosities of a once-engaging generation.

But day by day and year by year, out of the great silence, they keep calling for help. And sometimes, instead of calling for it, they coolly demand it. I begin to understand now the kindness and generosity of a man like William Dean Howells, who, I've somewhere read, averaged almost a thousand letters a year to that unknown audience which writes to a well-known author. And I've heard Adam's ink cronies tell about the steady stream of "cousins" that Booth Tarkington sends on to New York with letters of introduction from that justly popular Hoosier who hasn't the heart to deny a helping hand to the younger generation. The author of The Gentleman From Indiana in fact must have dozens and dozens of these so-called cousins in the different editorial offices and publishing houses of the great metropolis.

As I've already implied, a good many of these outsiders who write to an author are hapless ink slingers who haven't quite succeeded in making the grade. They habitually want to know, when such universally rotten stuff is getting into print, why work so precious as theirs is so stubbornly denied publication. And in putting that query they're dangerously apt to accompany it with a three-hundred-page manuscript, written on both sides, for which no return postage is inclosed. Or they may peremptorily demand enlightenment on the problem of why the magazines, when they print such reams of meaningless and mediocre poetry, so consistently turn a cold shoulder on true masterpieces, seventeen samples of which are inclosed for prompt and honest criticism.

Heaven knows, Adam tries to be both prompt and honest. But it isn't always possible. For too many of these amateurs, who incidentally find it so hard to repress the customary sniff of scorn at the "commercialized writer," seem to want flattery instead of fair and candid criticism. So abusive are some of their replies, when Adam has tried to be truthful about the shortcomings of their efforts, that I've repeatedly and earnestly begged my husband to ignore that whole army of cranks, that endless army of frustrate spirits with the acids of defeat eating the membrane of good will out of their atrabilious make-up.

But Adam, as usual, ignores my advice. He seems to feel that he actually owes a little help to these outsiders. He says that when he remembers his own early struggles and mistakes, and how a little expert advice might have saved him from years of wasted effort, it's only common decency to try to save others from his own missteps. He contends that it's a service he owes to his art. And when I tell him that the same theory, if applied to the financial world, would fill all Wall Street so full of hungry-eyed hobos that a bond broker couldn't get within spitting distance of the Subtreasury, he triumphantly and habitually points to the case of—well, for purposes of privacy we'll here have to write him down as Eddie Flint.

And Eddie, I must acknowledge, was an exception to the rule—a happy and heartening exception. He first wrote to Adam from a small town in New Mexico, thanking my husband for the delight two of his adventure novels had brought into a life pretty well clouded with pain. For Eddie, it turned out, was a tubercular patient

(Continued on Page 125)

STOP LEAKS

Stop Leaks Yourself for 75c

Big Car Size
$1.00

Even a tiny drip can drain a radiator bone dry before you know it.

Warner Liquid Solder is Harmless

drip! drip! drip!

WARNER LIQUID SOLDER
Is the Recognized Standard Product to Stop Leaks

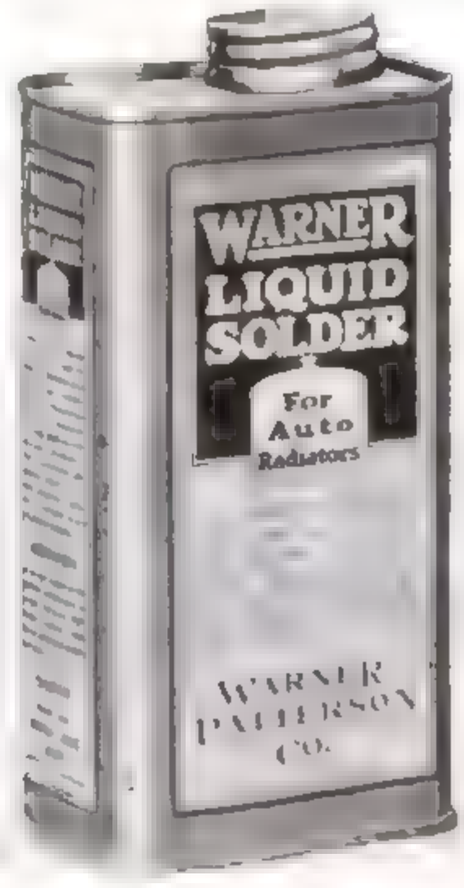
The undisputed leader! Endorsed by millions of motorists! Guaranteed by good dealers everywhere! There is nothing "just as good."

Driving an automobile with its water leaking out will ruin the motor of your car as quickly as driving without oil.

Refilling your radiator with water cannot undo the damage already inflicted.

Stop this needless depreciation by stopping leaks this new, easy, safe Warner-way. Better still, prevent this menace to your car by *preventing leaks from developing.* Pour Warner Liquid Solder into your radiator and stop leaks before they start. It is guaranteed absolutely harmless and sold on money-back basis. Will not clog circulation. Refuse substitutes. If your automotive accessory dealer or garage cannot supply, write us.

Do Not Lose Expensive Anti-Freeze Solution through leaks. One tiny drop of anti-freeze solution lost per second through a leak will waste 1.4 gallons in 24 hours. Warner Liquid Solder works equally well in combination with alcohol or other anti-freeze solutions.



WARNER-PATTERSON CO.

Chicago, Ill.: 920 S. Michigan Ave. ▾ *Los Angeles:* 250 W. 15th St. ▾ *New York:* 17 W. 60th St.
Export Department, 549 W. Washington Blvd., Chicago, Illinois
Cable Address: "Willpotter Chicago" (Bentley Western Union Codes)
Also makers of Warner Liquid Magic that penetrates, kills rust and lubricates
Canadian Offices: Toronto, 29 Temperance St. Montreal, 35 St. Nicholas St. Winnipeg, 208 Kennedy Building
Warner Liquid Solder is also made in Canada. 10 oz. can 65 cents; 16 oz. can $1.25

WARNER LIQUID SOLDER

67 People will die today in Automobile Accidents!

LIFE and limb are endangered every hour of the day by automobile accidents—most of them preventable, more's the pity! The terrible daily toll of death and disaster makes care the duty of every driver.

UTTER HELPLESSNESS

Of all street hazards, the most dangerous is the skidding car. The driver is helpless. The terrible risk rides ever at your wheels when roads are slippery.

ONLY ONE PROTECTION

Tire chains. The only device known which absolutely prevents skidding. Any tire will skid—At Indianapolis, with rain-drenched track, the 500-mile classic had to be curtailed to 400 miles—the danger of fatal skidding was so great.

NO EXCUSE FOR SKIDDING

The difficulty of putting on chains has been mastered. No more backbreaking struggles, split fingernails, or numbed hands—the husky Dreadnaught Chain with its patented Blue Boy Fastener makes it only a matter of minutes. Just slip the lever through the chain, draw it back and engage the locking link. Three easy motions and the chain is tightened and locked.

EASY to Put On EASY to Take Off

THE COLUMBUS McKINNON CHAIN COMPANY

General Sales Office: Columbus, Ohio · *Plants:* Columbus, Ohio—Tonawanda, New York

In Canada: McKinnon Columbus Chain, Ltd., St. Catharines, Ont.

Manufacturers of "Inswell" Electric Welded Chain for Industrial Purposes.

DREADNAUGHT TIRE CHAINS

FOR BALLOON, CORD AND TRUCK TIRES

(Continued from Page 122)

who'd been sent down to the Southwest to fight for the sometimes dubious privilege of remaining on this troubled sphere of sorrow. He told frankly of his hemorrhages and relapses, of the slow and stubborn fight for strength again, of the emptiness of life when all he could do was to lie and listen to his own wheels going around, and of the escape that literature was bringing him now that he was able to read once more. He ended up by asking for a list of Adam's books.

Adam wrote back a brief but friendly letter. And that, in turn, brought from New Mexico five closely penned pages of script, a vivid and boyish letter of gratitude ending up with the declaration that Adam's message had made him take an oath to get well again so he could eventually go back to this old writing game that he loved so much. This, of course, was the first intimation we'd had from Eddie that he was an author, or even wanted to be an author.

But it was by no means the last. Almost a year later our wilderness friend sent up a story for Adam to look over. It was defective in structure, we decided, but it held promise of better things. So Eddie tried again. A setback in health took almost another half year away from him, but his letters were cheerful and his thanks for Adam's books and my holiday box of jelly were almost dithyrambic in their youthful disregard of moderation. And for our own Christmas, that same year, I received from Eddie a cigarette box carved out of some native but unknown wood, and Adam got a walking stick which the patient had cut and polished with his own hand. Then in due time came two short stories, which Adam read and retouched here and there and had neatly typed and peddled stubbornly about until they were both sold to the same editor and a check for five hundred and fifty dollars was sent speeding on its way out to the cactus bushes.

Poor Eddie cried over that check, he later confessed to us—cried pure tears of joy and gratitude and relief. For it not only proved to that lonely boy in his lonely exile that he could be an author, a real, honest-to-goodness, cash-earning author, but it also served to bring some much needed money into his coffers when his bank account had dwindled down to the alarming figure of ninety-three dollars and eleven cents, not counting a bored five-dollar gold piece which he carried on his watch chain. So Adam, ever since then, has been a sort of agent for Eddie Flint. My husband even takes time, now and again, to window-dress one of Eddie's stories by writing a new introductory paragraph or two, or go over his plot suggestions and pick out the ones that have the most promise of market value, or send down to New Mexico a tip that such-and-such an editor stands rather in need of a Christmas story or an article on road agents.

An All-Year-Round Santa Claus

There's a limit, of course, to the quantity which Eddie can produce, for the flame of life naturally burns thin in that frail and battered young body. He has to husband his strength and nurse his resources. But his enthusiasm never falters. And through his pen he has come into a new world. Neither Adam nor I have ever seen Eddie. We haven't even clapped eyes on a picture of him, which, for reasons I need scarcely explain, he seems reluctant to send on to us. If tomorrow morning he walked into Grey Gables and politely bade us good day, we'd probably mistake him for the man from the radio-supply depot or a book agent who had missed his breakfast. Yet we feel that we know Eddie, that he is close to us, that he is almost one of our own family. And we take a sharp and not altogether selfish joy in his successes, just as we wait for the day that both his body and his bank account will be fat enough to let him come ambling back to his lost East.

Eddie, of course, is an oasis in a wide Sahara of disappointments. For some perverse tendency in the general public prompts the uninitiate to regard even a moderately successful author as a sort of all-the-year-round Santa Claus—on Uncle Henry's assumption, I suppose, that anyone who makes more than ten cents a word by merely picking 'em out of the dictionary can't really be expected to hang onto doubloons so ill deserved and so easily acquired. At any rate, far, far too many of our mail-bag intruders are naïvely and notoriously self-seeking in their suggestions.

One shrinking violet of a stranger, who expatiated for three full pages on the brilliance of his own intellect, even blandly suggested that he be grubstaked to a four-year course at Harvard, after which the rewards for an investment in any such human El Dorado would be both assured and unmistakable.

Then a Kansas widow, with an infant prodigy of a daughter who could sing both bass and contralto, politely requested the loan of two or three thousand dollars to send the child wonder to Europe to have her double-barreled voice developed.

Ideas are Never Orphans

But it's the would-be collaborators, I take it, who cause the most trouble. It's the devastatingly charming actress with a great idea for a great play, all practically worked out, of course, but merely needing the final whipping into shape; it's the slightly passé social leader who itches to rattle the skeleton of a passing generation by publicly enlarging on the rancors and weaknesses of a circle that has quietly discarded her, and before doing so wishes her revelations "whipped into shape" by some commercializing though more coarsening hand; it's the obsessed recluse with his sixty-chaptered Romance of Ancient Rome, pathetically elongated in half-legible green ink over countless pages of ruled foolscap and all ready for a waiting public except for a little whipping into shape—how we get to hate that phrase! —which a mere dollars-and-cents author could easily supply in his spare time.

It's these that we have grown to dread and abjure. For even under the happiest circumstances the fruits of collaboration are apt to be sour grapes. Adam, in the old days, tried it several times, and on practically every occasion the venture ended in failure. It sometimes ended in more than failure in fact, for the majority of collaborators with whom we have had any experience privately felt and publicly proclaimed that they themselves did all the work while their partners tried to grab all the glory.

And gentlemen's agreements aren't always gentlemen's agreements, as Adam found out after he and one of his incompatible collaborators agreed to cry quits, carry back home the timber each had contributed to the tottering structure, and let each partner do what he could with his own fragments of the wreck. Adam, several years later, built his salvaged material up into a moderately coherent but an unmistakably successful novel; and to obviate a lawsuit and the easy and customary cry of plagiarism, agreed to share the profits therefrom with the methodic and combative gentleman who had not only cooperated in the original failure but had selected and preserved all the old correspondence that could serve to substantiate any latter-day claim to participate in the rewards.

So precarious is the path along this yawning precipice of plagiarism, in fact, that today many authors of established reputation flatly and consistently refuse to read, refuse to receive, all scripts sent to them from outsiders. If they succeed in entering unsuspected and unapprehended, they are feverishly and forcibly got rid of about the same as the bomb squad gets rid of an infernal machine. And even where an idea is personal and private, where it is the result of Adam's own secret struggles with his own secret artist's soul, and where

Another candle on our cake

MARKING THE SECOND YEAR OF

THE BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

PHILADELPHIA

OPENED JANUARY 14TH, 1925

TWELVE months ago, it was our privilege to extend New Year Greetings to The Benjamin Franklin's three hundred thousand guests of 1925.

Now, upon our Second Anniversary, we find the roll of our patrons increased to over three-quarters of a million—with 460,000 new registrations in 1926.

All the great stadia of the country, combined, would be insufficient to accommodate a national convention of the Order of the Guests of The Benjamin Franklin.

So tremendous a patronage bespeaks, of course, a wonderful material success for this two-year-old hotel.

But that success is, we believe, only the visible evidence of a greater success—that of pleasing the individual guest and making him feel at home and at ease here.

We wish to thank you, our patrons, not only for your personal patronage but also for your many gracious words of appreciation, and your frequent recommendation of this house to your acquaintances.

Again we pledge you: Warm welcome, courtesy, alert attention to your needs, and thought upon your comfort, always.

Horace Leland Wiggins
Managing Director

Chestnut at Ninth Street

DIRECTION
OF AMERICA
Operating the largest chain of modern, fireproof hotels in the world

Map Out your Next Summer's Vacation

AS the city nearest RAINIER NATIONAL PARK and the Hub of the Evergreen Playground of the Pacific Northwest, Tacoma is the natural base from which to explore this wonder region.

The marvels of this Park and the glorious Mountain which it surrounds will repay weeks of study, yet even a day will give you a never-to-be forgotten contact with it. Less than three hours from Tacoma to mile-high Paradise Valley with Alpine meadows bordered by eternal snow, where you can gaze into the blue depths of vast glaciers and behold face to face the majesty of the Mountain.

If you thrill to the romance of the sea—here is inspiration. Water sports of every kind—cruising along the 2,000 miles of picturesque Puget Sound shoreline—motoring over safe and perfect roads—fishing, beach fires, ebbing and flowing tides. Three hours westward through fertile farms and towering forests you reach the surging Pacific.

Amid such scenic surroundings Tacoma offers the advantages of a modern city of 125,000; with fine hotel facilities; terminus for two transcontinental railroads and served by four; a world port with magnificent salt water harbor; known as "The Lumber Capital of America," being in the heart of the nation's greatest stand of merchantable timber; important jobbing center for the rich and growing agricultural district of Southwestern Washington.

A healthful climate, mild in winter and refreshing in summer, makes living more enjoyable in Tacoma and enables labor to be more productive. These conditions, with vast natural resources, *the lowest rate for electric power in the country*, insure Tacoma's industrial future. Your visit may reveal some of its opportunities to you. It's not too early now to plan for it.

Have your ticket routed through Tacoma—special round trip fares—liberal stop-overs. See the whole coast—Washington, Oregon, California.

Write for illustrated folder with helpful suggestions for your trip.

TACOMA CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
1019 A Street, Tacoma, Washington.

Tacoma

I have seen the ensuing story grow day by day until after much toil and thought it took on its final form, there is still the possibility of that old and perilous cry of bandit. In the mail of every active author, I think, the ancient query keeps cropping up: "Where did you get my plot?"

Perhaps I can make this plainer by quoting a letter which a magazine editor sent on to Grey Gables only a month or two ago. It is written in a somewhat unformed hand on somewhat appalling note paper:

> Having just finished reading your story, The —— in Blank's Magazine, I hasten to ask just how and where you came into possession of this plot. I don't want to be hurried in making my charge of plagiarism. But I do intend to make plain to you that you are obtaining money and trying to cheat your way into fame by using material that doesn't belong to you.
>
> Exactly seven years ago I wrote this story you call The ——. My story was never copyrighted. I found I couldn't have it copyrighted unless it was printed first, and I couldn't see my way clear to make those changes which might have fitted it for everyday minds. But I read it before our small literary society and also to many personal friends and relations who will bear me out in my claim when the proper time comes.
>
> I will also show that the three main ideas in my story have been appropriated by you, besides most of the characters. Your wording may be trickier than mine, and you saw fit to add some mushy talk that I personally would be ashamed of. All that tiresome and unimportant Long Island society stuff has also been added by a later hand and my original hero turned into a pretty soft fool. But outside of that the story is mine, almost situation by situation and word for word, excepting that I have my hero die by his own hand immediately after the pickle-factory fire.
>
> Now my private belief is that you belong to some magazine, or worked or bummed about in some magazine office or some place where my story was sent to be published, if acceptable, especially as one office kept it seven weeks and returned the manuscript much the worse for wear, and also smelling of tobacco. It will pay you to answer this promptly and explain.
>
> Hoping to hear from you without loss of time,
> Very determinedly yours,

Now what, in the name of the Nine Muses, is an author going to do about an epistle like that? And remembering that the above is mild and measured to some of the puff-adder communications that come in, is it any wonder I occasionally hear Adam singing, We'll All Go Gathering Nuts in May, as he opens his morning's mail?

Much as I love poetry, speaking of nuts, and pure as is the joy I can get out of good verse, I still must acknowledge some mysterious link between madness and the lower slopes of Parnassus. My life with Adam, indeed, has persuaded me that there are more cranks in the army of Calliope than you would find under any one banner in this broad land of the free and the rhapsodic—religion alone excepted—for the final test of human stability, I suppose, lies in a great happiness or a great fear. And there is, of course, a poet buried in each last man or woman of us.

With Rime, But Without Reason

But why so many eccentrics so habitually sublimate their obsessions in bad rime is something that must be left to the psycho-analysts. It is from the rime makers, at any rate, that we are forever hearing. I suspect sometimes that it's because poetry is so customarily intimate and confessional. The personal note, I've noticed, always tends to elicit the personal response; and the more confessional the strain of your product the more likely you are to awaken the confessional impulse in your reader.

Thus Adam can write and publish an adventure story, as stirring as you could wish for, and send it out into the world, and never an echo will come back from the army of readers who have wooed slumber or shortened their railway trips with it. But let them think they're getting a peek behind the curtain and watch 'em sit up! Let the ever-curious public discern a trace of the autobiographic in a novel, let them disinter that personal note as triumphantly as a coroner at a post-mortem discovers traces of arsenic in the stomach, and they immediately surrender to the impulse to write home about it. Of course home, in this case, means the author's home. And in doing so they ingeniously seek to trace an artist's soul adventures by his literary efforts about the same as the elusive African elephant is traced by his spoor.

So poetry, which is really a sort of costume our heart slips into before it appears in public, stands a wondrous releaser of the hidden man. And a secret drip of villanelle or *vers libre* can often show where there's a screw loose. It gives a loophole for the mute inglorious Miltons and releases the maiden ladies with a Paolo and Francesca complex.

We had a rather terrible time, when we were still living in the city, with an Anacreontic lady who, though she claimed to be the reincarnation of Sappho, was actually the mother of five children; and Sappho in this case had much to answer for.

This lady, I might as well acknowledge, was first sent to Adam by a somewhat sportive-minded young editor, who suggested that my husband might be the one man to remold her Lesbian Pageant for public consumption.

A Poet in Hot Water

Adam was frank enough in pointing out to the lady that he had troubles of his own: that a black satchel filled with poesy was an æsthetic orgy which he dared not face; and that his wife—of a decidedly uncertain temper—was rigidly opposed to his traveling in double harness, however episodically, with the dangerously attractive ladies of the literary world. But Adam might just as well have saved his breath. For the seed of coöperation had been planted in that unreasoning mind, and coöperation she would have. She pestered us at all hours of the day and night. She waylaid Adam in the most unexpected places, always with that mordant black satchel in her hand. She sent in manuscripts by messenger and by mail, and once she cornered poor Adam in the hallway and determinedly read to him, while he meekly counted and recounted the buttons on her waist front, a deeply intoned three-hundred-line poem.

That was, of course, in the pre-Volstead era, and it drove Adam to a bohemian-haunted inn of liquid refreshment in South Washington Square, where he may have acquired oblivion, but also acquired a headache that lasted for two days. He was even driven to issuing orders that this woman was not to be admitted to our home. But one hot summer afternoon, when I was up on the roof drying my hair and Adam himself was taking a bath after his hand ball, this determined poetess pushed past our temporary maid of all work, and when I sauntered downstairs I found Sappho II resolutely pushing her manuscripts in under the bathroom door.

There was another unhappy case, and in this, oddly enough, the offender was also of my own sex. But she was much more astral-minded than Sappho II, and she was much more interested in Adam's poetic product than with her own. She had, in fact, carefully and closely followed my husband's verse in the different magazines and in the two thin volumes which he'd given out to a rather unappreciative world.

But this lady, for reasons quite beyond my comprehension, was convinced that each and every love lyric which Adam had been guilty of in the past ten years had for some esoteric reason been directed personally and pointedly at her own fair self. And times there were, *en passant*, when I nursed a ghost of the same gentle delusion. But, alas, there were others. And the purposeful lady had not only worked out the

(Continued on Page 128)

The Main Concourse of the Grand Central Terminal, New York. From a drawing by Earl Horter . . . . .

20TH CENTURY
LIMITED
CHICAGO · · · NEW YORK
NEW ENGLAND

SOUTHWESTERN
LIMITED
ST. LOUIS · · · NEW YORK
NEW ENGLAND.

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

Grand Central Terminal-the gateway to a continent — and the heart of a City within a City

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

Boston & Albany-Michigan Central-Big Four-Pittsburgh & Lake Erie
New York Central *and* Subsidiary Lines

MARCHANT
SUPER-AUTOMATIC
A Calculating Machine
SAVING AS MUCH AS $1000 PER YEAR
Marchant is a mechanical brain—built to speed figure routine—at a profit to the user—Marchant embodies operating differences peculiar to itself.
TO CLEAR DIALS YOU PRESS KEY
Clearance is automatic—lightning fast eliminating all handle "cranking."
TO MULTIPLY PRESS ANOTHER KEY
Multiplication also is automatic—result appears instantaneously.
NO ZIG-ZAG READING KEYBOARD
You set factor on keyboard as with any machine, but you read it from automatic registration dials over straight line.
Because Marchant design permits more work in less time at less operator fatigue—Marchant is today used by many of the world's largest organizations—a figuring tool that shows a profit.
BEFORE YOU DECIDE SEE MARCHANT.
Write or consult your 'phone book
MARCHANT
SUPER-AUTOMATIC
MARCHANT CALCULATING MACHINE CO
New York Chicago Oakland London
Sold and serviced in all principal cities of the world

(Continued from Page 126

whole thing through an ingenious and carefully elaborated series of annotations but had also patiently brought into being a sequence of answering love poems which she tied with baby-blue ribbon and ruthlessly sent to the father of my children.

Now much as I hate to have to say it, my poor old empty-headed Adam got an awful kick out of that amorous deluge. He laughed at them in public, of course, but in private he pored over them a great deal more than is good for any individual as impressionable and romantic-minded as every author must be in his soul of souls. Then the lady, abandoning the restraints of prosody, took to writing letters—madly phrased and much underlined letters in which she pointed out that she and Adam were astral affinities, having once sojourned together, as I remember it, on Saturn. In view of that earlier stellar union, she had the nerve to suggest that my Adam would reach a new freedom of expression and a new rapture of soul if they repaired together to some vaguely denominated tropical island where the earlier planetary relationship might be more comfortably resumed.

Down Through the Ages

Yet, obviously ridiculous as it may be, few wives want that inflammatory sort of poppycock dropping bing-bang into their quiet and happy homes; and I really worried about the lady from Saturn. I worried about her until I caught sight of her on our own stairs, one Christmas week, when I intercepted her after she had blissfully and blushingly deposited at Adam's threshold a pair of hand-worked bedroom slippers, number nines. She may have looked modish on Saturn, æons and æons ago, when plum-colored plush was the last word in the attire of free souls; but to me she looked like a dowdy and silly old woman who needed a cake of soap and a shampoo—and I worried no more. I knew my Adam. And that impressional gentleman himself, I've often suspected, must in some way or at some time have caught a fleeting glimpse of his would-be astral affinity, for I noticed that she occupied a rapidly diminishing space in the horizon of his consciousness and that he eventually put the hand-worked bedroom slippers in the garbage can.

Another and a much less romantic source of trouble to the author is the discrepancy hound. For throughout the length and breadth of this fair land is scattered an eagle-eyed army of jaundiced idlers who snoop along a new story in much the same spirit that a wheel tapper snoops along a resting express train. Their one object in life is to find a crack in the metal, a weakness in the structure. And since authors are only human, these trouble shooters of the ink lines stumble on many a slip and pounce on many a mistake.

But these cranks who prefer the sun spots to the sunlight, having sleuthed out their discrepancy, gleefully write in to the tired-eyed creator of brummagem fiction and flaunt his ignorance before him. Just why they always prefer the brickbat to the bouquet is beyond my ken.

But sometimes I feel the poor souls are simply trying to exalt themselves at the expense of their victim of the moment. They get their own acid joy, at any rate, in finding the smallest hole in the harried author's armor.

One of these encyclopedia worms, not so long ago, sent Adam a telegram all the way from the Pacific Coast, inquiring just why my husband had Venus rising in the eastern sky, when, as I understand it, that planet should have been going down over the western hills. And another wrote in proclaiming that before Adam made another fool reference to the nuptial flight of the queen bee he'd better lay off scribbling and give a couple of months to apiarian research, and if in doubt where to find the bees, just to look in his own bonnet.

Another perfect lady, who assumed that Adam must have been brought up in a slum, judging from the ridiculous manner in which he described the doings of high society, calmly pointed out that a butler's place is in the butler's pantry, and that an author who had that functionary answering a front-door bell had better read a book or two on modern American etiquette.

Once, indeed, when Adam had written a magazine story of the Navy—afterward most meticulously considered and corrected by a rear admiral on the retired list—my poor husband was hauled over the coals by an active-service officer for twenty-eight distinct and different mistakes which occurred in the picture of the battleship accompanying the story. Adam, of course, had nothing whatever to do with the illustrations.

On another occasion, when my lord and master ventured to write what I always considered a rather moving story of a railway locomotive, he even went down to the roundhouses and the railway yards to study his subject, and when the yarn was finished had an intelligent and long-experienced locomotive driver go over it page by page and weed out the errors and build up the detail. At least, we thought we had weeded out the errors. But we found we were wrong. We found, when the story was duly published, that we were never really right. For one hundred and nineteen operating officials and members of the Big Four, by actual count, sent in letters of protest about the way Adam had made his engine behave.

Adam had called that engine a perfect lady, because she had a petticoat, otherwise a lifting skirt, which is some sort of contraption for taking up water, en route, from a trough between the rails; and engines have them—there's no denying that fact. But both Adam and the expert who inspected his story in manuscript form quite overlooked the fact that the action was laid in the Canadian Northwest, in midwinter, where the mercury was described as flirting with the sixty-below-zero mark.

And that's where we went wrong. For even in that land of miracles, water lying in open troughs between wind-swept railway tracks can't stop from freezing at sixty below. It was a mistake, of course—a rather awful mistake—and about all we could do was to grin and bear it.

An Author's Game of Tag

Canadians, I've found, seem especially sensitive about liberties taken with their country and climate. This is due, I assume, to the fact that the Dominion has been so often maligned by the fictioneer of the day, from some well-known novelists down to the penny-a-line manipulator of the Royal Mounted—the Royal Mounted who never, never give up their man, and at the same time become so perennially entangled with the boreal cowslips in Poiret gowns. It's safer today to play soccer with a hornets' nest than to make public reference to Canada's winter climate. Destruction awaits the fictioneer who mentions her ice palace or refers to her as Our Lady of the Snows. And even when you tread her woodland frontiers, you do so at the peril of your life, of your literary life, for one pen thrust at the roughness of her ways or one patent slip in zoölogy will bring a tornado of reproof whistling about your ears.

When a revolution story of which Adam was guilty faced transplantation to the movies it was necessary to convert its definitely stated Latin-American locale to a purely imaginary republic anywhere between the Rio Grande and the Amazon, to the end that the nationals of a sister state might not be offended. And not so long ago Adam got a very ugly looking Black-Hand letter for designating one of his villains as a fellow countryman of Mussolini.

No normal man, naturally, invites or enjoys the enmity of his fellows. But I've come to realize, from certain venomous scripts that come crawling into our home like a copperhead snake into a cellar, that there are quite a number of people on this good green earth of ours who heartily and sincerely hate my husband. Some of them, I know, hate him for his honesty; and a few others, I suspect, hate him for his success, limited as the latter may be.

Another source of trouble to the modern author is the matter of names. For wherever the chips of coincidence may fall, a fiction writer has to attach identifying handles to his duly created characters. And the Bard who so contemptuously queried, "What's in a name?" would never be the best of guides, I'm afraid, through the troubled waters of twentieth-century literature.

For even when you invent a name, apparently, even when you imagine you've reached up into the circumambient and yanked that phantasmal cognomen down out of infinitude, you're likely to find out, a little later, that it is already the personal possession of some choleric and indignant citizen who has his or her definite objections to being made ridiculous in print. The more realistic those names are, the more lifelike they sound to the questioning ear, the more perilous is the promise that they are already attached to real individuals.

Names Custom-Made

Some authors, I know, try to skirt this danger by combining two names in one, by taking the first syllable of a certain patronymic and attaching it to the last syllable of another. But even this doesn't always work. Others follow in the footsteps of Dickens and let the name embody the coloring of the character, as Wells did when he called his peer in Tono-Bungay Lord Boom and let his toplofty heroine in The New Machiavelli be known as Altiora.

But such a nomenclature falls a little too pat on our sophisticated ears. So Adam, like many another author, keeps a name book. There he puts up names for future use the same as I put up quince jelly for winter. Yet some characters simply refuse to be named. I've seen my husband go through page after page of the city directory, and practice names aloud about the same as an opera singer practices notes, and then suddenly stop in the middle of an autumn walk and cry, "I've got it! That woman's name is Arleigh!" And if I humbly inquire why Arleigh, he essays vague gestures and shrugs, and finally admits that he doesn't really know, except that the aroma of Arleigh, whatever that may be, seems to fit in with the pervading odor of the fiction pot simmering at that particular moment over the fire of creation.

We know one author, in this connection, who resorts to the practice of naming his villains, even temporarily, after some actual person whom he actively dislikes. He got the tip, he claims, from Tom Meighan, who proclaimed he could always crowd more punch into his picture if the heavy playing opposite him was a man he could honestly hate both on and off the lot.

But careful as Adam is, many are the scripts that come to us on this troublesome matter of names. One business man wrote, strenuously objecting not only to seeing a respected patronymic appropriated by a conscienceless ink coolie but also to witnessing his brother's drunkenness paraded in the public prints. A mother upbraided Adam for so cruelly attaching to an unsavory adventuress what proved to be the actual name of our correspondent's unmarried daughter. A rodeo rider whose professional name we had unconsciously copped sent us a telegram saying, "Thanks for the publicity." But the most dramatic message in this connection was the communication that came from an indignant and fiery-hearted Southerner who accidentally happened to answer to the same cognomination as that of a patently unpalatable gentleman in one of Adam's stories of underworld life. This stranger's dispatch was both conclusive and concise. It read: "Use my name once more and I'll come North and put a bullet through your fat head."

Adam didn't!

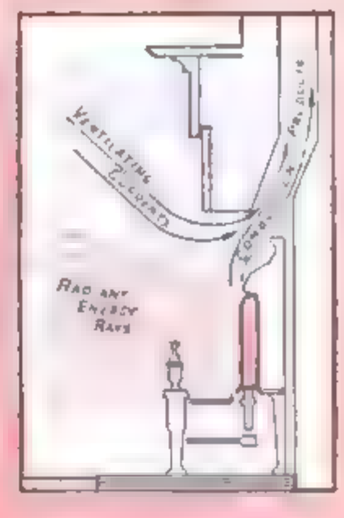
Healthful Heat

Among all the notable contributions to better living conditions the Humphrey Radiantfire holds a foremost place. A canvass of the more than one million users in America would confirm this statement in very positive terms.

Radiantfire provides a grateful warmth, like a flood of sunshine through an open window—healthful heat penetrating every corner and always instantly available—clean, odorless, dustless heat to take the chill off the room on mild days or supplement the central plant during severe weather.

These are advantages with an irresistible appeal to the modern housewife. There is nothing in the entire field of domestic equipment that can contribute so much to her comfort or create more genuine satisfaction for all the family.

The Humphrey Radiantfire is ideal for any home where either natural or artificial gas is available. There is a surprising range of models to select from—plain patterns or beautiful period models. Inspect the full line at the office of your Gas Company or Dealer today.



Radiant rays like light rays cannot be turned aside, nor can they go up the chimney. They come steadily forward warming, not the air, but solid objects with which they come in contact. They keep you warm, and at the same time set the air in motion and provide perfect circulation and ventilation

The genuine Humphrey Radiantfire is sold by your Gas Company or Dealer. Models range in price from $15.00 up. Write us for illustrated booklet.

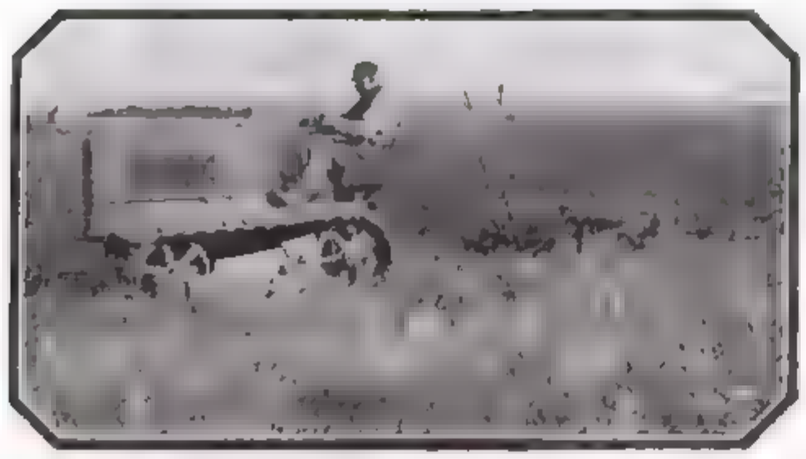
GENERAL GAS LIGHT COMPANY, KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN

New York • 44 West Broadway Pittsburgh Buffalo Cincinnati San Francisco • 135 Bluxome Street

The HUMPHREY

Radiantfire

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



For the Farmer - Shortens the farmer's day. Pays him bigger wages . . .

For the Logger- Cheaper power, bigger production, more profits . . . .

For Road Builders- Builds and maintains popular *12 Months' Roads* . . .

For Contractors- Short cuts to long profits —dependability . . . . . .

For Industries - Makes light work of heavy jobs around the plant . . .

How can *You* use a "CATERPILLAR" TRACTOR

There is a "Caterpillar" Dealer near you

"Caterpillar" Tractor Prices

2-TON . . . $1850 (*Peoria, Illinois*)

5-TON . . . $3250 (*Peoria, Illinois*)

THIRTY . . . $3000 (*Peoria or San Leandro*)

SIXTY . . . $5000 (*Peoria or San Leandro*)

CATERPILLAR TRACTOR CO.

Executive Offices: San Leandro, California, U. S. A.

Sales Offices and Factories:
Peoria, Illinois San Leandro, California

New York Office: 50 Church Street

Successor to

BEST (C. L. Best Tractor Co.) (The Holt Manufacturing Company) HOLT

BETTER
QUICKER
CHEAPER

CATERPILLAR

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

ON THE FIRST SAND BAR

(Continued from Page 43

"But, captain, you have not yet named the terms. And my principal insists upon a meeting."

"Very good, sir"—Crow bowed—"the terms are simple: Your principal suggests the first sand bar. Excellent. We are to be sent ashore by separate skiffs, each to carry such weapon or weapons as he may select. The Choctaw proceeds down the river, leaving the two combatants—alone."

A horrified ejaculation burst from Guenard.

"I shall be armed with two revolvers," Crow added, "which have proved quite effective, and a six-inch bowie knife."

"Barbarous! Barbarous! No witnesses? You are free to employ any trick."

"Each combatant may use his best discretion. No stratagem is barred. Gentlemen"—Crow turned to the white-faced listeners—"I should have preferred not to kill Colonel Quarles. Upon my return for breakfast I shall ask you to witness that this fight was forced upon me."

The colonel's lank jaw set. His high cheek bones hardened into bronze.

Southward the Choctaw churned her way. Twin columns of smoke belched upward, and sparks that died among the stars. Day was coming. Mists began to show upon the ghostly river, whose tortuous shores still held their blackness. To the east a serrated pallor outlined the grim dark battlements of Mississippi. Westward crouched the Louisiana lands. Jud Brill didn't care a hang about these glories of morning as he sneaked along the outer guards and entered Crow's stateroom.

"How is it, Jud?" Crow glanced up from the carpetbag, which lay open on his bunk. He was in his shirt sleeves, had removed a choking collar and neckcloth. Three pure-white diamonds glittered among the ruffles.

"Crow," Jud snickered, "yo' highfalutin' tomfoolery is got that bully flustered."

"Hope so."

"I knows it," the capper asserted positively. "All five of 'em is out yonder now, on the front guards, huddled like partridges, argufyin' over what you said. Doctor Wailes is squabblin' to stop it. But the cun'l swears he'll toe the scratch."

"Naturally"—Crow smiled—"unless I am mistaken in our man, Quarles will never concede one inch while a grand stand is looking on."

"So you contrives to git him off by hisself?"

"Exactly. That was my reason for so much talk—to confuse him, unsettle his mind, to make him suspect that I am clever and might kill him by a trick. Jud, I don't want to hurt Colonel Quarles. Once he did a heroic thing, at the Battle of Monterey. Been living on his Monterey reputation ever since. Tried to scare me into giving up that money, then had to make good the bluff. But possibly when we are alone he may not attack. Neither will I."

As Crow talked, he rummaged through his carpetbag, throwing out a suit of gray.

"Is you fixin' to wear them clo'es?" Jud inquired.

"Yes. Quarles will probably dress in dueling black, and show up like a bull's-eye against the white sand. My evident advantage may disconcert him. You understand, Jud, that a succession of little things, piled up and piled up, finally shake a man's nerve. I've got to squirm out of this duel, got to gain time. Something may happen."

"Don't pester yo' noggin," Jud winked craftily. "Crow luck never changes. Somethin's bound to happen."

The ill-starred Choctaw was a huge boat. Almost her entire length stretched between Crow's room at the rear and a group of five who conferred on the forward guards. After leaving his partner Jud Brill moved toward the front, halted halfway and sat down at the poker table. From this vantage point he could reconnoiter through the cabin, back to the stateroom occupied by Miss Carlotta. The conference on the guards paid him no attention. So Jud took a pen, a scrap of paper and organized himself for toil. The mule drover sweat, stuck out his tongue, breathed hard, suffered, and gave birth to a masterpiece:

Rispeckful Miss Klotter Yore paw is fixin' to fite a dule. Befoar day He shore will git slew. Better come an' stopp him Come rite now.
A FREN.

"That's what a feller kin do ef he's eddicated," the scholar gloated over his craftsmanship. "I reckin she'll raise p'ticular hell."

The letter was written. The worst was done. The rest would be easy. Jud need only rap on Carlotta's door, pass in his warning and let female nature take its course. Tightly he folded the paper and strode out front, making certain that Carlotta's father could not see him deliver the note. By this time, as Jud calculated, Crow would be asleep. Miss Carlotta's was the second door beyond Crow's. His scheme looked good—if the lady didn't yell.

"Got to take a chance," Jud decided, and pinned all faith to Crow's infallible luck.

The river had grown bright. With one last squint at Colonel Quarles, Jud Brill started aft to warn Carlotta. Upon taking his third step he was stopped by an invisible and resistless force. His sensation was of a tremendous pressure, as if he were attempting to advance against a wind—against a wind that stood like a wall. Only for one instant did he feel this. Then the wall gave way in a terrific roar. Beneath his feet the deck surged upward. Sections of floor went sailing like kites, high in air. Jud saw the pilot house climbing up on a cloud of steam, a poker table with it, and flaming brands bigger than his hat. Fragments of woodwork flew to the skies in a blinding glare of light. A mighty noise hammered at Jud's temples, the concentrated crash of a thousand thunders. His eyes went black. Now he could see again. Fires blazed among the wreckage, burning coals hissed as they dropped into the water. A moment of silence—a moment of smothered silence—then shrieks and screams.

"Huh!" Jud commented. "B'iler busted."

After her first convulsive shuddering the Choctaw held steady. The hull seemed to be uninjured, while everything amidships was blown out by the explosion. The superstructure was gone. A flaming pit of hell divided the boat into two parts.

In stupefaction, Jud gazed around him. None of the five had been hurt. He saw Quarles scrambling out from beneath a broken bench. How about Crow? There was no way to reach him. Jud grinned at the fiery chaos and mumbled, "Jest Crow's luck. I knowed that somethin' was bound to happen."

Crow had lain down on his bunk, wearing shirt and trousers, no boots. At the first shock one leap carried him to the outer guards, where he saw that the Choctaw showed no sign of sinking at once. Her officers might have time to save the passengers, whose appalling shrieks clamored from the cabin. One frenzied woman darted past him and tumbled over the rail into the river. Instantly Crow wrenched a door from its hinges and flung it down to her. He would have jumped himself to save the woman, but saw Miss Carlotta rush out and stare at the fire. The girl seemed petrified, not yet awake, and began to climb the rail.

"Don't jump! Don't!" Crow shouted.

With a puzzled expression, Carlotta paused, like a somnambulist; or like a deaf woman who feels the vibration of a voice, yet fails to comprehend. She shrank back from the river, but the fire seemed even more terrifying; so Carlotta was in the act of climbing overboard when Crow seized her.

"Let me go! Let me go!" she screamed, beating with both fists against the gambler, who grappled her waist, held her fast. Carlotta wore nothing but a nightdress

"We are not sinking," Crow spoke quietly. "Keep your head."

From excess of fright, a reaction came. Carlotta grew still enough to think, and asked, "Where's Colonel Quarles?"

"Safe, I believe. He was out front. That part of the boat seems to be uninjured."

"Then he's safe?" she repeated with a composure that misled him, for in another moment Carlotta shrieked again, and twisted her arms around his neck like strangling coils of wire.

It required all Crow's strength to free himself, half dragging Carlotta to his own room, where he strapped her in a life preserver. That being accomplished with such unhurried deliberation as impressed the girl, Crow took his watch and wallet, with several other trinkets, and put them into his pocket.

"Now, Miss Carlotta, if you have a few small articles that you wish to save, we'll go to your room and get them."

It is singular, in moments of stress, how baubles may attract and distract the overwrought mind, how three sparkling diamonds on his shirt front fascinated Carlotta. She followed obediently, comprehending what he did when Crow snatched mattresses from his bunk and flung them to passengers in the water. Then he wrenched off another door and leaned over the rail. Directly beneath him a black roustabout was floundering. "Here, boy!" Crow called down to the negro, and dropped a door. His businesslike methods reassured Carlotta sufficiently for her to ask, "Where was it that you last saw Colonel Quarles?"

"On the forward guards, just before the explosion. It's impossible for him to reach you through that fire."

"He may. The colonel is very brave."

Their wreck drifted like a bird slain on the water. A stiff wind drove flames toward the front. She seemed veering in a slow eddy. The fire must shift. It began to sweep across the boat, leaving the eastern edge of its hull comparatively free from blaze.

"Look!" Crow pointed, and Carlotta's eyes ran along his finger.

"The colonel!" she exclaimed.

From the prow of the boiler deck, Quarles had lowered himself into the river, clinging to the steamer by two cotton hooks. Wriggling along, setting hook ahead of hook, he worked himself toward the rear, submerged to his neck and shielded from fire.

"Run, Miss Carlotta!" Crow caught the girl's hand, leading her down a back stairway to the boiler deck, piled high with freight of every kind. There he wedged Carlotta between two cotton bales and darted forward.

The Choctaw's hull was filling. Inch by inch she settled. Her guards were now a scant two feet above the river's level. Outside the tiers of cotton bales, along a narrow ledge, Crow hurried, crouching, while Quarles wallowed toward him through the water.

"Faster, colonel! Fire's shifting!"

Now the gambler began to crawl. Because of intense heat he could not stand erect—crawled flat, extending one hand to the man in the river, and drew his late enemy aboard.

"Where's Carlotta?" the colonel demanded.

"Here."

There were no hysterics at their meeting, as Crow had dreaded. Both were admirably calm.

"Colonel," he asked, "can you swim?"

"Not a stroke."

"Wait. I'll get a life belt."

In a room near the wheelhouse Crow found a belt—only one. He had picked up

(Continued on Page 133)

Why upset it?

At the time your home should appear most charming

THERE really isn't any need to upset the artistic arrangement of your rooms—just use Stakmores....Stakmore folding tables and chairs are designed in colorful lacquers. There is one that harmonizes with your decorative scheme....Stakmores are such a comfort—they open and close—zip. Stakmore tables never irritate by "wobbling" (patented corner leg anchorages prevent it). Stakmore folding chairs fit the user instead of the user trying to fit them.

Send for booklet and name of shop near you. Stakmore Co. Inc., Dept. H-7, 200 Madison Avenue, New York City. (Save this address).

THE SOUTHAMPTON SET

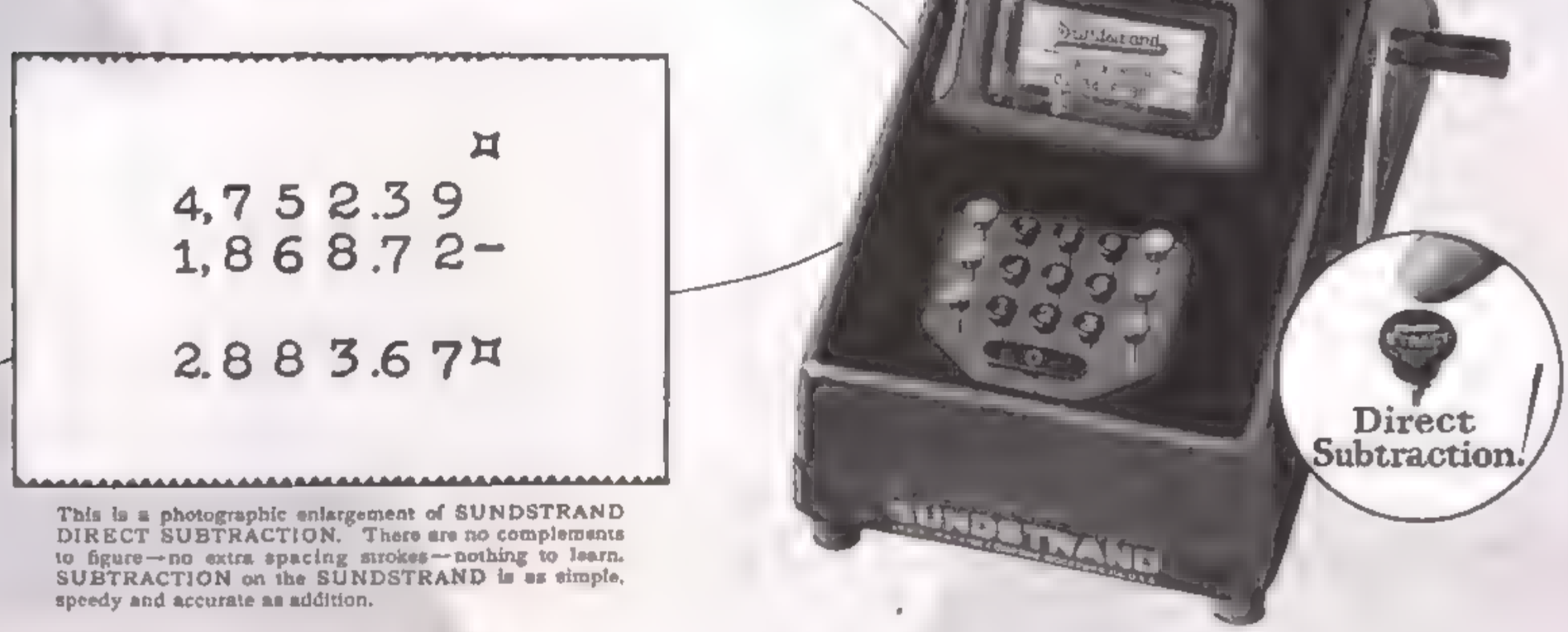
The Stakmore "Southampton" Decorated Set. Special carton holds four chairs and table in space 7½ inches wide. If you want Stakmore quality insist on seeing the name "Stakmore"

STAKMORE
Aristocrats of Folding Furniture

Sundstrand

gives you

Direct Subtraction -



4,752.39
1,868.72-

2,883.67¤

This is a photographic enlargement of SUNDSTRAND DIRECT SUBTRACTION. There are no complements to figure—no extra spacing strokes—nothing to learn. SUBTRACTION on the SUNDSTRAND is as simple, speedy and accurate as addition.

Automatic Shift Multiplication
Ten Key Addition
Portability
Automatic Column Selection
and Dependable Accuracy

In no other adding machine at any price can you get all of these advantages!

In no other popular-priced machine can you get DIRECT SUBTRACTION!

In no other machine at any price can you get greater speed, accuracy or durability!

IT WILL PAY YOU TO GET THE FACTS! Phone our local office or write direct for further information.

Million dollar capacity, only $125. Other sizes and models at correspondingly low prices.

SUNDSTRAND ADDING MACHINE COMPANY
2310 ELEVENTH STREET ROCKFORD, ILLINOIS

Agencies in all Principal Cities in the UNITED STATES and FOREIGN COUNTRIES

BOOKKEEPING, ADDING, CALCULATING MACHINES

(Continued from Page 131)

a coil of bell rope, when the second crash drove him out.

A smokestack had fallen. The Choctaw listed frightfully. Her gunwales were awash with licking waters.

"Colonel, quick! This belt!"

"Where's yours?"

"I don't need one."

"Then I don't either."

The obstinate Quarles refused to profit by a foeman's magnanimity, yet Crow strapped the belt around him anyhow, insisting, "I can swim the river—a dozen times. Now help me roll this bale overboard."

Together they dislodged a bale of cotton from its tier and set it afloat beside the Choctaw. At Crow's direction Carlotta was eased into the water on one side, holding on with a boat hook, while Quarles clung to the other side.

"Hold tight!" Crow braced himself and gave their bale a shove, as far as possible from the sinking steamer. "Paddle! Paddle!" he shouted. "This boat may topple on you!"

With the gambler swimming alongside and pushing their bale, they barely got beyond its deadly suction when the Choctaw did topple, capsized with a mighty swish of waves, with fiery hisses and billows of steam—toppled, bubbled and disappeared.

Fortunately the wind had drifted them westward within two hundred yards of the Louisiana bank. Less than a mile below him, Crow marked a narrow tongue of sand that jutted far into the river.

"Colonel," he nodded, "keep on paddling. We'll try to reach that bar."

Fearless in all things, this adventurer was a fearless swimmer. He wore only a shirt and close-fitting trousers, which did not hamper his freedom. After lashing one end of the cord to their cotton bale, he gripped the other end between his teeth and struck out for shore.

"Paddle, colonel, paddle!"

This Mississippi River concealed no mysteries from Crow. Surface ripples told him its secrets to the bottom. Ahead lay smooth water, still, almost stagnant. Once he gained that currentless pool, Crow might tauten his rope and tow the bale behind him. He did exactly that, dropping a foot now and then until he found the shallows.

When Captain Saltoon, alias Crow, professional gambler, stood knee-deep in water, holding his rope at the upper end of a sand bar, he did not guess how desperate was the duelist that came to land as the current swung their bale inshore. For Quarles did not possess a cent, nor any credit at a crisis that demanded cash. He was a primitive man. Necessity would make of him a wolf. As yet he had not dared tell Carlotta of his losses or their predicament. She supposed him to carry some twenty-five hundred dollars, ample for a splurge in the Crescent City. Her own lost wardrobe she might well regard as an excuse to buy new gear.

These matters never entered Crow's head. He watched the pair come wading out, Quarles fully dressed—coat, boots, hat; while the woman's gauzy night robe clung to every line of her body. Except for the cumbrous belt, Carlotta might well have been a renascent Venus emerging from the sea. Both were nearly spent and sank exhausted on a drift log. The colonel's wits seemed woolgathering, and when his rescuer approached he glanced up for further guidance.

"Well, colonel," the gambler laughed, "here we are—on the first sand bar."

Unfortunate jest. Like a stab it shot through the reckless man, pierced and rankled. Three diamonds glittered at him. Riches. His own pockets were empty. And there sat Carlotta—almost naked.

"Yes, here we are." Quarles stared downward at the sand, a wide hat brim hiding the sinister scowl that crossed his face. Ordinarily Crow must have noticed. But he turned gallantly to Carlotta: "Miss Carlotta, are you quite your lovely self again?"

"Yes, and grateful. I should have jumped in that river except for you. Ugh!" She glanced upon the swirling waters and shuddered.

The rough edges of her life belt bruised Carlotta. She cast it off, holding the sheer white linen away from her bosom to dry and not stick so close. Then, with dimpled arms, the eternal feminine began to arrange her hair.

For a silent space they observed many skiffs picking up passengers, while Quarles sat and punched holes in the sand with savage heel.

"Miss Carlotta"—Crow nodded across the vacant sand bar to where the river banks uprose—"do you feel able to walk?"

"Certainly."

"Then we'd better try to find a house." He did not add, "And find some clothes."

In single file they started, Crow leading, with his back considerately turned, the loose sand crunching as he walked. A shipwrecked trio; sock-footed gambler, hatless; girl in her nightdress; Quarles striding along in heavy boots, head down, sullen.

At that point the bar had formed under an abrupt bank on top of which dense thickets grew, swamp vines and briers.

"Colonel," Crow suggested, "Miss Carlotta would get terribly scratched in there. It might be easier for you, with your boots."

"Yes, I'll go." Still brooding, still planning, Quarles kept his eye averted, moved off a few steps, halted indecisively and whirled. "Captain Saltoon, I want to see you."

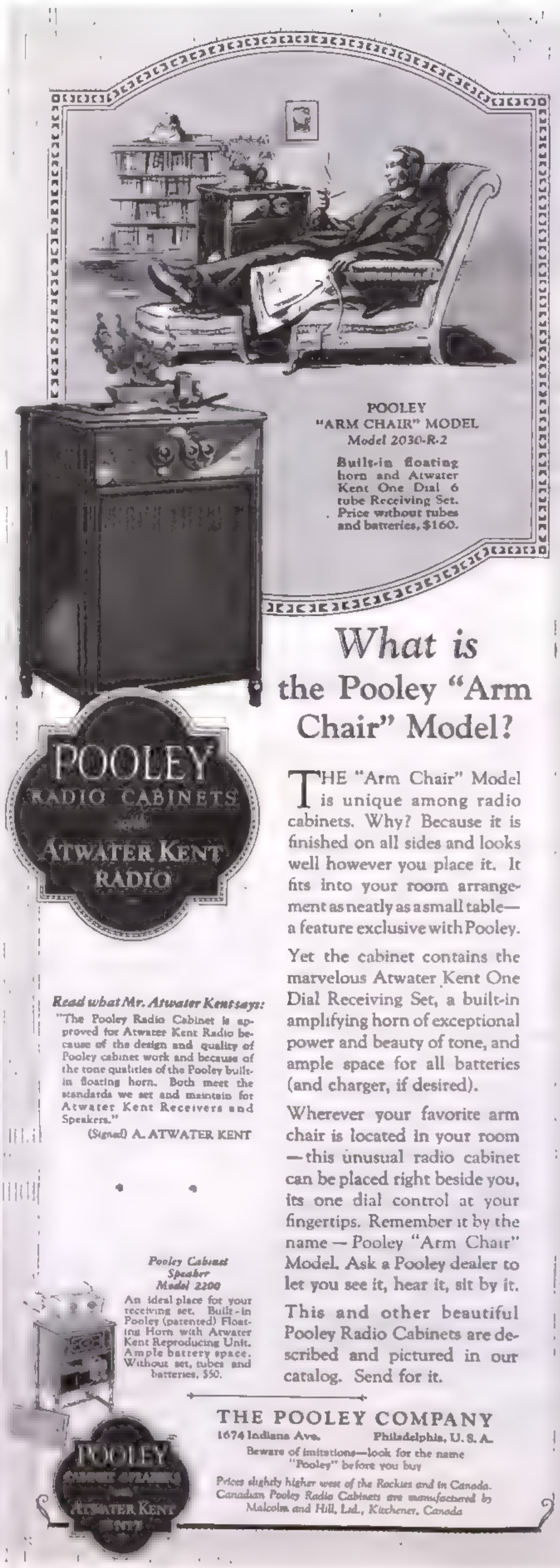
"Certainly, sir."

A nameless impulse led Crow to draw very near, within arm's length. If Quarles carried a weapon he could not use it. Yet, after getting the colonel and daughter safe ashore, Crow thought his suspicion most unworthy. Nevertheless, Quarles began almost exactly where they had left off at the poker table: "Captain, you must return my money."

What they said, in whispers, Carlotta sat too far away to hear. Once she saw Crow turn and glance at her, then Quarles took off his coat, gave it to Crow and went crashing through the briers like a wrathful bear.

A paradox, this Crow. A character that showed blots of inky black against wide, wide white areas. Though waging perpetual warfare with himself, he strove to pass in peace among his fellows—where they submitted peaceably to being plundered. The gambler made his own law,

Cumberland Falls, Kentucky



Read what Mr. Atwater Kent says:

"The Pooley Radio Cabinet is approved for Atwater Kent Radio because of the design and quality of Pooley cabinet work and because of the tone qualities of the Pooley built-in floating horn. Both meet the standards we set and maintain for Atwater Kent Receivers and Speakers."

(Signed) A. ATWATER KENT

Pooley Cabinet Speaker Model 2200

An ideal place for your receiving set. Built-in Pooley (patented) Floating Horn with Atwater Kent Reproducing Unit. Ample battery space. Without set, tubes and batteries, $50.

What is the Pooley "Arm Chair" Model?

THE "Arm Chair" Model is unique among radio cabinets. Why? Because it is finished on all sides and looks well however you place it. It fits into your room arrangement as neatly as a small table—a feature exclusive with Pooley.

Yet the cabinet contains the marvelous Atwater Kent One Dial Receiving Set, a built-in amplifying horn of exceptional power and beauty of tone, and ample space for all batteries (and charger, if desired).

Wherever your favorite arm chair is located in your room—this unusual radio cabinet can be placed right beside you, its one dial control at your fingertips. Remember it by the name—Pooley "Arm Chair" Model. Ask a Pooley dealer to let you see it, hear it, sit by it.

This and other beautiful Pooley Radio Cabinets are described and pictured in our catalog. Send for it.

THE POOLEY COMPANY

1674 Indiana Ave. Philadelphia, U. S. A.

Beware of imitations—look for the name "Pooley" before you buy

Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies and in Canada. Canadian Pooley Radio Cabinets are manufactured by Malcolm and Hill, Ltd., Kitchener, Canada

POOLEY
CABINET SPEAKER
ATWATER KENT
RADIO

Let This Amazing Invention Keep You In Keen Razor Blades For Life!

Sensational New Invention Guarantees You 365 Slick Shaves a Year—No More Blades to Buy!

KRISS-KROSS marks such a radical advance in new shaving comfort and economy that it deserves to be called much more than a stropper. Rather it is a super-stropper—a blade *rejuvenator!* Almost literally, it makes a new blade out of an old one every day and makes hundreds of keen, quick shaves blossom where only one grew before!

Kriss-Kross strops your blade (any make) on the diagonal just like a master barber. Eight "lucky leather" grooves do the trick in 11 seconds. Automatic flip-flop action. Pressure decreases automatically every stroke. Nickel jig flies up to notify you when your blade is ready with the *keenest cutting edge that steel can take!*

Unusual Offer

Right now—to introduce KRISS-KROSS stropper, I will give you a surprising new kind of razor without extra charge. Really 3 razors in one. Instantly adjustable to any shaving position. A flip of the finger makes it (1) T-shape; (2) straight (old style); (3) diagonal (new way). Gives a *sliding* instead of *pulling* stroke. Simply *zips* through the toughest crop of whiskers. Made of *rustless* metal. Comes with 5 special-process blades and is entirely unlike anything you ever saw before.

3 WAY RAZOR GIVEN

Write for Details at Once!

This astonishing offer is limited. Send the coupon for information on amazing KRISS-KROSS inventions today. They are sold only through authorized representatives—(or direct from the factory) and are even more remarkable than I can tell you here. Clip the coupon today for full details. No obligation.

AGENTS: Make Big Money

Many are making big money as KRISS-KROSS representatives. $75 –$200 a week. Gift razor is marvelous business-booster. We have a unique sales-plan that brings unusually sizeable profits. J C Kellogg made over $200 in seven days. And H King made $66 profit in one 8-hr. day!

Spare-time workers, office and factory men make $5-$10 extra a day just showing KRISS-KROSS to friends and fellow employes. Send coupon for details. Check bottom line and mail at once!

Rhodes KRISS KROSS

RHODES MFG. CO., STROPPER

Dept. A-391, 1418 Pendleton Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

Rhodes Mfg. Co., Dept. A-391
1418 Pendleton Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

Without obligation, send me details and special offer on KRISS-KROSS super-stropper—and the

Name

Address

City State

( ) Check this space if interested in becoming an authorized KRISS KROSS representative.

flexible and subservient to his trade of pillage. What Crow deemed honorable depended wholly upon what he desired. His morals ran in direct antagonism to the formula of society whose males played square with men yet recognized no honor as applied to women. On the contrary, Crow did what he pleased to men and took off his hat to women.

After the colonel had left him, after the noise of departure had died away, Crow turned back with a long coat in his hand. He turned, drew a deep quick breath and stopped. The artist in him halted. Across the river, above the Mississippi hills, there hung a molten sun. Its ruddy brilliance danced along the water. In this dazzling swath of light Carlotta sat, a woman glorified. She sat on a bit of drift, with the shimmering sands around her, in the filmiest of drapery, the vaguest veil of mystical illusion. One shoulder bare where her gown had slipped, she leaned forward, meditating.

A shame it were to shroud such idyl in dull prosaic brown; and sorely against his wish, Crow threw the coat around her with a reluctant, "Permit me, Miss Carlotta."

"Thank you." She flushed and made room beside her. "Won't you sit down?"

The dingy garment covered Carlotta almost to her knees. For the bare pink symmetry of all below she had nothing save a smile of apologetic helplessness. They sat apart from the world, the river too distant for prying eyes, and screened by forests at the rear—as Crow had planned. He wanted to get rid of Quarles, to be alone with Carlotta. Now her loveliness embarrassed him.

Rarely did this gambler's tongue lose its glib assurance with any woman. But he couldn't set it going; didn't know where or how to begin. For Crow realized his status as a blackleg, and the leg that showed beneath Carlotta's gown was very white.

"Miss Carlotta," he started, and stammered and stopped—made another start: "Miss Carlotta, please do not think me impertinent, but I happen to know—your father needs money very badly." In fumbling for a pretext the inspiration struck him, a plausible lie: "He lost every cent—when the boat sank."

"Colonel Quarles—lost his money?" Trouble gathered in Carlotta's eyes.

"Yes, his last penny. Pride will not permit him to accept a loan from me. But"—Crow produced the wallet from his flank, the corpulent wallet, sobby with water—"for his sake, won't you accept this?"

Five bank notes for one hundred dollars each Crow laid upon her palm. There they rested.

She did not tighten her grasp, so Crow himself gently closed Carlotta's fingers over the cash.

"You are very generous," she murmured, "and brave. But how did you learn that—that my father lost his money?"

"He told me."

"Never said a word to me." Her voice rasped. "Are you sure?"

"Positive."

As Crow then considered, with such a father, Carlotta must often confront the facts of life—confront them courageously. She shrugged a perfect shoulder, even forced a smile. "We'll get along some way. You must come to see me in New Orleans."

"Thank you, I will," Crow answered, but his tone made Carlotta fear that he wouldn't. He was too well known in the city. No lady could receive him.

"You must come," she urged, "to the St. Charles. I shall be lonesome."

Even then Crow did not suspect. Under the circumstances, it seemed natural for a girl to express her gratitude. But no man who once had been a gentleman could take so low an advantage.

At times Carlotta talked, at times kept silent. Once she touched a diamond on his shirt with fingers childishly curious, their dainty tips tingling at his throat.

"I saw you," she confessed, "when you came on our boat. Inquired your name. But never dreamed we would have such a romance—that you would save my life. Oh! Oh! You were so brave!"

Crow did not realize exactly when Carlotta slipped a hand into his and held both upon her knee, a smooth, velvety knee. This gambler called Crow was not a block of wood. Their first kiss just happened. He despised himself. Then despised himself again and again—and again.

"My life is yours"—the girl seemed to lose her head and whispered—"you saved it. Take me away."

"No. I can't marry—any good woman."

"Take me anyhow. You are so noble and strong that I want to go with you—now."

"But—your father?"

From where her head lay cuddled on his breast, Carlotta stole a sly glance upward to see the expression of Crow's face. Already she had measured the fatness of his pocketbook, already estimated the value of his diamonds. One calculating eye observed him craftily as he protested: "Your father?"

"Give him the slip. He's no kin to me." Then Carlotta laughed. "Ah, Captain Saltoon, I thought you'd see through that. I was simply perishing to visit New Orleans and picked up that old fool at St. Louis—for the trip."

On this earth Crow worshiped few idols, and no transgressor fell below his sympathy. Never a humiliating word from him could remind an erring sister of her shame. He did not rail at the woman, but rose smilingly and bent with a most admiring bow.

"Beautiful damsel, this makes twice in a month that clever women have outwitted me. The first lady got a thousand dollars, and your talents have earned as much. Possibly that was the colonel's object in leaving us together—if he had enough sense. Here's five hundred more. My congratulations to Colonel Quarles upon his charming companion. Tell him that we are quits."

SOME OTHERS AND MYSELF

(Continued from Page 53)

William Collier also spoke to Goodwin about the impending event. He said, "Nat, you consider me a good friend of yours, don't you?"

Goodwin answered "I certainly do."

"Then," rejoined Collier, "why don't you invite me to one of your weddings?"

When the marriage took place nearly every paper in the country not only headlined the news on the front pages but commented on it editorially, and the columnists went into paroxysms of delight. Some of the comment was merely banter, but most of it was vitriolic and scathing. It got deeply under Goodwin's skin, and referring to it, he said to me plaintively, "I simply can't please the papers any more. If I don't marry them they kick and if I do marry them they kick. What am I going to do?"

A few months ago the perennial Hopper, than whom there is no better fellow or more congenial companion, took unto himself his latest spouse, at which, Edna Wallace Hopper, a former co-star with him, both on the stage and off, sent him the following pungent telegram, "Congratulations. You are certainly the Marrying Kid."

Theatrical law in England differs from that in the United States both in itself and in its administration. A London weekly devoted to gossip and scandal ran a paragraph referring to the fact that a well-known leading lady was lunching quite frequently at a certain restaurant with a male star and that the luncheons were liable to disrupt the ménage of the actress.

Gladys Cooper, one of England's most beautiful as well as most popular actresses, sued the paper for libel. She testified that she was rehearsing with Dennis Eadie, an established London star who made his greatest hit in Milestones, and that at times they lunched together at the restaurant mentioned, because it was convenient and also because it enabled them to discuss the points that had risen at the morning rehearsal. She also testified that her husband knew about the luncheons and that she went to them with his knowledge and approval.

The defense was that Miss Cooper was not the actress to whom reference was made. When this was put forward the judge asked the defendants to write down, for his eye alone, the name of the actress and the star to whom they had referred. The defendants being unable to do this, judgment and damages were promptly given for Miss Cooper.

A critic on an important London paper wrote that an actress who was playing the leading part, and which carried the love story, should have played the mother. The actress sued, alleging that the comment was not fair criticism and that it had damaged her professionally by insinuating that she was too old to play leads. The actress was awarded five hundred pounds damages.

The critic of a London newspaper wrote in most uncomplimentary terms of an American musical comedy. Shortly after the criticism appeared, the proprietor of the paper, who has his own ideas as to how a newspaper should be run, went to see the play. He not only enjoyed it hugely but he published in his newspaper a glowing tribute to it, in which he stated that, without wishing in any way to restrict the liberty of opinion enjoyed by his critic, he reserved the right of publishing his own opinion even though it differed from that of the reviewer as widely as it did in that instance.

Things are different in New York. A critic there, commenting on the work of an actor who was quite well known and who had played successfully various good parts, including an important rôle in The Man of the Hour during its entire run in New York, said that he was the worst actor in the world. The actor brought suit and lost, the judge deciding that the critic had the right to express his honest opinion, no matter how detrimental it might be to the reputation of the actor or how much damage it might do him in his profession. This decision presented every critic in America with a "license to kill" without the slightest fear of the law, for how is one to prove whether his expressed opinion is honest or not?

When the critic next reviewed the work of the actor in question, he said that it was, if possible, even worse than before. This struck me as being a subtle and delicate piece of humor on a par with kicking a man in the face after knocking him out.

The question is often asked what influence the reviews of the critics have in the ultimate success or failure of a play. One thing is certain—authors, actors and managers all prefer good criticisms to bad ones, for there is no denying that it is pleasant and gratifying to have one's efforts gain the approval of print. So few people realize that the article is merely the opinion of one man—a man, in many cases, for whose view the reader would not care a hang if the writer did not happen to be working for a newspaper.

To many minds print makes a thing official; it stamps it with the hallmark of authority; it transforms it from the opinion of an ordinary mortal to the considered and reasoned verdict of a powerful and authoritative organization.

I know of one woman of at least ordinary intelligence whose ultimate and clinching argument is "I saw it in the paper." A near

(Continued on Page 137)

What Hotpoint CALROD Means to You

Only Hotpoint has the CALROD element — more efficient, practically indestructible

Hotpoint CALROD Super-Iron Only $6.00
(The regular Model "R" Hotpoint is only $5.00)

Previous Hotpoint Irons have served users faithfully for over 20 years and are *still in use*. The new SUPER-IRON will be passed on to your daughter and granddaughter.

At the left is a sectional view of the patented Hotpoint CALROD heating element. At the right is shown how CALROD is cast *inside* the solid iron pressure plate of the SUPER-IRON, one of its many uses.

WITH the development of CALROD, electric heat entered a new era of efficiency and economy. This marvelous new electric heating element withstands the temperature of molten iron without injury—a temperature at which ordinary mica insulation crumbles to dust. Overheating cannot affect it; water cannot affect it. CALROD is also completely armored against physical damage—dropping, banging, etc. Moreover, it is sealed away from the oxidizing effect of air. (A wearing away, like rusting; which is what usually has happened when an ordinary appliance "burns out.")

When you buy a new electric iron, insist on a Hotpoint SUPER-IRON with this marvelous, guaranteed CALROD element. In addition to giving you longer heat storage, greater economy, faster ironing and the utmost in dependability, you will find that its comfortable red Thumb-Rest rests your wrist, arm and shoulder. There are too many features to list them *all* here. See and try the new Hotpoint SUPER-IRON at your dealer's. Decide for yourself if any iron at *any* price can come near to equaling it. Yet the price is only $6.

Patented Hotpoint CALROD is also used exclusively by Hotpoint in electric ranges, water heaters, waffle irons, percolators, curling irons, immersion heaters, soldering irons—and in the massive, heavy-duty electric ranges, broilers, etc., used in modern hotels and restaurants. Only Hotpoint products have the advantages and economy of the CALROD element.

Hotpoint products are sold by electric light companies and dealers everywhere. See the one nearest your home—or write for literature.

EDISON ELECTRIC APPLIANCE CO., Inc.
5600 West Taylor Street, Chicago
Factories—Chicago, Illinois, and Ontario, California
Branches and Factory Service Stations in all Principal Cities

Hotpoint SERVANTS

Um-m! Hot Waffles! They Tempt ANY Appetite

Everyone likes waffles. Make them right at the table with no grease, smoke or odor. Waffles make a complete meal, healthful and delightful, too—and most easily and quickly prepared.

Only Hotpoint Waffle Irons have the patented CALROD heating element that assures lasting efficiency and economy. Insist on a Hotpoint. Prices $10.50 to $15.00.

Hotpoint Electric Ranges and Water Heaters

Cook or heat water at the turn of a switch! Hotpoint electric ranges are now in use in communities in practically every part of the country. Every electric range user should also have a Hotpoint electric water heater with its CALROD element. They are silent, efficient, ever dependable. Hotpoint ranges and water heaters are made in many sizes and types. Ask your electric light company about Hotpoint electric cooking and water heating in your community.

BULOVA WATCHES

To those who received a Watch *at* Christmas Time

Now that Christmas belongs to yesteryear, how many gifts are just memories! Of them, there remains only the sentiment of the giver. How few gifts were chosen with a thought to their beauty and utility — how few grow dearer with the passing of time.

UNDER thousands of Christmas trees, under thousands of twigs of mistletoe, BULOVA Watches were given to dear ones. And to those who received them, we have an important message:

Your BULOVA Watch has been designed with one thought in mind — to tell time faithfully for generations. In each BULOVA movement are points of superiority—centuries of effort symbolized in a single timepiece.

—A hair spring made of steel more costly than platinum, drawn through a series of holes in genuine diamonds.

—Jewels so highly polished and perfectly shaped that the tiny pivots which play within them revolve freely without friction, without loss of power.

In all, a timepiece so perfectly balanced that no matter how small the model, or how thin, it will keep time faithfully. Whether you have received the tiniest BULOVA Watch made to grace a lady's wrist or a gentleman's sturdy strap or pocket watch, they are alike in dependability, built to endure.

To you, the Bulova Watch Company makes this pledge: That your watch shall always serve the purpose for which it was intended — to tell time *on* time throughout the years.

The thousands of jewelers privileged to feature BULOVA Watches add their pledge—that your watch shall always be dependable — worthy of your trust.

BULOVA Watches are priced from $5000 to $25.

MARQUISE

Solid platinum, hand carved case; 4 diamonds and 16 sapphires, 17 jewel $575.00

CZARINA

Solid platinum, hand carved case set with 75 diamonds, 17 jewel $1000.00

SULTANA

Solid platinum, hand carved case; 70 diamonds and 18 sapphires, 17 jewel $750.00

PRINCESS

Solid platinum, hand carved case; 110 diamonds and 6 sapphires $1500.00

BULOVA WATCH COMPANY • *Fifth Avenue* • *New York*

Makers of fine watches

At the Better Jewelers ~ Everywhere

(Continued from Page 134)

relative was involved in an accident which led to newspaper accounts which were not only biased but in several instances wholly untrue. About this she was seethingly indignant. A month or so later various articles were published concerning another man, which articles I knew of my own knowledge were false. I told her so, but she was incredulous. "You must be mistaken," she said. "They would not dare print such things if they were not true."

"They printed untrue things about John, didn't they?" I asked.

"Yes," she admitted.

"Well, if they would print false things about John why wouldn't they print them about this man?"

It was as useless to argue with her as it is to show a mirror to a blind man after he has had his hair cut. Her last court of resort is now and always will be: "I saw it in the paper."

It is curious how a man who has been to a first night will promptly, next morning, turn to the dramatic column to see whether or not he agrees with the critic. In his opinion, and in that of every other reader, the best dramatic critic is the one with whom he can most often agree. Confirmation of one's own opinion invariably makes the reviewer a good critic.

Money Notices, But Little Money

I have often heard a man who has been to the first night of a play say, after reading the notice in his favorite paper, "That fellow simply doesn't know what he is talking about. He says the play was terrible. I thought it was fine and I enjoyed every minute of it." A few days later, after reading the review, by the same writer, of a play which the man had not seen, he said, "The new play last night must be pretty awful. Johnson gives it a dreadful panning."

"He disliked the one you saw the other night and which you thought was splendid. Didn't he?"

"Yes."

"Then just because he says this one is bad, why must you believe it? If he was wrong then, can't he be wrong now?"

"That's so. And yet ——"

The fetish of the printed word!

Now comes the contradiction of all that I have written. In spite of the power of print and the influence it has on the human mind, all the good reviews ever written will not make a popular success of a poor play! This is axiomatic. Only a person having the courage of ignorance will even try to dispute it.

When Charles Darnton was still dramatic critic of the New York Evening World, a play was produced which won practically unanimous commendation from the press. There was no half measure about the notices, they were superb; moreover, they were what people of the theater call "money notices."

On the Saturday of the first week I said to Darnton, "If good criticisms draw money, how much should this attraction have had in the house on its second night?"

He replied, "From ten to twelve hundred dollars."

I said, "They had less than three hundred."

"Perhaps the notices didn't have time to make their effect felt by Tuesday."

"Choose your own night."

"Friday."

"One hundred and ninety-seven."

"You are sure?"

"I ought to be. I'm a silent partner."

"How do you account for it? You've seen us give attractions good reviews, and the theater would be sold out the second night."

"But if it was the notices that drew the money, why didn't they draw it for this play?"

"If it wasn't the notices, what was it?"

"It was the fact that on those occasions the public agreed with you. This time they didn't."

Can bad criticisms kill a good play? If the producer of the play has sufficient capital, courage, stamina, and faith in his production, they cannot. But even under those conditions they can cripple it, and so prevent it from getting readily into a winning stride. The effect of bad notices is felt, in my opinion, for about two weeks. Afterward it diminishes with such rapidity that in a month it is nothing.

The financial success of a play is made by word-of-mouth advertising - by what John Jones says to Sam Smith. A man who has been to a theater mentions it at least once on the following day, and nearly always in the presence of two or more people. If 1200 playgoers praise a play they have seen on a first night, there are at least 2400 people predisposed in its favor. If 1200 go the second night and like it, and the same number go the third night and enjoy it, the demand for seats by the end of the week will be bigger than the supply.

Nowadays, plays which on their merits have a good fighting chance for success are killed more quickly and in greater numbers by adverse criticisms than ever before. This is due to financial reasons, and to the fact that there are more theaters, and so, of necessity, more productions. There is hardly a theater manager in New York who will book an attraction unless he is guaranteed against loss by the producer of the play. The usual contract for such an engagement reads that the play and the theater divide equally the first $5000 of the weekly receipts and that on all receipts over $5000 the play receives 60 per cent and the theater 40 per cent, but the producer of the play guarantees that under no circumstances shall the manager of the theater receive less than $4000 for his share weekly.

Another clause reads that should the gross receipts fall to less than $12,000 for two consecutive weeks, then either party to the agreement may give the other either one or two weeks' notice of the termination of the contract.

Under such a contract, if the weekly expenses of the theater and of the play are each $4000 and the receipts are $12,000, the theater receives $5300 and makes a profit of $1300, while the play receives $6700 and makes a profit of $2700. From this point on, though the company is receiving 60 per cent of the gross receipts, the profits of the house and of the play are practically identical, for while the expenses of the house are stationary and do not vary with higher receipts, the expenses of the play increase with every dollar received, because the author is paid a royalty on the gross receipts and the higher the receipts the greater is the author's compensation.

The Theater's Oldest Inhabitant

Suppose the receipts have been $8000 weekly for the first fortnight. Both the theater and the play have broken even. But the manager of the theater, quite naturally, is not satisfied to come out even. To live he must make profits; so legitimately taking advantage of the clause by which either party can give notice if the receipts fall for two weeks below $12,000, he notifies the manager of the play that the contract must be terminated.

It will be seen that by this arrangement all the risk and speculation are taken by the producer, for the manager of the theater cannot lose, and the greater the receipts the larger are his profits. As an offset, however, it must be borne in mind that should the producer nurse his play into a success, the manager of the theater has no share in the producer's profits on the road or in the cumulative value of his picture and stock rights.

If the gross receipts of the first week are $4000, the theater takes it all and loses nothing, while the producer has lost the $4000 necessary to meet the expenses of the company. If the receipts of the second week are $6000—and the increase would be a very healthy sign and an indication of the possibility of working the play into a hit—the producer loses $2000 and is notified that he must vacate the theater.

Under either of these conditions the producer must either guarantee that the manager shall have a profit of, let us say, $2000 weekly, which makes the producer's liabilities $10,000, or he must seek another theater, where the same terms will be exacted, so that the producer must close his company unless he has abounding faith in his production and sufficient capital to carry on under these onerous circumstances.

Many a glorious fight has been waged for the life of a play, but never one more courageous and deservedly successful than that of Miss Anne Nichols for Abie's Irish Rose. The things the critics did to that play were shameful. There wasn't a notice that didn't need a poultice to soften the pain. They brought up their heaviest guns and shelled it wickedly; they slammed it; they stabbed it; then they threw it down, jumped on it and left it for dead. But, thanks to the tender ministrations of Miss Nichols, it did not die, and today it is not only the oldest living inhabitant of a New York theater but it is the oldest inhabitant that ever lived in one, and it shows no signs of decrepitude.

True to His Convictions

The audacious conduct of Abie in refusing to die under the critics' onslaughts has caused them to suffer many a gibe and jeer, and it has shown that though they are important they are not omnipotent. One of them, Heywood Broun, when the play was some two years old, declared in his column that he at least had not criticized it adversely, as he had not seen it until it had been running for three months. To the great astonishment of Broun, the press agent of Abie sent him his notice of the play which had appeared the morning after its first performance and in which he attacked it as vigorously as any of his confreres. Broun's original statement was caused, of course, solely by a lapse of memory, and in his column the next day he apologized handsomely and admitted that he was a charter member of the I Couldn't Kill Abie Club.

That a producer's convictions as to the drawing powers of his attraction are wrong and that his efforts toward stimulating public interest are merely wasted is often exemplified. The most conspicuous example of this in recent years was Charles L. Wagner's production of The Mountain Man, with Sydney Blackmer in the leading part.

It was one of those unlucky plays which so often mislead the producer who is firm in his own convictions and who permits the congratulations of his friends to overrule the verdict of the box office. It was a charming play; Blackmer gave an admirable performance; practically everyone who saw it enjoyed it; but the public simply would not pay to see it. When Lee Shubert, who reads box-office statements as skillfully as the most successful stock speculator reads the tape, realized this, he sent for Wagner and generously offered to release him from his contract for the theater.

"I have a hit," Wagner said, "and not only do I not want to be released from my contract but I am going to renew it under the special clause which gives me that right."

All Shubert's arguments were in vain: month after month Wagner, firm in his faith, continued the play and paid his losses, but it was of no avail. Although he ran the play to the end of the season, he did not, if my memory serves, even try to send it on tour the following one. He was then a wiser but not a sadder man. Like the good speculator that he is, Wagner realized that he had played his hand to the limit and had been beaten by a better one. That deal was over, so he simply thought no more about it and prepared to play the next one.

Editor's Note—This is the sixth of a series of articles by Mr. Broadhurst. The next will appear in an early issue.

For Men who have COLD FEET

COLD WEATHER is coming! There's a certain man you know who simply *hates* cold feet.

Can you think of a single thing that would make him feel more grateful than a supply of snug, fleecy socks that will *really* keep his feet warm on the biting winter days!

There's a luxurious Iron Clad sock—number 212—made specially for the man who hates cold feet—but who has an eye for style and beauty. A soft, snuggly mixture of the purest mercerized cotton and worsted yarns woven in the most attractive two-color combinations. Not bulky and thick, but *powerfully strong*. A sock that will wear—and wear—and wear.

212—Olive and Brown
212B—Blue and Grey
212-G—Two Shades of Grey
212-AB—Brown and Blue

14,000 stores are giving an Iron Clad guarantee with number 212. Ask for this sock, or, if your dealer can't supply you, send us your remittance, and we'll send your socks direct, state size (9½ to 12, 60¢ a pair)

COOPER, WELLS & CO.
212 Vine St., St. Joseph, Mich.

KERMATH
MARINE MOTORS
Selected by Chris-Craft

Famous 40-mile Chris-Craft runabouts—known for their superior design, super-speed, marvelous efficiency, are equipped with the 150 H. P. Kermath.

The selection of Kermath by such outstanding experts should mean much to you if you are considering the purchase of a fine marine motor. Catalog and any boat information on request.

Over 100 boats on exhibition Motor Boat Show, Grand Central Palace, New York, January 21st to 29th.

KERMATH MANUFACTURING CO
5871 COMMONWEALTH AVE., DETROIT, MICHIGAN

3 to 150 H. P.

$135 to $2300

"A Kermath Always Runs"

TUCSON
the *real*
"sunshine city"

WARM sunshine glinting through lacy pepper trees—song birds—splashing fountains, shady patios—this is Tucson *in midwinter*—NOW!

Only a few hours by Pullman to this ½ mile high city! Life is happier, healthier, because Tucson has the maximum amount of warm, dry sunshine.

Here is every known variety of outdoor sport except those depending on snow and ice. There's motoring, hunting, hiking, golf, tennis, and picnics to desert or mountains, every day!

Winter weather unknown. Skies are always blue. Life is ideal because of wonderful climate. Excellent hotels, good accommodations.

Come to Tucson *now*—the Great Southwest at its best!

Write first for information and free illustrated booklet. Mail coupon. Winter excursion rates on Rock Island and Southern Pacific lines.

TUCSON
Sunshine-Climate Club
ARIZONA
126

Tucson Sunshine-Climate Club
608-G Old Pueblo Building, Tucson, Arizona
Please send me your free book, "Man-building in the Sunshine-Climate."

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

For Permanent Carbon Copies··
MULTIKOPY
Carbon Papers
Unit for every purpose

For general work
use No. 25
For long wear
use No. 95
For 20 or more copies at one typing
use No. 5

free: *The new edition of a valuable booklet that shows how to select the exact carbon paper for various kinds of work. Write.*

F. S. WEBSTER CO., Inc.
Established 1857
335 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.
New York Chicago Philadelphia
Pittsburgh San Francisco

ALTITUDE

(Continued from Page 11)

man to be conspicuous against such a background. No harm in most of them, the colonel felt; rather the altitude, acting upon their animal spirits, overstimulating them. And of course, he confessed, there was a lot of money in Deele, and it was fluid, changing hands with a rapidity that was extraordinary and curiously tempting. There were here and there games of chance which might be played and there were forbidden wares purveyed.

The more conspicuous citizens had usually some connection, official or otherwise, with these raw activities. There was, for instance, the colonel told us, Bob Ward. Bob Ward had come to Deele a year before and acquired by right of casual preëmption the beginnings of a cabin, four logs high. Lacking patience to complete the structure—for logs were a long haul away—Bob bought a sheet of canvas and roofed the place in; and he stocked it with liquor. There was no bar; the place lacked any social aspect. But a man who was thirsty might be served there if he would. Might offer what he chose in payment. Bob Ward was in this respect most generous. He had only one rule of business; he gave no change. A drink of whisky was worth whatever you had in smallest currency.

If there were arguments, Bob Ward settled them. He had, the colonel assured us, very few dissatisfied customers; or if he had, they were not dissatisfied for long. It seemed to be a matter of pride with him. And the colonel added that Bob was not a bad fellow, and his liquor was good. You needed only be careful to have with you the proper change.

He spoke of other men who became conspicuous—Dan Bleer, and Murphy, and Cotton, and Clint Main. And of Cy Sears. Of Sears a little more at length. For Sears, it appeared, the colonel had no sympathy. There was an ugly streak in the man. What the others did was, as often as not, done in a spirit of rough good humor. They put a bullet through a man with a grin of whimsical appreciation. Their mood seemed always to evidence their understanding of the fact that the bullet might as well have entered and passed through their own bodies as the bodies of their victims. And they were ready enough to give a man a break, or to permit him, if he wished no difficulty, to depart unscathed. They were not even accustomed to provoke or to push an argument. But now and then, among such surroundings, it was inevitable that a stranger would come along who knew them not, or who was rendered rash by his potations, "or by the altitude," said Colonel Field. And in such cases they might be forced into action.

Their action was always decisive, and the cumulative effect of such incidents as this was to tarnish their good repute as citizens.

"But they were not evil men," the colonel assured us.

He explained this at some length, for the sake of contrast. He wished us to understand that Cy Sears was of a different mold.

Sears, it appeared, was a big man, and truculent and treacherous. Nor was he ever rash or driven by impetuous emotion into an untenable position. His violence seemed to be dictated on the one hand by whim, or on the other, by cool and relentless calculation. It was no part of his religion to give a man a break, nor was he particular that there should be witnesses.

"There was bound to be more or less killing in a place like Deele," said Colonel Field. "But when a killing was done publicly and everybody knew how it happened, they didn't think so much about it. The ones that made bad feeling were the ones nobody knew about till they found the dead man lying somewhere in the morning. It got so, when that happened, folks started to think back and remember when they last saw Sears."

The colonel took some pains to paint for us his picture of the town as it had been at that time, and of the unwritten laws which governed it. When he was satisfied that we understood, he passed on to another aspect of the situation. Deele was, he said, like other places of its character. Matters drifted, taking their natural course, and progression was in the direction of greater and greater license, till at more or less lengthy intervals the sober and substantial citizens combined to apply the curb.

There were never vigilantes there, he said, but there was an enlightened public opinion, and there was courage to support it.

"And the first time this happened after the town boomed," said Colonel Field, "was the time I'm telling you about."

Some dozen or so of the leading men of Deele met one day to discuss the state of public morals. There was no city marshal, no other formal officer present at this gathering.

"I wasn't there myself," the colonel explained. "I didn't come to Deele till three years after, and by that time things were settled down and it was a fairly regular town."

But this happened while the place was young. At the meeting, he explained, there were two or three merchants whose wares were quite legitimate; there were two lawyers; there were four men representing the promoters of the mill, who had been attracted to the place by the discoveries there; and a number of others, occupying positions of varying eminence and respectability.

One of these others was the dentist, Doc Hughes. Doc Hughes was a man who had always been considered commonplace and inoffensive. He lived in a three-room house on the fringe of town, and practiced his profession there. He was a bachelor whose household duties were attended by a Mexican woman, and he had come to Deele before the town began to grow. He was a little man, somewhat rotund, with a quiet manner, and always much more inclined to listen than to talk. No one had suspected him of any quality of courage or audacity.

His prominence began on the night of this meeting called to discuss the public weal. It was decided at the meeting to prepare a list of names of undesirable citizens; and after some discussion this list was compiled, amended, edited and adjudged to be complete. It included the names already mentioned—included Bob Ward and Dan Bleer and Cotton and Clint Main and Murphy, and of course, Cy Sears. These men were held to be blots upon the landscape and upon the fair name of Deele, and a hindrance to the rapid increase of population.

"They not only did more killings than their share," the colonel explained, "but they scared a lot of people who might have wanted to come."

So it was decided they must be asked to go. In fact, they must be told to go. This was the sense of the meeting. When the deliberations had progressed so far, however, a silence fell. Each one of these responsible citizens found himself confronting the obvious fact that it was all very well to decide to evict a group of desperados, but

that it was entirely another matter to proceed with the eviction. The meeting was secret, and the men were not likely to hear of their condemnation unless word was sent to them. The difficulty lay in the choice of a messenger, and when this matter came to be discussed there proved to be a decided difference of opinion.

The suggestion of a committee to be appointed by the presiding officer met with no favor whatever. The proposal to draw lots was approved only by those who, because they had families dependent upon them, felt they should be exempted from the lottery. And for a time there appeared to be no solution to the dilemma.

It was at this stage of the proceedings that Doc Hughes volunteered to act as messenger. He said simply, in a momentary pause, "I'd just soon tell them."

No one made any immediate comment.

Doc Hughes was, as has been said, a little man, and not in the least formidable or compelling. It occurred to some of those who were there that the desperados might be amused at such a messenger. But Doc, with an unaccustomed loquacity, volunteered an answer to their unspoken fears:

"They wouldn't pay any attention to me myself," he agreed. "But that don't matter. I'd just tell 'em that we'd had a meeting and decided they had to get out of town, and not tell 'em any more. They know I don't pack a gun, and never have. So it won't do them any good to drop me. And I guess I can put it so they know we mean what we say."

It was remembered afterward that the little man seemed almost anxious for the commission; and he had no competition. The question of his fitness for the post, of his capacity for commanding the respect of the men involved, was the only consideration which delayed their immediate acceptance of his proposal. But this was not for long. In the end they agreed to let Doc carry the word.

He did so the next morning. He went about the business in the most matter-of-fact way, making no fuss about it, attracting no attention.

He stopped first at Bob Ward's saloon. Two other men were there, and these two men and Bob were talking together amicably enough. Thus these two men were witnesses to Doc's procedure.

Doc approached the place at a leisurely walk and spoke to Ward directly. "Bob," he said, "I've got bad news for you."

Bob grinned at him. "What's the matter, Doc?" he asked. "Think I've got a toothache coming on?"

Doc shook his head. "There was a meeting last night, Bob," he explained, "of some men here in Deele. They sent me to tell you to be out of town by sunset."

Bob stared at him for a moment with a flushed countenance and somber eyes. The day was in midsummer, and Doc was in his shirt sleeves and perspiring a little. After a moment Bob broke into a grin.

"You don't say," he chuckled.

Doc nodded importantly. "I was to let you know," he said; "and I've done it. You boys are witnesses." He turned to receive the confirmation of the two men who had been there when he arrived, but they were gone.

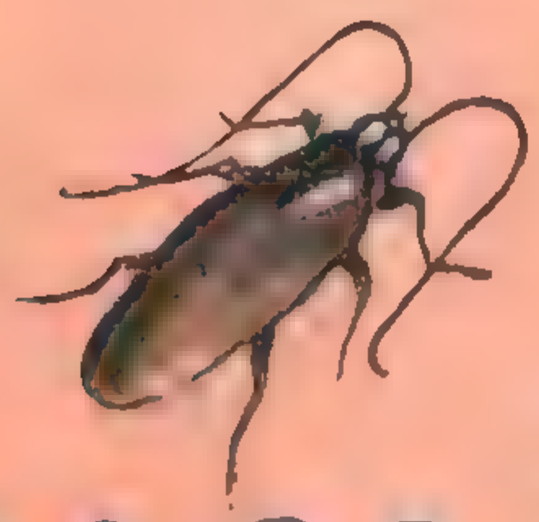
"You don't need any witnesses," Bob told him. "I'll give you a receipt, if you want." The matter seemed to him amusing, but Doc only nodded and went upon his way to do his errand elsewhere.

He found Dan Bleer still asleep, and woke Dan and gave him the word. And it was possible to hear Dan's laughter on the main street a block away. And Doc sought out Murphy in the Sunrise Pool Room, and delivered his message to Murphy there.

Cotton had a little claim on the sidehill, half a mile above the town. Doc went up to see him. He came back and met Clint Main in front of Luther's store, and told Clint. (Continued on Page 140)

Powerful!

Kills dangerous and unclean insects



One harmless garter snake snoozing on a pantry shelf. What a riot it would cause! Yet dangerous, disease-spreading insects are allowed to lurk in the cracks and crevices of nearly every building.

Some eminent scientists say cockroaches spread cancer! Typhoid, malaria, yellow fever, bubonic plague and other diseases are spread, in some instances solely, by common household insects.

Tanglefoot Spray kills these insects. It is powerful, thorough, safe and easy to use. There is nothing better for exterminating roaches, bedbugs, fleas, moths, flies and mosquitoes. To prevent reinfestation by roaches, use of Tanglefoot Roach & Ant Powder is also advisable.

Buy Tanglefoot Spray today. Its unsurpassed quality is guaranteed by the manufacturer of Tanglefoot Fly Paper.

THE TANGLEFOOT COMPANY
GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

TANGLEFOOT SPRAY

Corns

Lift Right Off

Drop a little "Freezone" on a touchy corn or callus for a few nights. Instantly it stops aching, then shortly you lift it right off. Doesn't hurt a bit. You can lift off every hard corn, soft corn, corn between the toes, and the "hard-skin" calluses on bottom of feet. Just get a bottle of "Freezone" at any drug store, anywhere.

Edward Wesley and Co., Cincinnati, O.

AIRID

AIR VALVES make radiators *HOT!*

AIRID Air Valves make cold radiators hot. Attach easily to any steam radiator without tools—need no adjusting—never leak—make no noise. Sold at heating and plumbing stores. Only $1.35.

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

BIG BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY

$400 MACHIN... EARNED $4000 IN ONE YEAR ... Many Others ... Protected territory ... Experience unnecessary ... NATIONAL KELLAC CO. 320 N. 19th St. St. Louis, Mo.

(Continued from Page 138.)

There remained the most dangerous part of the business. He had still to advise Sears of the decision of the committee. Cy must by this time have known what was coming. Doc had spent most of the morning in locating the other men, and word had spread abroad through the town of that which was in the air.

Sears lived in an actual log cabin, toward the mill. When, a little after noon, he was observed walking down into the center of town a certain silence fell; and those men whom he met spoke to him politely. Sears was, or appeared to be, in high good humor. He laughed easily and often, and he shouted back and forth across the little street a jovial word or two.

And when he came to Luther's store he saw Doc in the pool room across the way and bellowed to him:

"Hey, Doc Hughes!"

When Doc turned his head at the call Cy shouted, "I hear you're looking for me!"

Doc nodded cheerfully. He made no move to come toward Cy, but stood where he was, the width of the street and a little more between them. And in order to be heard he raised his voice. The rumble of the mill, flowing down the valley, filled the air always with a certain heavy sound, so that it was never easy to hear.

"Yes, Cy!" Doc called. "Yes, I got a message for you!"

"Let her go!" Cy challenged, and Doc said in the loud tone of an orator addressing a considerable audience:

"There was a meeting last night, and we decided you had to get out of town, Cy. Gave you till sunset. You've still got five or six hours."

Sears, of course, had known what was coming, and he was always a controlled and careful man. So he showed no evidence of anger. Only his laughter filled the street, and it was the more naked and shameless because no man laughed with him. When he perceived this, Sears looked around, and those who were nearest moved a little away.

Only Dan Bleer, who stood, as it happened, half a dozen paces distant, did not move. And Sears' eyes lighted on him.

"Hey, Dan!" he shouted. "Did you hear that?"

Dan nodded without smiling. "Yes," he agreed. "He said the same to me."

Across the street Doc Hughes had come to the door of the pool room, and he stood there, a fat and negligible little figure, leaning with his right arm around the jamb of the door. Those who were behind him in the pool room had effaced themselves. The moment had become curiously still.

Cy Sears ignored Doc standing there, and gave his attention all to Dan. There must have been working in the man a poisonous rage which demanded instant outlet.

He said to Dan jeeringly, "You aim to go?"

"I'm packed," Dan Bleer agreed, watching Doc across the street.

Sears laughed abusively. "I bet you are," he taunted. "I bet it don't take more than a dentist to run you out of town!"

Dan did not turn his head, but only nodded. There were a few bystanders beyond Dan, and in the other direction behind Sears. And at Sears' word and at his tone these also bethought themselves of possible peril, and backed into doorways or crossed to the other side of the street.

But Bleer did not turn his head or move to resent the affront. He only watched fat little Doc Hughes with a contemplative eye.

Sears, men saw, had his hand upon his gun, but Bleer could not see this, because his eyes were otherwhere. And Sears laughed at him with a word.

"You yellow pup," he said.

Dan incautiously whirled and drew, but Sears had been ready for him seconds before, and his heavy bullet struck Bleer with a thudding shock, even as he turned. Bleer's gun, barely free of the holster, exploded harmlessly. He sagged forward and Sears shot him again as he fell.

The sudden roar of the explosions filled the narrow street confusingly. Only those who were used to scenes of violence heard and distinguished the sharper crack across the way. So when Sears himself spun on his heel and fell crashingly across the steps of Luther's store, most of those who watched were mystified.

They understood what had happened only when their eyes turned to where Doc Hughes was standing. That right hand of Doc's, out of sight behind the jamb of the door, had emerged, gripping a rifle. He shot Sears neatly through the head, while Sears was still intent on the business of killing Bleer. And a moment later an exclamatory and admiring circle ringed Doc round.

"You've got to lay it to the altitude," Colonel Field explained as we sat by the dying fire.

Above us, against the starlit sky, the mountains seemed to overhang, and the stars peered down at us, and we could hear among them the rustle of that high wind which passed there, too busy with its own affairs to take note of us where we huddled far below.

One of the horses rolled, somewhere beyond the clump of quaking asp, and I could hear the crunch of teeth as the calico grazed by the creek side.

"It was the altitude," Colonel Field repeated. "Doc wasn't a fighting man. Not that kind, anyway. Not naturally or by blood. I said a while ago that the altitude stimulates some men, intoxicates them. That was the trouble with Doc. I've seen it in other men. They'll go along for years and you don't notice them, and all of a sudden they break out and fill the whole picture.

"It was that way with Doc Hughes, it always seemed to me. A man might have known it when Doc volunteered for this job. It was easy to see, if you were noticing, that he must have had some mental picture of himself as a hero; and if a man can see himself doing a thing he's apt to do it, give him the chance he's looking for."

So the little dentist who had not hitherto been of the least importance in the community was suddenly become its most striking figure. Of the six men whose banishment had been determined, Sears was by all odds the most to be feared, the most treacherous and deadly. That Doc should have had the temerity to shoot him down, even though the desperado's attention was for the moment distracted, was sufficient to make the dentist a figure of importance in the public eye.

The four surviving outcasts left town as they had been advised to do. A profound peace and quiet settled down upon the community, and Doc's chair was filled day by day with admiring customers.

"It got so strangers would come to Deele," Colonel Field told us, "and go and get Doc to work on their teeth and get him to tell them about it. Doc got to be as famous as the man that killed Jesse James, only a lot of folks had kind of liked Jesse James and nobody had a good word to say for Sears. So Doc was as much of a hero as you'd see in a day's ride.

"And," he continued, "the thing was, this prominence of his was just another kind of altitude. Doc had never been one to take a drink, so it must have been just the high air in the beginning. And now here he was set up on a pedestal besides, and everybody clapping him on the back and congratulating him. I always thought he must have had delusions of importance before that, but this kind of finished him. They say Doc was a pretty good dentist too. If he had gone along quiet he'd have done a good business and been all right. But first the altitude got him, and then he got some more altitude of a different kind, and it ruined him the way it has a good many men before."

He proceeded to explain to us the details of Doc's ruin. Within six or eight weeks after the killing of Sears, Doc began to reduce his professional office hours. He fell into the habit of taking a drink now and then. He took an occasional hand at stud poker. In the course of time he did a little trading in mining claims, and it was observed of him that in such matters he was not too scrupulous.

About three months after he killed Sears he began to wear a pistol, and when someone with a sense of humor ventured to jest at this fact, the fat little dentist looked at him in such a manner that his amusement died.

The colonel expressed the opinion that Doc must have devoted some hours of solitude to perfecting himself in the manipulation of the weapon.

"He had never handled a gun," he assured us, "as far as anybody knew, except that he used to take a rifle and go after deer sometimes. But he got to be, in the course of time, mighty quick with a pistol. And nobody knew it till the day he killed Sydney." He added reflectively, "I've seen that before too. The way killing gets to be a habit with a man."

Sydney, he explained, was an Englishman who had drifted into Deele out of nowhere, and who assumed in the community the position of a somewhat annoying nonentity. He had funds and he spent them freely, and for the most part in the saloons. The witless man undertook to adjust himself to the surroundings and to appear to be like other men. He wore overalls; he belted a pistol over them. And when he was in his cups—this was a matter of daily occurrence—he was apt to assume a truculent tone.

One day, in this mood, he sought to make a jest of Doc Hughes, and pushed the thing so far as to announce his intention of making Doc dance to the tune of pistol shots about his heels. And the little dentist smiled at this, and Sydney suddenly reached for his pistol.

Doc shot him three times through the buckle of his belt before he could draw, and Sydney submissively died.

"So," said Colonel Field, "that's the way Doc blossomed out. You can find men up at Deele now that remember him and what a terror he was. Some say he killed seven men, including Sears, and some say eight. And that's only counting those that were known about. There's a dispute about a man named Bloom, because there was other shooting at the same time that he got his.

"But anyway, Doc come to be about as much of a nuisance around Deele as Sears and the rest of 'em had been all together. It got so a man who wasn't looking for trouble would get out into the street and give Doc the sidewalk when he came uptown. Yes, sir, he had it pretty bad. For a case as bad as his there's only one cure."

The colonel fell silent, as though he had finished the story, and I was content. I understood that which he meant to say. But Mander did not understand. He relighted his pipe, long since extinguished, and asked cautiously what cured Doc Hughes.

"The hair of the dog," said the colonel. "It was the altitude that started him and more altitude that brought his disease to a head. So they diagnosed his case for him, and they figured that just a little more altitude would do the trick.

"They lifted him about twelve feet off the ground at the end of a rope, and Doc never was a nuisance around there any more."

We were all silent, and after a moment the colonel rolled lumberingly to his feet. "We better get to bed," he said. "We'll be up by daylight, and it's a long ride tomorrow."

In my blankets I thought for a little of Doc Hughes; and then I considered the morrow, and almost with anticipation. It would even be pleasant, I thought, to mount and ride again that painful horse of mine.

But as I drifted to sleep I recognized this thought for what it was—for sheer bravado. Produced, no doubt, by the altitude.

53 Uses for Little Sunbeam

I
The Traveler's
1. Handkerchiefs
2. Lingerie
3. Blouses
4. Boudoir Caps
5. Frocks
6. Guimpes
7. Ties

II
The Mother's
1. Baby Dresses
2. Bibs
3. Bonnets
4. Jackets
5. Rompers
6. Boy's Ties
7. Girl's Fancy Dresses

III
The Housewife's
1. Doilies
2. Fancy Aprons
3. Buffet Sets
4. Dimity Curtains
5. Tea Napkins
6. Table Scarfs
7. Fine Underwear

IV
The College Girl's
1. Cushion Covers
2. Lingerie
3. Neckwear
4. Blouses
5. Drapes
6. Smocks
7. Hair Bands

V
The Business Girl's
1. Blouses
2. Collars & Cuffs
3. Handkerchiefs
4. Ties
5. Jabots
6. Scarfs

VI
The Milliner's
1. Ribbons
2. Trimmings
3. Linings
4. Hat Materials
5. Blocking

VII
The Seamstress'
1. Bias Bands
2. Seams
3. Ruffling
4. Pleating

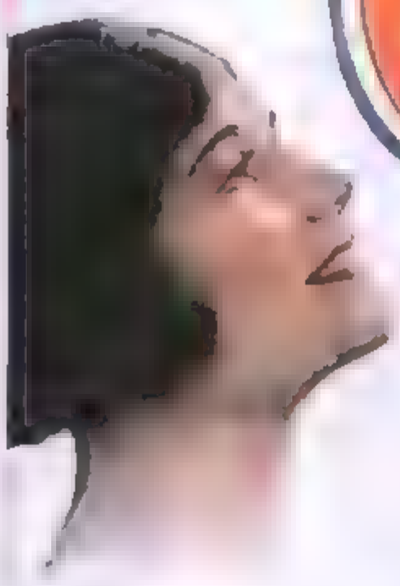
VIII
The Fancy Worker's
1. Transfer Work
2. Smocking
3. Lamp Shades

IX
The Nurse's
1. Uniform
2. Aprons
3. Collars & Cuffs
4. Caps

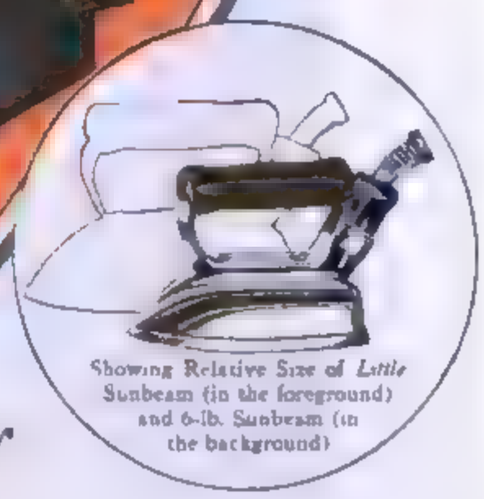
X
The Salesman's
1. Sample Goods
2. Ties
3. Trousers

Just like the $8.50 Sunbeam Iron Set—Only Half the Size

"Just what you wanted, Dear!"



"Just what I need!"



Showing Relative Size of *Little* Sunbeam (in the foreground) and 6-lb. Sunbeam (in the background)

Has the Famous 30-Year All-Over Heating Unit

Tapered Nose, Mirror-Smooth Bottom, Rosewood Handle, and Silver Cord

A Gift Every Woman Has Figuratively Prayed For

WE dare you to ask any woman whether she wouldn't like to own this 3-lb. Traveler's Joy—the only Boudoir, Travel Iron with an All-Steel Travel Case. If you do, be prepared to spend $6—for this is just what every woman needs to keep her wardrobe looking fresh and clean on a trip. A simple, sturdy locking device holds the iron and cord securely in the Travel Case, and the whole little outfit nestles into any convenient corner of a suit case, bag or trunk.

It is likely, however, that a woman will use this *Little* Sunbeam more times at home than anywhere else. Whenever there are little pieces to iron—doilies, collars, cuffs, ribbons—or a blouse to press—out of its case on the closet shelf comes this handy iron. So, too, when a woman washes her dainty underwear or fine handkerchiefs—pieces that she does not trust to the regular wash but does at odd moments in the wash bowl.

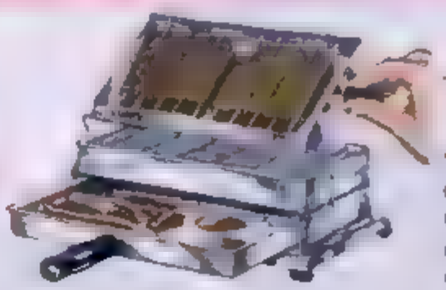
Little Sunbeam uses 25% less electricity than full-size irons. And yet has the same All-Over Heating Unit as the big 6-lb. Sunbeam. So *Little* Sunbeam gets and stays hot all over the bottom. And defies damp pieces to cool it.

Two engineers of Armour Institute of Technology left the Sunbeam on current day and night for a year and a half and could not burn it out. That's equal to 30 years' service in the average home.

Turn in at the first good dealer's and see this new-time iron. No other has the All-Steel Fire-Safe Travel Case. If any dealer fails to supply you, send us $1, and pay the postman the balance on delivery, subject to your approval.

OTHER FAMOUS MEMBERS OF THE SUNBEAM ELECTRIC FAMILY

Sunbeam
Patented Toaster
To Toast Bread Crisp and Tender, Toast it Flat—
This new Sunbeam toasts bread horizontally, hence quickly, for slices get all heat. Turn-over feature avoids touching toast or burning fingers. Only $8.



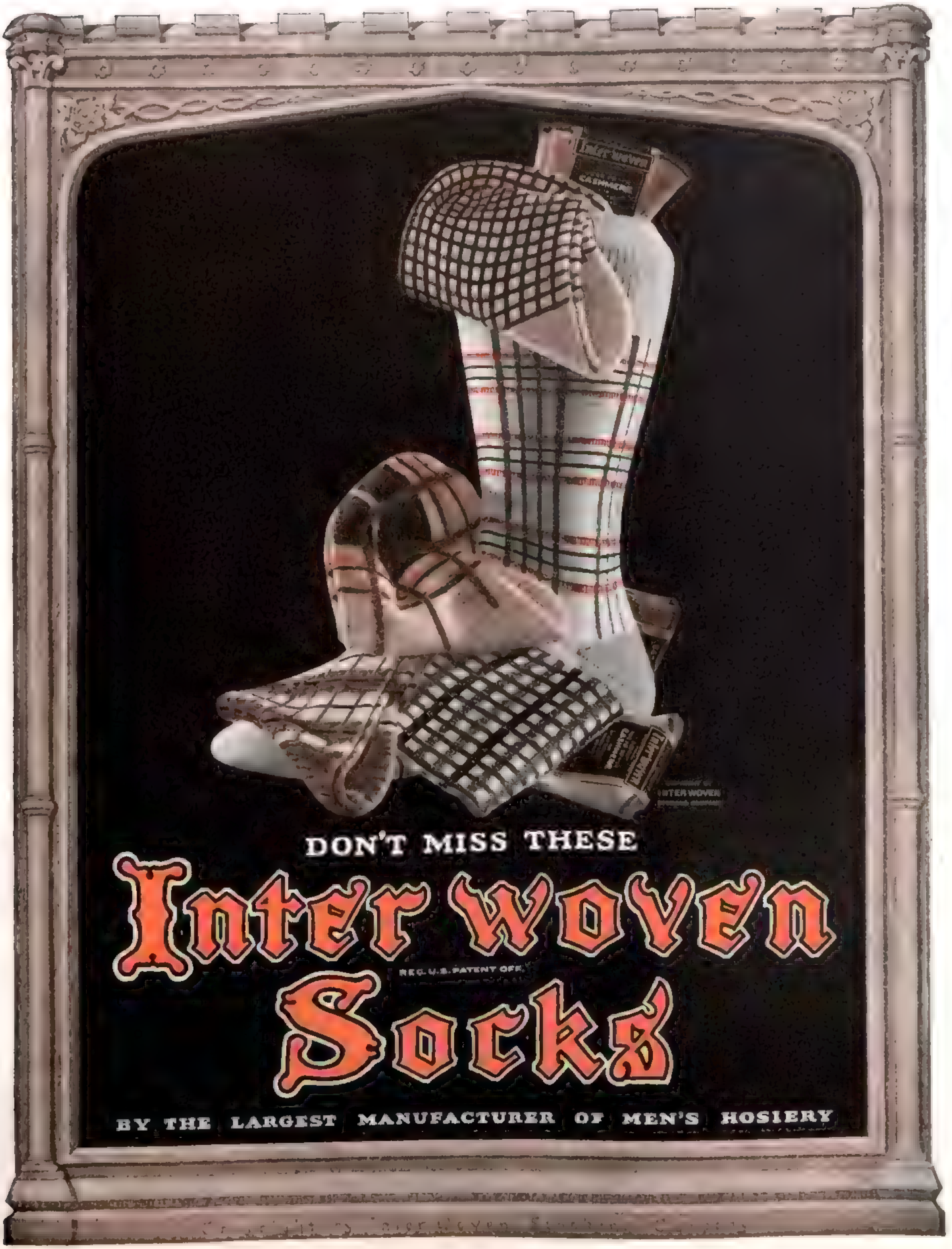
Sunbeam
Table Grill and Toaster
Cooks 49 Dishes and makes toast too!
Turn-over toaster above, Oven Pan below the Grill. Can cook a meal while making toast. Only $10.50 complete.

PRINCESS
—for 16 years the guaranteed thrift iron, $4.25
Full size, full weight—6-ft. cord, plug and nickel stand included. Equal to any full-size $5 or $6.50 iron.

Sunbeam
The Guaranteed Electric Iron
Full-size 6-lb. iron, with 30-Year All-Over Heating Unit that defies damp clothes to cool it off. $7.50. Art-Steel Illustrated $1 More.

©CFSC 26

CHICAGO FLEXIBLE SHAFT COMPANY · *36 Years Making Quality Products* · 5542 W. Roosevelt Road, Chicago, Illinois · 349 Carlaw Avenue, Toronto, Canada


DON'T MISS THESE
Inter Woven
REG. U.S. PATENT OFF.
Socks
BY THE LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF MEN'S HOSIERY

THE PREACHING OF A BROTHER-IN-LAW OF THE CHURCH

(Continued from Page 27)

tomorrow. Visit any camp of savages and you will find the first thing a savage learns to say is "I'm a good Indian," evidence that even among wild men the importance of better behavior is known.

Immediate reform is available to everyone; no necessity to wait on convention, congress or tomorrow. This reform is for the individual to behave better. If others are neglecting their business, there will be all the more appreciation and profit for the man who attends to his. It will be impossible to get rid of all your faults, but you may reduce the number, and modify the remainder. The fools you talk about do not greatly concern you. If they are as numerous as you assert, it should be easy for a man as wise as you claim to be to get along easier because of the folly of others.

No one is honest unless he candidly looks over his affairs frequently, and confesses: "I might have done better with less effort." Few of us do it; instead, we declare our sin was right, and fight for it with greater cunning. Men often may receive greater help from watching the example of the better individuals than from listening to the preaching of the better preachers. While others are quarreling about the maybes and possiblys, it is your business to pick up the certainties neglected.

The Master made his own way; the Servant made his. We fought them both, but were unable to keep the better-equipped man down. There is no absolute standard in morals. Probably the nearest thing to it is success in life. No man can prove he is industrious unless he has some measure of success to his credit. Success is a creditable goal we are all working for. Let us regret but not apologize for failure. Millions of people who are not successful now will achieve it in ten or twenty years, and they should not defoul their own nests before leaving them.

Achieving reasonable success is the most pleasant thing in life. There are regrets in everything, but they are most numerous and keen in idling, in dissipation, failure. A man who fails is always apologizing, and an apology hurts.

The first professional preaching I heard in my youth has continued until I am old: That pleasure is found along the broad road leading to ruin, and that the good man is compelled to live a joyless life. This doctrine is untrue and should never have been taught. Such pleasures as we may know are easiest attained by the well-behaved. An industrious and worthy man will inevitably meet with many humiliations and punishments, but not so many as his neighbor who knows the law only to disobey it. Success in life is actually easier than failure. If civilization is more desirable than savagery, this must be true. Good conduct should never have been taught for any other reason than that it is easier than bad.

We are always hearing that the people are slaves. The people are only slaves to bad habits from which they may free themselves. If you are a slave you may usually write your own emancipation proclamation.

The sentimentalist's philosophy is in constant need of encouragement. Left to himself, he will soon begin to doubt, and must have help. Common sense demonstrates itself so completely that there is never any doubt about it. Its followers find evidence among their own neighbors, in everyday incidents, and do not need to hear new lectures or read new books to keep the faith. Sin is being poor and a trouble to others. Righteousness is taking care of yourself and helping others a little.

The question is often asked: "What is the remedy for human ills?" A frank and truthful answer is: There is no remedy. Certain things are wrong; nothing can make them right. But natural ills may be modified by industry, patience and sound principles. It is man's business to make the best of life, and the easiest way is to be as fair, healthy, industrious and polite as possible. Back of every good act is the consciousness that it pays. If savagery paid better than civilization we should all be savages.

Men are forever speaking of the future and predicting great events for it. The future will not be very creditable unless we behave well in the present. Take good care of today, and this week, if you want the future to be creditable. Don't even trust tomorrow; perform today the duties of today, for others will present themselves tomorrow. Not only is today more important than the future, but remember the duties of every hour of today, that you may discharge them creditably and generously. The good you intend to do in the future is not counted.

No man has a natural duty more difficult than neglect of it. It is every man's natural duty to make a success of his life, and this he may do without being a hero. One may do very well who does not forever strive; not a great deal of genius is necessary to meet the requirements of life. The rules we are asked to obey were made for our benefit, and we assisted in making them. They are easier than neglect of them. The world is made up of a great mob, and nothing will influence it so much as the whip. So we apply that in mercy, as the best we can do. Children must be regulated, and so must adults.

There is no switch hanging behind the door for your punishment after you are grown, but the policeman at the busy crossing is regulating adults and seeing that their manners are correct. No children in the courthouse; the grave gentleman there is trying to decide how severely adults shall be punished. I am a sinner brought to repentance by the neighbors; and it is the watchfulness of the neighbors that keeps me from backsliding.

I thank them for watching me and keeping me reasonably well-behaved. Without such care I should have been more of a heathen than I am. The neighbors intend to be gossips, but are often valuable missionaries. A civilized race is a collection of wild men who have tamed themselves for convenience. Tame things are quiet and agreeable. When two wild animals meet they usually fight. Man, the only animal which tames himself, believes more in repartee. The verbal shafts he throws at his enemy may be as mean as the disposition which formerly caused him to throw spears, but it is inconvenient to fight every stranger you meet. It is easier to trade a man out of a desirable thing by fair rules than it is to fight him for its possession.

One of the things taught by sentimentalists is that we should be big and forgive injuries. A foolish notion. It is by punishing those who offend that we maintain such order and decency as we have. If we cheerfully forgive those who offend against our plain rights, thieves and ruffians will control, instead of respectable men.

Man has conquered the world into which he was born, but has not done well with himself. His appetites, his prejudices, still master him. If you believe in this good conduct you preach – and everyone teaches it—why not practice it yourself? Good conduct is as important as you have contended; you may easily prove it by improving your own.

As a young man the first general saying I particularly noted was that life is gross and mean; that there is no beauty, no happiness, no hope. I have not found it so bad as represented. I had poor surroundings until I left home when a boy, and worked with rough men. I found them so kind that the experience remains a grateful recollection. The women where I bourded took an interest in me, and tried to direct me in the right way, gently and pityingly. The strongest impression in the evening of my day in the world is that the people almost universally teach good lessons. I have been in rough company and places, but everywhere have heard good sermons. I do not recall ever hearing anyone bluntly recommend crime.

In my long life I have suffered no great wrong: I have been the victim of only small offenses. And I have had many and great blessings. I have been rescued from dangerous difficulties; in the most threatening, my benefactor was a man. What actuated him? So far as I know, pity. I have heard it said we should look for good. Perhaps we should, but we shall find it in the course of every ordinary day's work without looking: it will demonstrate itself and make its presence known with helpfulness. How much of this there is every hour! In the course of a day or a life the total is enormous. And I am so grateful that sometimes I believe we are all too severe with life and a little unfair with ourselves. I have heard, all my days, warning of bad men and women, but known few; and I have reached three score and ten. I have traveled far, and haven't much farther to go, but the rarest thing I know is a completely bad man or woman. The worst of them would find more peace in being better. This isn't preaching, but long experience.

No man is so poor or foolish that better conduct and more industry will not help him. The best conduct and most persistent industry will not make any life entirely agreeable or successful, but these simple virtues never fail to help; they are always better than idleness and viciousness. Some say it is no disgrace to be poor. It is, except in literature. A poor man is like a mechanic who works at his trade many years and knows nothing about it. People do not like the poor, particularly after they have become old. The greatest thing in the world is rainy-day money; which includes an accumulation of sound habits as well as of sound money. It affords more comfort than love and duty combined. How good we all are, in theory, to the old and poor, and how, in fact, we wish them to wander off, die without bothering us, and bury themselves.

The world has been pretty steadily kind to me, but I have punished myself a lot. I am dull this morning, when I need to feel at my best. I enjoyed the heavy meal I ate yesterday, but the joy of it does not compensate me for the draggy feeling I have today. Everything in life is like that; there is finally more pleasure and profit in behaving than in misbehaving. Punishment rarely fits the crime. We are nearly always punished more than the offense warrants, and rewards are frequently greater than we deserve. The first thing I do every morning is begin suffering for my bad conduct of yesterday.

I note that a famous man recently advised against monotony. It is bad teaching. In monotony we find most comfort, peace and prosperity. Going to bed every night at ten o'clock is monotonous, but it beats chasing around all night after good things safely locked up. The key is turned by ten o'clock at night on nearly everything worth while.

If one will be half a man in the United States—meet half his natural duties with

"If you know what's good for you—"

—and of course you do

Enright's "All O'the Wheat" Bread

100% Whole-wheat

is the food for you

WHEREVER the best food is [illegible] served, you will find Enright's "All O'the Wheat" Bread. Its nut-brown color and deliciously rich flavor give an appetizing zest to every meal.

Enright's "All O'the Wheat" Bread is a Quality Food containing real nourishment. It is always uniform in color, taste and quality, as it is baked according to our own Formula.

If your Grocer does not sell Enright's "All O'the Wheat" bread and flour, write to us.

Old-Fashioned Millers, Inc.
Saint Paul, Minnesota

Test Your Art Ability FREE

If you like to draw, test your natural sense of design, proportion, color, perspective, etc., with our Art Ability Questionnaire. Learn if your talent is worth developing and how much training you will need. You will be frankly told what your score is. Many Federal Students are making $3,500, $4,000, $5,000 and $6,000 yearly. The Federal Course is recognized everywhere by art employers and buyers of commercial art. Learn at home in spare time, without previous training. Personal, individual criticisms on your work. Get this free test—send now for your Questionnaire.

Federal School of Commercial Designing
Room 14, 195 Federal Schools Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

Blue Band VELVET PENCILS

5¢

higher in the far West and Canada

A Soft and Very Black Easy Writer — For Sale Everywhere

AMERICAN LEAD PENCIL CO., 218 FIFTH AVE., N.Y.

LAW STUDY AT HOME [illegible] Earn $5,000 to $10,000 annually [illegible] LaSalle Extension University Dept. [illegible] Chicago

"Oh, what a soft towel!"

NO girlish skin is too tender for Boott Towels. Girls like them too, because they are so absorbent and so bright-white. The boys of the family are [illegible] as well. They like them for face towels, for hand towels and for the brisk rub down after the bath.

Buy Boott Towels from your dealer in packages of six or singly. Or send 25 cents [illegible] sample. Boott Mills, Dept. JS, Lowell, Mass.

Makers of Boott Scrim and Scrim Curtains

BOOTT MILLS ABSORBENT TOWELS WIPE DRY

The CHORE GIRL

knit copper sponge ball, instantly cleans pots and pans. Can't rust. Can't splinter or prick fingers. Save soap, time and labor

10c at 5 and 10c stores, department stores, hardware and grocery stores.

METAL TEXTILE CORPORATION, M'F'R'S, Orange, N. J., U. S. A.

SANFORD'S

The Original

FOUNTAIN PEN INK

ALWAYS GOOD, ALWAYS THE SAME

Store Lights?

Replace *WINDOW* switch with 10-Day TORK CLOCK. Turns lights ON & OFF *regularly* at times set. *SIGNS* too. No attendance needed. No waste. $10 and up. Ask any electrician. Let us send, you *"Window Magic" & "Sign Logic"*

TORK COMPANY, 12 East 41 St., New York

CORNS

For quick, safe relief from painful corns or tender toes and pressure of tight shoes

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

At drug and shoe stores everywhere

Will You Risk One Cent

to learn how to make extra money NOW? Your name and address on a postal card will bring full details of our offer to subscription representatives.

Curtis Publishing Company, 746 Independence Sq., Phila., Pa.

PATENTS BOOKLET FREE
BEST RESULTS HIGHEST REFERENCES
PROMPTNESS ASSURED

Watson E. Coleman, *Patent Lawyer*, 724-9th St., Washington, D.C.

good service—the country is so rich, so generous to the shiftless, that he will be rated a patriot and citizen above the average.

You have been looking for something new. Here it is: The Italians have lately engaged in revolution for industry, fairness, politeness, efficiency, thrift; not because these are noble virtues but because long experience has recommended them. The revolution in Italy, in a way, is like idlers engaging in revolution for the privilege of honest work; like drunkards fighting for sobriety; like outlaws coming down from the hills and fighting for the privilege of becoming honest men, having found outlawry a mistake.

I know only simple things, and am convinced others do not know more. If there is truth in the wonderful fancies of which I have heard, I should have met with some hint of it in a long and active life, but I know no wonderful thing except that so many refuse to learn simple and important lessons, and fail when they might more easily succeed.

I suppose I am stingy. Well, why not? When I look back at the extravagant and shiftless I have known, and note their terrible punishment, I am almost proud of being stingy. It is said there are exceptions to all rules. I deny it. Never has shiftlessness turned out to be a better policy than thrift.

Most of us are poor creatures. Why should we not admire the better men who work with a purpose and accomplish something? It is pleasant for me to realize that we are a great nation. I cannot recall that I have had much to do with it. Why should I meanly abuse those who have? The hard workers who have perfected the radio, telephone, telegraph, automobile, railroad have greatly obliged me. I shall encourage all hard workers, that they may further oblige me. Our great men are not only those who have arrived, but those on the way.

Don't waste time preaching good things; make progress by practicing them. Note the prize fighter in training. How well he behaves! How carefully he eats and exercises! How soundly he sleeps! What a punch he can deliver! How well he feels! How he avoids intemperance in everything! Every life may be compared with a prize fight. Get in condition. Don't be knocked out when you might have won.

Accept the leadership of no one man unreservedly. However wise a man may be, he cannot know it all; he will inevitably have a few foolish notions. Accept truth here and there, first trying it out carefully in your own laboratory.

Half the men of the United States are drunk on modernism, and all of them will be sobered. They will accomplish much mischief during their carouse, but they will be sobered. Everyone who partakes too freely of enthusiasm, idealism or idleness assuredly has a whipping coming to him, and Nature always sees that he gets it.

A coming man should arrive occasionally. I know men said to be promising who have been on the verge of bankruptcy for years; they have made no progress since I have known them, and bankruptcy will finally get most of them when they become old and are able to do less promising. A man who is not a little better off at the end of every year, as recompense for his increased age, is failing.

I have observed that a good many cherish an ambition, after passing middle age, to write a book frankly discussing life, that it may be published anonymously, or after death. If I should be called upon to do such writing, with an offer of a great sum from publishers to be paid my estate, I should write mainly about the amazing shiftlessness of the people, when thrift would pay them better and be easier.

At a recent meeting of directors of a bank it was found the net earnings amounted to twenty-eight thousand dollars for six months. Before denouncing capital, hear the rest of the story: The president announced that it was necessary to charge off twenty thousand dollars of the net earnings for bad debts. There are thousands of banks. All of them regularly charge off bad debts—robbery performed without pistols. There are millions of business offices regularly charging off bad debts—robbery perpetrated by people apparently so respectable they are able to convince cunning credit men of reliability. What an army of amiable thieves! And these millions of robbers posing as respectable men are the most bitter critics of those they rob. Honest men who keep going, in spite of the merciless operations of well-dressed rogues, are called money grabbers; sordid men with no appreciation of the finer things of life. Dead beats everywhere deplore the absence of honor in the business world, and the efforts of its Shylocks to drag the world down to lowest depths of materialism. I heard a man say lately he might have been well-to-do long ago had he sooner discovered the possibilities of buying things on credit and not paying for them. If your banker is not an old fogy, hunt up one who is. Banking is a poor business for a man who has too much confidence in men.

What is the greatest menace in the United States? I believe it is a general shiftlessness never before reached in the history of mankind. Our ideals are high enough; we are mainly good fellows and sufficiently devoted to progress. What we need is to remedy our shiftlessness.

The best we can do is to make the most of whatever we draw in the lottery of life. And the poorest of us draw enough in the lottery to take advantage of industry, fairness, politeness and modesty.

We all encounter clever people frequently. Why do we not learn from them? I write a good deal, and poorly. I see the best writing there is. Why am I not better able to imitate it? The lazy, dull, annoying, see polite, successful, intelligent people every hour. Why are they unable to imitate the better specimens? Why should we not improve, and become more comfortable? Why do we not become more content, helpful and agreeable to one another? All these things are possible and have been advised for centuries.

Jacob Bigelow was professor of materia medica at Harvard College; a very learned and intelligent doctor. He said he was selected for the chair because no living man knew more about the worthlessness of drugs. Everyone should know of the great number of worthless things. The discovery of one valuable thing of any kind results in a flood of worthless imitations.

One of the best books I ever read was devoted to the life of Oscar Wilde. A terrible book, but it did me good. Oscar Wilde was a very smart man, but his failure to realize a few simple truths the dullest may learn easily made his life so complete a wreck that the world finally sympathized with his pathetic misfortunes. I often think of one incident in his history. He was a gross feeder and drinker, and these habits landed him in jail. His friends said the coarse and scant prison fare would kill him. Instead, it restored his health and his genius. The restraint of prison walls saved him. And I beg you to remember that restraint and temperance are possible outside prison walls; you may do for yourself, while at liberty, the good thing Reading Jail did for Oscar Wilde.

No doubt you have often observed a certain well-known human trait. If not, I respectfully call your attention to it: Make a suggestion to a man, in the most friendly and polite manner, that he may be wrong, and how he bristles up! How falsehood, unfairness, pour from his lips, as though he always has a great store on hand. You may be asserting your plain right, and counseling moderation on both sides that a speedy agreement may be reached. He will bristle up just the same, and if you are equally unreasonable, there may be fisticuffs. Men have been murdered as a result of two men being fools at the same time. In his quiet moments of reflection every man must know he is wrong much of the time; that there is no agreement about anything, and that it is not only fair, but wise, to concede something to the opposition, but almost no one does it. Most of our contests are based on pure meanness, unfairness, unnecessary wrangling. I was once in Colombo, in the island of Ceylon, and passed a place where there was a great assembly of about the poorest and most ignorant men I had ever seen natives in rags. I asked the guide what the excitement was about. He said the place was an inferior native court, and that the idlers were litigants. Most civilized men are just as bad. Nearly every court trial in our own country is a disgrace to both plaintiff and defendant. Not only our courts but our business places and homes are needlessly annoying because of petty meanness; because we flare up when we express opinions we do not actually think much of; because of demands we are not entitled to, and which we know must be finally compromised. Men are strangely piggish, stubborn; gentlemen only as a last resort, when gentility should be their first thought. We have all been educated in the course of ages to a point where we know better than we are doing.

Every real man I ever knew was, on occasion, something of a savage. A real man will be agreeable until crowded; then it develops he has a punch. The reliable old house dog will play prettily with the children and never growl at them, but observe him some day when fed at the kitchen door. Let another dog approach who is on the prowl, and the old reliable will develop into a terror. Note the captain of a ship. How agreeable he is to the passengers! How the ladies admire him! But in case of a panic or mutiny he is the worst ruffian on board.

Three or four hundred years ago a wise man said the greatest trouble in the world is argument—wasting valuable time in arguing that does no good but considerable harm. If you clamor at all, clamor on the right side. And the meanest of all our habits is envy of better men and pretending it is virtue.

It is a mean feeling, after you are old, that you might have done better with your opportunities. A feeling that you have often been petty, inefficient and impolite, that people have laughed at you when they might have cheered, is a bad thing to carry around.

Every young man is given a chance in fast company, and wins or loses. Every clerk in store, bank, shop, farm or office performs in the company of old experts who are passing off the stage, making way for younger men. They are cynical, somewhat envious of the new recruits; and such men are in your audience. Their comments decide your fate. Your mother, your father, the friendly neighbors, do not know what they are talking about when it comes to the details of the trade you are working at. But the old experts in your calling know, and they always applaud good work. Learn your trade well; be able to do good work in presence of mean critics. Play vigorously during play hours, but while at work pick up everything calculated to help when a scout selects you for trial in faster company. There is plenty of enjoyment in becoming a first-rater; much more than in living the life of a failure. A man who has made the best of today begins to clip coupons tomorrow.

TO THIS FILM ON TEETH

TODAY'S LEADING DENTAL OPINION ASCRIBES MANY TOOTH AND GUM DISORDERS

To gain clearer teeth and healthy gums, many authorities advise that film be combated daily, a new way.

The sophisticated woman subjects her teeth to a rigid inspection — for upon teeth smiles depend. So Pepsodent, widely urged by leading dental authorities for its therapeutic and prophylactic action, becomes a factor in modern beauty culture.

SEND COUPON FOR FREE 10-DAY TEST

MOST persons' teeth and gums are imperiled, according to many authorities, by a film that forms on teeth. Ordinary brushing alone having often failed to combat it effectively, a new way in tooth cleansing is being advised. A way that differs in formula and effect from previously accepted methods. It is the special film-removing dentifrice called Pepsodent.

Pepsodent also multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. And thus aids in neutralizing mouth acids as they form.

It multiplies the starch digestant of the saliva. Thus combats starch deposits which might otherwise ferment and form acids.

No other method known to present-day science embodies protective agents like those in Pepsodent.

Now an effective film combatant

For years dental science sought ways to fight film. Clear teeth and healthy gums come only when film is constantly combated — removed every day from the teeth.

Film was found to cling to teeth; to get into crevices and stay; to hold in contact with teeth food substances which fermented and fostered the acids of decay. Film was found to be the basis of tartar. Germs by the millions breed in it. And they, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea and most gum disorders.

Thus there was a universal call for an effective film-removing method. Brushing alone was often found ineffective. Now two effective combatants have been found, approved by high dental authority and embodied in a tooth paste called Pepsodent.

Curdles and removes film . . . Firms the Gums

Pepsodent acts first to curdle the film. Then it thoroughly removes the film in gentle safety to enamel.

At the same time, it acts to firm the gums — Pepsodent provides, for this purpose, the most recent dental findings in gum protection science knows today.

Accept Pepsodent test

Send the coupon for a 10-day tube. Brush teeth this way for 10 days. Note how thoroughly film is removed. The teeth gradually lighten as film coats go. Then for 10 nights massage the gums with Pepsodent, using your finger tips; the gums then should start to firm and harden.

FREE

Mail Coupon for 10-day tube to The Pepsodent Company, Dept. 970, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A. Only one tube to a family.

Name .....

Address .....

Canadian Office and Laboratories 191 George St., Toronto, Canada. London Office 42 South Cark Bridge Road, London, S. E. 1. The Pepsodent Co. (Australia), Ltd., 137 Clarence St., Sydney, N. S. W. 3295

FRED AND CIRCUSES

(Continued from Page 38

tea at the Carillon. We stopped to see some pictures. I bought the baby four frocks and here I am. I am never logical." She couldn't tell him about Aaron in this black hour. He would leap through the windshield. He was driving the car into the sunset, as if to bite it on arrival.

He was disgusted by her selfishness, nonplused by her nonchalance, yet impressed by her courage. How she did defy him! He could see her adorable profile, under the blue brim of her hat, and knew he was at her mercy.

"You're a very inconsiderate wife," he said. "Now I've got to go to Mrs. Dunstan's and borrow. I hate to borrow."

Katie had told Bolinsky that she would let him know in a few days; well, he could wait. She knew he wanted her; she would write and explain. This was no time to mention the word "theater."

They turned into Mrs. Dunstan's, a small box of a country house, next their own larger place. Mrs. Dunstan was nowhere in sight; she was not strolling on her terrace, neither could she be seen within the drawing-room, where the French windows were thrown open.

"Giving a dinner," said Freddie. "Wants us to come over later. Louisa and Monroe, the Kerstings, and Bill Carter. Do you mind?"

She shook her head, too depressed to object. She hated Mrs. Dunstan, not because she was appropriating Freddie, as the countryside said, but because she represented everything Katie disliked in rich women. Mrs. Dunstan was a husky, handsome sportswoman whose horizon was limited by the colonies of people like herself with whom she had wandered from resort to resort, season after season, since her youth. Her forte was management; she was as tireless in running off tournaments, contests, matches, and hunts, as she was about the perfection of her form. Most people said "What a splendid type!" but Katie paled at the sight of her, and Freddie, lately, had grown a little nervous.

In fact, Freddie was wishing, these last few weeks, that there was a Mr. Dunstan alive to protect him. Mrs. Dunstan herself needed no guard. She was a knock-out on a horse, a whiz on the golf course, a deadly peril at the bridge table, and a catapult on the tennis court. She had one daughter whom she was raising up to be a champion, but whom she believed a total flop because the child preferred to sit in the apple trees reading silly books about Bessie at Boarding School. Sheer exhaustion must have pushed Mr. Dunstan into his grave. Katie had moments when she professed to envy his vigorous relict

"Now, if I were a good sport like her," she would say, or, "If Mrs. Dunstan could give the secret of horse taming."

Freddie resented Mrs. Dunstan for more cowardly reasons. The countryside was talking. Since Katie wouldn't ride his horses, Mrs. Dunstan did. She took a proprietary interest in his place, in his stable. The remarks which belonged to Katie came too often from her lips; such as "Shouldn't you lop off a branch from that oak tree," or "I thought I saw a blister on Romantic Love's ankle" In Katie's defection, she was always making a fourth at golf, at tennis or the bridge table Freddie wished that the two women could be blended into one perfect whole. Mrs Dunstan would be done with them, and he could make a comrade of his wife

Later that evening they went over to Mrs Dunstan's Katie had fallen into a wistful, irritating silence She had put on one of her most enchanting gowns, a severe sea-green thing in which she looked like an intellectually superior nymph Her air as she entered Mrs Dunstan's drawing-room, was that of a woman putting up with an outrage upon her finest feelings. Yet she went around the room, kissing Louisa, her sister-in-law, and Mrs Kersting, talking in a low chummy voice to Mrs. Dunstan, and sitting herself down finally on a divan next to Stephen Monroe, Louisa's husband. She liked Monroe; he, too, was being poured by his wife into a mold he hated. Mrs. Monroe was a horsy woman, whose mother before her had died practically in the saddle. Monroe was a detached, cynical-minded lawyer, with a taste for audacity in other people. Katie liked him, but she was too strong-minded a person to be influenced by anything else than direct opportunity. "No," she would say to him, "I will not run away. I shall do as I please here and in heaven. Neither shall I change my nature to please Red Rock."

"Well, here's my permanent shelter," she said to him. "I had a lovely day in New York. It did me good, after all this nature."

Monroe liked Katie because his own wife was so matter-of-fact. Louisa never looked into a book except to get an address.

"How's the theater? The world of drama?" he asked

"Some awfully good openings this fall," said Katie. "Last year was so rotten."

"That's funny," said Monroe, "a friend of mine, a fellow, a professor out West in one of those freshwater colleges, has written a play. It's got a funny name—Be Kind to the Dumb. It's all about women. It's being put on this fall. Means a lot to him."

Katie, well-trained actress that she was, had a hard time keeping her face straight. "It must," she said. "Authors do suffer so."

They were suddenly silenced.

"Now do listen," cried Louisa, who seemed to be holding a committee meeting with Mrs. Dunstan and Freddie at the other end of the room. They had sheets of paper and pencils.

"What's this, anyway, a guessing game?" asked Katie.

Louisa looked depressed. She had never quite approved of Katie. Famous and pretty, but who was she, anyway, and what had she done to accommodate Freddie since moving to Red Rock?

"Of course, Katie, you're not interested," she pronounced, "but you've got to take some responsibility, now that Freddie's chairman."

"Chairman of what?"

"Of the Labor Day Amateur Circus, of course. You ought to know—you gave one hundred dollars for the tent."

"Oh, that! I choose selling popcorn or ice-cream cones."

Mrs. Dunstan took up the thread of talk and knotted it firmly. "You silly thing, you've got to ride one of your husband's horses. Here, let me read you the events. Freddie is chairman of the grounds, ringmaster in the tent. There's a steeplechase for husbands and wives, very easy, on Monday. Now, you know what it's for. We must raise the last two thousand dollars for the county district-nursing and infant-welfare work or we won't get the five thousand that old Charles Bragg promised us. Here is the final plan decided upon this afternoon, when the various committees met at the Community Clubhouse."

Louisa, in the chair, was at once regal and magisterial; she held a levee, and sent people to jail. She was a noble and handsome woman, with a supreme belief in the value of her rather stupid ideals.

"But I thought we raised five thousand dollars last spring, when we had the community children's sing," said Katie.

"Was that when the Italians were sore because the Polish children won the prize?" cut in Monroe.

"I don't remember that," said Louisa coldly. . . . "You must know, Katie, that our budget is almost ten thousand dollars. Last spring we raised three, so you can see what a task we have before us. That's why we need everyone's"—she emphasized that terrible word—"everyone's cooperation"

"Well," said Katie, "sick babies or no sick babies, I won't ride in any steeplechase. I'd rather sell popcorn." Monroe winked at her. She was staring at Louisa, wondering if she ever dared imitate her, back on the stage.

"Then, my dear," said Mrs. Dunstan, ignoring her, "the fire chief consented to give an exhibition parade of the department at eleven on Monday. The firehouses will be open to inspection. The people who come in from the country will have that to look forward to. The Women's Community Council will serve lunch to mothers and children at the clubhouse. I think it's all perfectly splendid."

"Perfectly splendid," agreed Louisa. "And then, in the afternoon there'll be the circus, and the Municipal Band will play."

"Oh, Lord!" put in Monroe.

"Saturday, there'll be a special husbands' and wives' golf tournament at the club—ten dollars a couple, entry fee. Mr. Casby said he'd arrange that. We'll want everyone—everyone—to go into that. Sunday morning there'll be an exhibition of fancy diving and swimming at the Oakleighs' pool. That will be rather more restricted, but we'll charge admission, and Mrs. Oakleigh is giving a buffet lunch to the committee afterward. Sunday afternoon, tennis matches. My dear, I think it's all too thrilling for words. I'm sure we'll raise the money, and we'll have a perfectly corking time."

"That's the purpose of amateur charity anywhere," said Monroe. "To give the committee a good time."

"Stephen, you shut up," said his wife. "Fred, we'll leave all the circus details to you. You have a perfectly splendid grounds committee working with you. Bill Maloney said he thought he could arrange a polo match."

"Bill is always fixing things," put in Monroe.

"Polo makes me nervous," said Katie. "Such a tangle of legs—as bad as trapeze work. I had a friend named Lottie Kelly, who was a famous trapezist, yet one day, my dear, she missed her partner's fingers, and fell fifty feet into the hands of her brother-in-law. I saw it, and I almost died. So did Lottie."

The recital of this death-grazing escape did not impress the others. Louisa had never known any people in circuses, nor any people named Kelly, and Mrs. Dunstan, although an addict to the horse, had fine distaste for other professionals. "If Katie could forget the stage," she thought, "and lead a normal life."

"Where is Lottie Kelly now?" asked Freddie nobly. "She was a terribly pretty girl."

"She married an English duke or something; and divorced him because he was such a bum—she's now in vaudeville." Lottie's stock sank again.

"What about a little bridge?" asked Mrs. Dunstan firmly. "We might as well be playing bridge."

Katie hated bridge and played it badly. She wished now she played it well, so that she could take some of the complacency out of this smooth, starched woman.

"I'd much rather talk," said Katie lazily, "but, of course, that's sometimes harder work."

Fortunately only Freddie heard, and gave her a sad, imploring look.

"But I won't ride in their old show," she said to herself, over and over, as she played rubber after rubber. For some uncanny reason, she held good cards and couldn't help winning. "This is my lucky day," she said, thinking of old Bolinsky.

If she had, the next evening, poured out to Freddie her discontent with Red Rock, Katie would not have had such an argument, nay, even a quarrel, with that amiable man. If she had not quarreled she might also have told him about Bolinsky's offer. She was afraid to tell him, because she knew how deeply it would disturb him. It had always been a mystery to her that he had married her. She knew her charms well enough to understand why Freddie, seeing her behind the glamour of the footlights, might fall in love with her. What she marveled at was the miracle of Freddie, the pride of a stodgy, conservative family, battering down her theory that their marriage was an impossible union of two different natures and standards. Had she not fallen in love with him, of course, she would have sent him off; she was a hard worker, and had little interest in dangling men. But Freddie's dark, eager eyes, his rugged character, his darling gentleness had touched her. She knew she would like being married to this man and having his children. Leaving the stage, she settled down with him in a large flat in New York, and was perfectly happy until the exigencies of inheritance brought Freddie back to Red Rock.

That promise she had made about leaving the stage troubled her more, like all promises, now that she wanted to break it. Would he say a promise is a promise? He had changed her life by dragging her to Red Rock. He could not expect her to be as satisfied with her compact there as in New York. Were promises made in New York still good when one moved to Long Island? She sat on the big divan in the living room, under the lamp, pretending to read a new novel. Freddie sat by the fire, buried in a financial paper.

"I saw Bolinsky yesterday," she began casually.

"Bolinsky?" he asked her vaguely, without lifting his head. "Who the devil is Bolinsky?"

She could have killed him. Who the devil was George Washington? At that second the telephone rang.

"I'll go," said Freddie. "It's probably for me."

Katie could hear him as he answered in the little back closet. "Oh, yes, Louisa, hello," and then a silence while Louisa laid down the law. "Well, all right, Louisa," said Freddie finally. "Fine. . . . Yes, splendid. . . . Oh, I'm sure it will be all right. . . . She'll ring you up tomorrow."

He came back into the library and nodded to her. "That was Louisa on your trail." He struck a match, lighted a cigarette, and surveyed her. "You're not really serious about this thing, are you, Katie? I mean about not going into the circus?"

"Of course, I'm serious," she said flatly. "Why should I do things I can't do, and things I am afraid to do, just to please Louisa and Mrs. Dunstan?"

"But, Katie, don't you see it makes you seem so contrary?"

"Well, they seem contrary and different to me. They speak Greek to me and I speak another Greek to them. I liked you, Freddie," she went on, remembering how he had spoken of Bolinsky, "much better before we came here to live. You were more interesting, more urban—less of the soil. They do all these things because they haven't the brains to do anything else, and the activity makes them feel consequential. Besides, it's a form of Anglomania." Her voice deepened with emotion.

He always hated the way Katie didn't stick to the point. "I wish you'd be logical. Anglomania has nothing to do with your refusal to cooperate in a charity for which I am mainly responsible It has never occurred to me not to try to cooperate with you, when you had that actors' committee down, when you got up that benefit"

She looked at him steadily Evidently he had no real idea of what it was that bored her, or how deep her impulses of discontent were

"Please don't say such ridiculous things, Freddie," she said, trying to appear calm. "There's no comparison between those ventures and this Labor Day outrage When I

(Continued on Page 148)

This floor is Armstrong's Gray Jaspé Linoleum No. 15

A living-room floor works sixteen hours a day

It's walked on, played on, danced on. Yet if your floor is Armstrong's Linoleum, you need never worry about wear

FROM before breakfast to bedtime a parade of feet passes over a living-room floor. When the early sun streams in, the playing feet of children scamper from corner to corner. Hurried, heedless feet of grown-ups continually pass in and out. And sometimes late into the night, the sliding, scraping feet of dancers keep time—on the living-room floor.

Such a floor is usually worked to a premature old age. Even a housewife's "Don'ts" won't save it. What can be done?

Just this: Install a modern floor that laughs at wear, that has no cracks to show dust and dirt, that never needs refinishing—a good-looking, long-lasting floor of Armstrong's Linoleum.

The living-room shown above has such a floor. This Armstrong Floor is as permanent a part of the room as the walls, woodwork, and windows, for every square inch of it is firmly cemented in place over builders' deadening felt.

Its surface is smooth, and, to all appearances, seamless. Twice a year it is thoroughly waxed and polished. It is dry-mopped on cleaning days, *but never scrubbed.* It should retain its original beauty for a lifetime.

What is this beauty? A visit to a good department, furniture, or linoleum store will tell you. There you will see all the latest designs in Armstrong's Linoleum—designs that decorators approve as correct for the finest of homes. The Circle A trade-mark on the *gray* burlap back assures you of Armstrong's genuine cork linoleum.

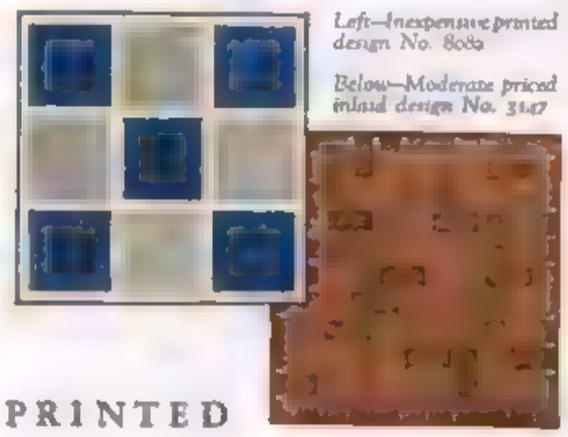
Explained in new book

Hazel Dell Brown's new book, "The Attractive Home—How to Plan Its Decoration," tells you the complete story of modern linoleum floors. It contains many tastefully decorated rooms illustrated in full color. Its "Decorator's Data Sheet" will help you plan your home decoration. This book also brings you an unusual offer of personal service. Sent anywhere in the United States for 10 cents (in Canada, 20 cents). Address Armstrong Cork Co., Linoleum Division, 2631 Liberty St., Lancaster, Pa.

Armstrong's Linoleum

for every floor in the house

PLAIN ~ JASPÉ ~ INLAID ~ ARABESQ ~ PRINTED



Left—Inexpensive printed design No. 8080

Below—Moderate priced inlaid design No. 3147

A floor of Armstrong's Linoleum can be laid in an average size room, say 12 x 15, for from $30 to $05, depending on which one of the many patterns or grades you select and the way it is laid. The best method is to have your floor permanently cemented in place over builders' deadening felt

Look for the CIRCLE A on the burlap back

THE dress of her dreams. She made it herself! It's simple. The White Course in Sewing and Dress Creation explains every detail • • • actually shows you how, and the White Rotary Electric does the sewing easily and quickly.

The White Representative will tell you the many things you can accomplish with your White Rotary Electric and the White Course as a guide. White Sewing Machine Company, Cleveland, Ohio.

White
Rotary Electric
Sewing Machines

The Martha Washington Model $165

(Continued from Page 146)

had that garden party, all you had to do was to dispense glad cheer to some of the most attractive and distinguished women in the world. I don't call that a hardship, and you weren't going against your own nature. But what you and Sophie Dunstan and Louisa want me to do is something I'm unfitted to do, something I am afraid to do, and that I don't want to do. I am afraid of horses; I play rotten golf; and I resent doing anything just because I am your wife. When I married you, you knew exactly the sort of woman I was. You knew I hated exercise, except walking, that I liked breakfast in bed, that I hated the country. I don't mind sitting in a garden, talking, but here I am, transplanted to this sport factory, and you are disappointed in me because I resist being swamped by Louisa and Mrs. D. They're both bores and cats, although one is your sister. Mrs. Dunstan likes to have her name connected with yours, and Louisa, you told me before you married me, was not happy unless she was boss."

"I don't object to that," he said crossly. "But if you sit at home and grow plump—yes, you are a little rounder, darling; you're not the slat you were."

"I weigh exactly two pounds more than when we were married."

"Well, you look healthier—that's it. Well, if you stay home you expose me to the persecutions of Mrs. D., and the countryside will say that you and I don't get on, and that something is up. And Mrs. D. likes that. She likes running my affairs."

"I don't give two cents about Mrs. Dunstan or what anyone says. I never did. If you will live this life, you must take the consequences. If we can't agree on some compromise"—her voice wavered. Well, suppose they couldn't? Could she bear to depart from this, back to the brilliant but lonely life of the stage? Was she softened by love and luxury?

"You know I'm tied here," he said. "Marriage is all chance, Katie. Worse things might have happened to us. Worse things happen to other people. Don't be childish."

She repressed an angry answer, because she had an idea. It was idiotic to quarrel. She had something too important at stake.

"Listen," she said. "Don't let's quarrel. We'll make things worse." She held out a hand to him, and he came, as he always did, over to her and sat down beside her on the divan.

"I'd hate you not to be happy, darling."

"It's not a question of happiness; it's a matter of justice," she said grandly. "I can't be happy trying to be like Louisa. If I do this one thing for you, will you try, sometime soon, to do something for me, even if you don't like it any better than I like this?"

A flat in town, he thought. Well, he had been thinking of going in for a couple of months this winter, but he hadn't wanted to tell her for fear that it might not come off. He really did more work at the wrench works than she thought. Her idea of work was a period of tense and exhausting excitement for twenty hours out of twenty-four. Like all artists, she understood frenzy, but failed to recognize routine.

"I'll buy you the earth," he said; "you know that."

"It isn't anything to buy." She hesitated. If she told him now, they might have such a fight that everything would be ruined. "It's a bargain. I'll ride your horses and break my neck."

"You've got a good seat. You're as safe on a horse as you are in bed."

"But I'm so frightened. I'll tell you what I'm going to do," she said, as she thought of it, "I'm going to ask Hilda Dervish down for a week; she loves this sort of thing, and she can give me some lessons. Her husband's gone away, and she's alone, poor dear. She and I can go into training," she said, immensely amused with the idea.

That night she sent off a telegram to Hilda.

Hilda Dervish's competence and energy, had she not been an acrobatic dancer, would have made her an excellent campaigner, business manager, or forewoman. She was resolute, ruthless, and emotionally drunk with the zest of whatever work preoccupied her. She arrived at The Hedges the Monday afternoon preceding the charitable week-end, all aglow with the excitement of training little Katie. She brought trunks, boxes, and many queer packages. Katie had written Hilda an illuminating and subtle letter, but she had not quite expected to find her house turned into a training camp and herself treated as a mere bundle of nerves and muscles to be hardened for the combat.

"We must begin at once," said Hilda, as she stood in the living room, gulping a cup of tea and taking charge immediately. "We have time for a run around the grounds before sunset. Katie, get into your clothes, and then we can have a swim and a rubdown before dinner. After dinner some light reading aloud, to compose the nerves, and then sleep. Up at six, and we'll get in a good hard day." Hilda wore a hat with a cockade perched over one of her gleaming eyes, and a tailored suit. She looked like business, efficiency, splendid results, and other horrible things. Katie shuddered, and Freddie pitied poor Douglas Dervish.

"Look here," he said, "you don't want to kill Katie the first day of your visit."

"Katie," said Hilda, looking at her critically, "has been softened since her marriage. She owes a duty to you, Freddie; she must acquit herself well. I can make you proud of her, if anyone can. Come, Katie, there's no use standing around like this." She tore up the stairs to unpack the spiked shoes, and Katie ran after her.

Freddie's amazement increased the next day, and so did the cook's consternation. Hilda invaded the kitchen with a diet list. The cook protested, but Hilda overbore her.

"Use your sense, Celestine"—that was the cook's name—"in a short time all the best families of America will be following this diet, and think what wages you can command. This is Dr. Isaac Buckwheat's special all-vitamine vitality program, and you are honored, indeed, in having me give you a chance to cook it. You can use this week with me as reference, when the new health era comes in."

"How can you make up such lies?" thought Katie.

Celestine gazed as Hilda explained food chemistry. Celestine was a Swede, and had instinctive Nordic belief in systems of exercise, sun baths and health foods.

"All right, Miss Dervish, I cook what you say," she said. "Only baby gets old-fashioned poison."

As a result the butler began to take his meals over at the Dunstans', and Freddie fancied the pangs of starvation. Freddie was a man who liked a neat little breakfast of fruit, cereal, eggs and bacon, and coffee, toast and marmalade; and a light lunch of soup, entrée, salad, and so forth, a good tea, and a plain five-course dinner, with a solid roast in the center and a thick soup and a rich dessert at either end. He lost touch with these essentials the day Hilda struck his home. Strange uncooked messes of cut-up vegetables, unidentifiable intermingled raw fruits arrived on his tables. There was milk which he despised, and thick coarse bread which reminded him of the war. Rarely did a hunk of thick beefsteak wing its way in. He protested to both women in vain.

"I am going into sport scientifically," said Katie demurely, "or not at all."

"Don't talk nonsense," Hilda told him. "If you don't like it, eat at the club."

"Or over at Mrs. Dunstan's," put in Katie; "that's where Charles eats."

He scowled. The truth was, he didn't want to leave home. The gyrations of the two girls were so extraordinary that he was suspicious. It amazed him to see Katie, in a bathing suit, running two miles each morning around the pasture. But as the days went by and the fatal Saturday loomed up, his amazement gave way to stupor. He was confronted by a consecration, in the persons of Hilda and Katie, to the religion of sport such as he had never envisaged. The funny part of it was that Katie seemed to enjoy it. She lived largely on raw vegetables, fruits, milk and beef. When she was not running or jumping or golfing, she was sleeping or being rubbed down by Hilda. The dainty charm of Katie's boudoir had gone for him. Katie and Hilda were always jumping around in it, doing exercises or running shower baths. The floors were littered with sporting papers, books on physical culture and bodily poise.

"The mind controls matter," Hilda was always saying at the table. "One must think muscular thoughts."

Hilda was having the time of her life. She had not had so much riding, jumping, running and swimming since her marriage. "I'm as fit as a fiddle," she would say to Katie.

"Will I live through this?" Katie would sigh as they locked the door of Katie's bedroom. She would lie on her couch, eating chocolates and reading a novel. "I suppose it's worth the price. Perhaps I should take up bag punching or fencing. If there's anything more revolting than a woman pugilist —"

"Don't worry," said Hilda. "Poor old Freddie is highly uncomfortable. You must keep on saying that you love it and that you've never felt such a happy, hearty woman."

Mrs. Dunstan meanwhile was full of comment. She was always calling Freddie over to her, and asking, "What are the Spartans doing today?" She could be seen every morning on her terrace, with her late husband's field glasses, watching Katie on her horse and commenting to herself upon that girl's poor form. But Hilda encouraged Katie.

"She's green-eyed with anger because she can't ride the horses. A bossy woman never wears. Now, keep that right-arm muscle flexed. When we get over the next hill, you can get off and sleep behind those bushes, while I take a real ride. Isn't Freddie an easy mark?"

But Freddie was a forthright simple nature. He saw nothing beyond this extraordinary coarsening change in Katie. He was fretful and bored by the Spartan atmosphere of his house. He had not even a moment of comradeship with Katie in the great open, because her activities were on schedule, and Hilda was most careful to make her schedule differ from his own.

"Can't you send that hyena back to the city, Katie?" he said, catching his wife alone in her bedroom and taking her in his arms. "I feel as if we ran a gymnasium."

"Don't kiss me now, darling," she said disdainfully. "I've simply got to do my rhythmic balances. Remember, I must do my best tomorrow in the Husbands and Wives. If Hilda went I'd lose all my confidence." Suddenly she stood on her head and walked on her hands into the hall. She was on her way to work.

Saturday dawned, still, fair, and blue-skyed. A heavenly excitement descended upon the nicer homes of Red Rock, where, as early as nine o'clock, husbands and wives were bickering with each other and telling each other what mistakes to avoid. In the scientifically managed Lake ménage there was calm. Freddie had no nerves anyway; Hilda was too excited about her own game. She was playing as a substitute wife with a certain Mr. Joseph Blakeslee who had once been a runner-up in the National. He had played a round once, during the week, with Hilda. Fortunately, his wife, who was a perfect dud at golf, had been wired to come home to Kansas City because her brother Alfred's wife had had a severe attack of something, and the happy man rang up Hilda and engaged her as his substitute wife for Saturday morning.

"Oh, what a lark," cried Hilda. "I never have had such fun."

Katie looked at her a little wanly. She was frightened, because she knew she would play as badly as ever; and she thought of

(Continued on Page 161)

19 in 20 Mouths Are Safe!

Only 1 in 20 Needs More Than Daily Brushing With a Mild, Agreeable Dentifrice

NOT even middle-aged people need worry unduly over a little gum tenderness or bleeding. For it is a long jump between minor gum troubles and pyorrhea.

In its recent examination of nearly 17,000 policy holders of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, the Life Extension Institute found that only 1 in 20 had pyorrhea—*only 7.4% at the age of highest susceptibility*.

If, as these statistics *covering an average group of people* indicate, you are included among the 19 in 20 who have healthy gums, wisely refrain from self-medication. Avoid anything that may develop the very condition you are striving to prevent. For healthy tissues thrive on the normal, not on the abnormal.

Instead of gambling thus dangerously, give your gums some honest daily exercise with a good-sized brush of medium stiffness and a safe dentifrice such as DR. LYON'S.

Then if your gums don't take on a healthy, pink firmness, you will have more reason to feel that you are the exceptional 1 in 20 whose teeth and gums need treatment *prescribed* by a qualified *dentist—not self-imposed*.

Clean Teeth Don't Decay

It is true that teeth decay—in far too many mouths.

It is also true that nobody actually knows what causes tooth decay. The eminent authorities at Johns Hopkins University make the shrewd guess that faulty nutrition is the cause, but they have no positive proofs.

But it is known that perfectly clean teeth won't decay.

How to Keep Your Teeth for Life

Visit your dentist regularly, so that unfavorable conditions can be corrected or prevented.

If your teeth need treatment, he will prescribe it.

Twice a day clean every part of every tooth with Dr. LYON'S.

Dr. Lyon's Does All That a Dentifrice Can Do Safely

DR. LYON'S was originally devised for the dental profession, which of course insisted on ingredients of flawless purity and quality, scientifically blended; on satisfactory tooth cleaning and polishing properties; and on *safety*.

During its more than 60 years of continuous existence, DR. LYON'S has never deviated from the high standards originally set for it.

It has amply demonstrated that a dentifrice can keep teeth spotlessly clean, lustrous and sound, and promote healthy gums, without any form of *medication* or *magic*.

DR. LYON'S is best not because oldest, but oldest because best. It's the only dentifrice old enough to prove that it will preserve teeth for a life-time.

Dr. Lyon's

TOOTH POWDER *and* DENTAL CREAM

Dr. Lyon's is on sale everywhere. A special 10c. size of Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder is now on sale at the leading 5-and-10c. stores.

In no other way— can you get this richness of color·····

this harmony of roof, walls, and trim

With the white walls and green shutters of this small Colonial home the cool beauty of Jade Green and Dusk Blue forms a delightful harmony of color

THERE is only one way of producing the rich, deep beauty of roofs like the one pictured here . . .

That is *in genuine natural slate.*

And Richardson controls *by patent* the process for doing this.

That is why there are no other roof colors like Weathered Brown, Dusk Blue, Tile Red, Onyx, and the many other exclusive Multicrome effects.

Only Richardson offers you the lasting beauty of these famous colors—moderately priced—permanently fixed in genuine natural slate.

Also there is only one way to see *in advance* exactly how various roof colors will harmonize with the walls and trim of your home . . .

THE RICHARDSON MULTICROME ROOF *is 50 per cent thicker; extra large, extra heavy; built on long-fibre Richardson Felt base; waterproofed with Viskalt, 99.8 per cent pure bitumen especially vacuum processed; surfaced with genuine natural slate flakes; colors are non-fading and permanent; easy to lay; good for new or re-roof work; less expensive than slate, tile or asbestos; the maximum roof value at a moderate price*

And that is by means of the Richardson Booklet and Harmonizer. Send for them.

In the Booklet you will find page after page of interesting homes like the one illustrated above—every one a charming color scheme.

The Harmonizer (patent pending) enables you to make 108 combinations of roof, walls and trim—in actual colors.

It gives you a way to decide *before you buy* exactly the roof colors that will harmonize most pleasingly with *your* home.

Before you build or re-roof be sure to send for these valuable guides. They are offered to you at less than cost—25 cents for both. Please order by coupon below.

The RICHARDSON COMPANY
Lockland (Cincinnati), Ohio

250 W. 57th St., New York City • Chicago • Atlanta
New Orleans • Dallas • 63 Albany St., Cambridge (Boston)
Pacific Coast Distributor
Zellerbach Paper Co., *San Francisco*

RICHARDSON ROOFING

MAIL THIS COUPON

THE RICHARDSON COMPANY *DEPT A 1, LOCKLAND OHIO*
ENCLOSED IS 25 CENTS STAMPS OR WRAPPED COIN FOR YOUR BOOKLET AND HARMONIZER
(Write name and address below)

© R. Co. 1927

(Continued from Page 148

Monday night, when she expected to tell Freddie of Bolinsky's offer. Everything had its price.

The day continued fair and perfect. Freddie didn't have a bad time. It was an ecstatic pleasure for him to be walking around the course with his wife, who had never looked fairer, slenderer, sweeter, or played worse golf. The poor darling sliced, hooked, wavered, teetered, and giggled. One of her best drives measured twenty yards, daylight-saving time.

Through the entire ordeal she preserved perfect poise. Her stage training availed her much.

"After all," she thought, "this is like a play. Leading up to Monday night's climax." She wore a soft blue hat, shielding her great blue eyes from criticism, and a soft blue frock, which had inadvertently wandered to New York from Paris. She looked like a flower and played like a fool.

Mrs. Dunstan and Louisa and Hilda had splendid scores. The terrible Hilda and Mr. Blakeslee won the match. At 5:30 P.M. they all sat on the club veranda, while she, redoubtable in a red skirt and a black jumper, told them how she did it. There was some feeling in some quarters that Blakeslee and his substitute wife were not eligible for the cup, but Blakeslee drowned all criticism by giving five hundred dollars to the Health Fund, and that was that.

"Come, Katie, dear," said Hilda, springing up. "We must rush right home and take our exercises and warm bath, and then a light dinner and a sleep."

There were amused and interested glances; not many people had watched Mrs. Lake play today, but those who did doubted whether environment could make up for endowment.

Freddie protested. "Look here," he said, "can't we go to the Gilberts' ball? I said we would."

"You must," put in Blakeslee mooningly.

Hilda hesitated. She loved to Charleston, and she felt that this might be her only chance on this athletic week-end. "Of course we can go, Freddie; you and I. Perhaps we could run over for a few short dances, Mr. Blakeslee," she said with the air of one bestowing a gold medal. "But Katie must go to bed early. She can't break her schedule—until the ordeal is over."

Katie protested, but Hilda gave her a wink. Of course, after Freddie had gone, she could read and eat candy. It would be a delicious, lazy evening. She could study the part of Frederika Fernald in Be Kind to the Dumb.

Freddie was harder to manage. He jawed and rowed and grumbled all the way home. He positively commanded Katie to go to the dance.

"How dare you try to break down my morale?" retorted Katie.

"Freddie, I am surprised at you," said Hilda reprovingly. "When Katie is trying to please you." He gave it up.

It was ten o'clock that evening, when Katie was nicely into her novel, with a box of candy on the table beside her, that her telephone rang. She was ensconced in her boudoir, with the door locked against Freddie's possible return. She took down the receiver; could it be Freddie telling her to dress and come over to the Gilberts'? Would she be able to resist him?

It was not Freddie. It was the familiar caressing voice of Aaron Bolinsky.

"Is this you, Mrs. Katie Lake?" he was saying.

"I should say it was," she answered joyfully. "Who else could it be? . . . I'm asking my husband Monday," she went on. "I'll let you know."

"Oh, that's all right," he said, as if her husband didn't really matter. How could he realize how much it meant to her not to hurt Freddie? "Listen, Katie, can you come into town Monday to see this writer fellow, Caraway, the bird who wrote the play? He's coming on from Chicago. He wants to hear you read the part."

"What?" asked Katie. "He wants to hear me read the part? Are you hiring me or is he?"

"Now, Katie, don't go up in the air," he said. "Some authors have ideas. Say, he only comes Saturday, the poor fellow. Sunday in Spring Lake, New Jersey, with his girl. Monday here in New York, and Monday night back to Chicago. I never knew such a young fellow for travel. Now, what about coming in to lunch—and a little private reading?"

"Oh, no, I couldn't," said Katie. "I have a full Monday." Instinctively something told her that she must please Bolinsky. There were other stars, younger, newer, as charming, clamoring for his eyes. But how could she get away to New York? How escape Freddie and his circus?

"Couldn't you come out here?" she said persuasively. "Come to lunch." Freddie could be made to lunch out.

Miraculously, Bolinsky said that they couldn't come to lunch, but they would drive out immediately after. No, on second thought, they would come on the train, because of the heavy traffic on the roads. They would arrive at 4:10 and depart on the 5:54. Katie sighed with relief. If Hilda could invent a scheme for Katie's absence from the circus—Hilda was resourceful.

"Perfect," she said. "I'll be here. Afterward I'll break it all to my husband."

"Why be so afraid of your husband?" said Bolinsky. "Will he bite you?"

Katie shivered as she hung up. That was exactly what Freddie might do in one of his extraordinary inexpressive rages.

She could not tell Hilda of Bolinsky's intended visit until the next morning, when that young woman, haggard but avid, came into Katie's bedroom. Katie was lying in bed, reading her part over a glass of orange juice.

"He's coming here Monday afternoon tomorrow," she whispered. "Shut the door. How can I get away to meet him?" She held the manuscript dramatically out in the air.

"Who?" asked Hilda stupidly. . . . "I believe I'll have more coffee. . . . I wish you could have heard Blakeslee last night. In the moonlight."

"Bolinsky and the author. . . . Three or four lumps? . . . Is he really gone on you?" she asked inconsecutively.

"Bolinsky!" said Hilda, coming down to brass tacks. "Well, well; and what time did you say? Four? That ought to be easy. Oh, yes, I can find a way. I must get into my clothes. Blakeslee is coming to drive me to gaze at one of the choicest views in Nassau County; and then we are going direct to the Oakleighs' for the swimming meet. Be sure you don't go off your diet."

"Mrs. B. is awfully jealous," warned Katie.

"Mrs. B. will know only when it's too late. I leave Tuesday. I haven't had such a good time since I was with our boys at the Front. Mr. Blakeslee, like all married men, has a fondness for sentimental platitudes, which he mistakes for romantic feeling. I roll my eyes at him and he is powerless."

"Do be careful," said Katie, "or we shall have an uxoricide in our midst."

"A what? Don't tell me now though. I'm late already. See you at the swimming meet." She was gone.

The day went off well, except for currents of criticisms in several quarters. Even Katie thought Hilda a little indiscreet in winning everything, and in making such eyes at Blakeslee. The poor man was dizzy. She turned his head by winning with him the Harrison Bingley Annual Award. It was too much for a man escaped from the critical restraints of marriage.

Other people were agitated too. One faction thought Mrs. Dervish presuming to win everything in a strange neighborhood. Mrs. Dunstan thought her vulgar, theatrical; the wives en masse hated her for supplanting another wife. As for Freddie, he could not understand why Katie, when she dived, went flatter than usual; why Katie, when she served, merely tapped the ball. What was the point to all this training if it didn't permeate the old bean? He felt ridiculous. He blamed Hilda for making such a laughingstock of him, and of Blakeslee and Katie, and calmly winning all the medals herself. The mad woman won the fancy dive, the plain dive, the butter-spread dive, the eccentric dive and the speed race. That night Blakeslee gave her a dinner party. Hilda took fifty dollars away from her host at bridge without any real intellectual effort. She was electric, indefatigable, and rather handsome, in a greenish gown cut with a high neck in front and no back at all.

"Oh, dear, what a good time I'm having," she said every five minutes. "I wish Doug could see me. He'd turn pale." One had to believe her.

The next morning at seven Freddie made for the circus field. It would be necessary for him, the tent raisers, and the important ladies of the committee to stand around the field all day to see that the tent went up, and that the right events took place in the right order, and that the tent came down at night. This here tent, a burly tent-letting official had explained, had got to be used Sunday for a camp-meeting in Bay Shore, and Tuesday for a music festival in Quogue, so that there had to be some hustling and jumping about. It seemed to Freddie, as the day wore on, that he did the jumping about and no one did the hustling. At ten o'clock, when the volunteer firemen were lining up to parade downtown, the tent began to flutter from the central pole. The amateur clowns began to practice and the Roman riders began to ride around, trying to be Roman. These were young men of the would-be polo age, the terror of their mothers.

Then Freddie saw Hilda coming toward him, dressed in an orange sport frock and a brownish hat. She was a handsome woman in her violent way. There must, he reflected, have been something handsome about the eruptions of Etna, of Vesuvius, about the Flood.

"Oh, Freddie, there you are," she said, in her way of giving him life by seeing him. All the laborers laid down their tools and watched her. "I'm fearfully afraid Katie can't ride," she said offhand. "She woke up this morning with a bad headache."

Freddie turned pale. He had never known Katie to have a sick moment. He thought of all the terrible diseases that begin with bad headaches. "Have you got the doctor? I'll go home. It's all this darned exercise!"

"Nonsense," said Hilda firmly, standing in his way. "She ate a whole pound of chocolates last night. She broke her diet while I was dancing. Naturally, she waked this morning with a disordered digestion. I called the doctor, and he ordered her to stay in bed quietly all day long. No effort. No visitors. No food."

The prospect appalled him. Katie home ill, and he busy on this idiotic circus. "I've got to go home," he said. "I don't suppose you could raise this tent. You can do everything else."

"Now, Freddie, I don't like to tell you." Her face became grave.

"What is it?" he asked huskily.

"Mr. Lake," said a fat foreman, coming up, "I don't think that center pole is deep enough. Now, if it should fall down ——"

The awfulness of such an eventuality left them speechless. "You can't leave," decided Hilda. "Anyway, what I was going to say is—even though she's not really ill—why, she's lying there reading the New York paper—is that she has a little rash, and the doctor said it might be measles. Now, I've had them twice, but it would be serious for the baby. And you can't cut yourself off from the baby. So stay away today, Freddie. Of course, if you want me to, I'll ride with you this afternoon."

It was the last thing he wanted, but what could he do? The center pole might fall down any minute. "I've got to go, Hilda," he said. "I'll ring you up at luncheon."

(Continued on Page 153

Shields Tops from Winter's *Destruction*

WINTER'S blasts cut deep into the life and lustre of unprotected automobile tops. In winter especially, your top needs the protection of *Duro Gloss* Finish.

Duro Gloss Top Finish was first discovered and used in the manufacture of the famous *Duro Gloss* Top Material. It is a *finish* and not to be confused with dressings.

Duro Gloss penetrates the top fabric thoroughly beautifying weatherproofing and preserving it. Easily applied with a brush, leaving no streaks or brush marks. Dries overnight to a beautiful new-top lustre, impervious to sun and cold.

Duro Gloss Finish is sold by leading accessory stores, garages and trim shops, in convenient sized cans. Or if you prefer any good trim shop, paint shop or service station will apply it for you. If your dealer does not have *Duro Gloss* yet send us his name and we will see that you are supplied.

Duro Gloss Top Material

When you have your top recovered, you will want *Duro Gloss* Top Material. Its uniform high quality insures long top life. And it has the famous *Duro Gloss* Finish, too. All trim shops have *Duro Gloss* Top Material, or can get it for you readily.

Duro Gloss Top Patching

For holes and splits of average size, *Duro Gloss* Top Patching is ideal. Easy to apply. Sticks so tight it can't be pulled off. Ask your dealer.

J. C. HAARTZ COMPANY
New Haven, Conn.

Duro Gloss

Top Finish
Top Material
Top Patching

TO THE TRADE: Write name and address in margin below, tear off and mail for attractive *Duro Gloss* proposition. Check whether
☐ Jobber ☐ Trim Shop ☐ Car Dealer
☐ Accessory Store

Once a forest, today a forest, tomorrow homes"

Forever...

"This land will produce an endless succession of trees—the finest softwoods for American homes—young trees, mature trees, young trees, a forest forever!"

THESE are the words of a forester who has followed the trend of the lumber industry in the Pacific Northwest. Here are cool summers, warm winters, plentiful rainfall and good soil. Nature's very ambition is to *reforest!*

In the tremendous forest between the Cascade Mountains and the Pacific Ocean are towering Douglas Firs that were mature when Columbus began his quest for the gold and spices of the Indies—trees in greater number than all of the armies of the earth.

West of the Rocky Mountains is more timber that will make lumber than *all* of the lumber that has been manufactured in the states of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota since the Revolutionary War. The greater portion of this enormous forest wealth *is concentrated in the coast region of the Pacific Northwest*

Here is a permanent supply of lumber for America, for Nature has provided for reforestation in a unique manner. As soon as mature trees are removed, countless millions of seedlings spring up from seed stored in the forest floor—needing only fire protection to insure future crops *quickly*. Forest growth is so rapid that in less than fifty years, more lumber is produced per acre than after century-long waits in other regions.

America's finest softwood, Douglas Fir, dominates this forest, and associated with Douglas Fir are three other highly valuable species: West Coast (Sitka) Spruce, West Coast Hemlock and Western Red Cedar

Douglas Fir is used for a greater variety of purposes than any other softwood. It is very strong, durable, light in weight and is available in every dimension from the smallest molding to huge, flawless timbers. It produces the largest structural timbers of any commercial wood. The close texture of Douglas Fir, the availability of a large percentage of all-heartwood and a noteworthy beauty of grain have gained for Douglas Fir a reputation that is world wide

The clear grades of Douglas Fir are used for interior and exterior woodwork, for cabinet work, furniture and for every purpose where an evenly textured wood is demanded. Structural grades are used in the framing of houses, for bridge building, docks and wharves and wherever a particularly strong, stiff and durable wood must be used

West Coast (Sitka) Spruce is a wood of special qualities. Remarkably even in texture, light in weight and yet with great shock-resisting ability, this spruce occupies a unique position among woods. The finest pianos have sounding boards of spruce and as airplane material it has no superior, yet it is available as a non-warping wood for the home-builder or manufacturer at prices that are surprisingly moderate

West Coast Hemlock is again a wood of many special uses. *It is the strongest non-resinous wood in proportion to its weight*, and has superior wear-resisting qualities. Light in color, it does not darken with age; close in texture it does not sliver. From the finest floors to the hidden framing of houses, West Coast Hemlock has proven its superlative worth.

Western Red Cedar, the giant arborvitae, produces a light brown wood that is light in weight but strong, and which is remarkably resistant to weathering. Even in contact with humous soil, Western Red Cedar will resist the ravages of decay. For roofs and exterior walls, foundations, lining—for every special purpose where a decay-resisting wood is imperatively demanded, this wood can be used with entire confidence. It is available in all sizes—very wide boards of Western Red Cedar are especially notable for the absence of "working" with changes in moisture content.

The finest American softwoods are those of the Douglas Fir region—America's permanent lumber supply. A booklet describing these choice woods will be mailed upon request. *Address* WEST COAST LUMBER BUREAU, 5562 Stuart Building, Seattle, Washington.

these rose to fairest proportion by the life that was in them, and blossomed into fluted capitals three hundred feet overhead . . .
—CAMPS AND TRAILS by Theodore Winthrop, who explored the Douglas Fir forests in 1853.
Photos by Crese, Seattle

Durable Douglas Fir
America's Permanent Lumber Supply

W 1 9 P P

Buy West Coast Woods from your retail lumber dealer

(Continued from Page 151)

Hilda was gazing with a fixed interest at the Roman riders, who were standing on their horses' backs having a conference. "Who are those boys?" she said. "What fun!"

"Oh, some crazy kids in the Roman Riders stunt. They'll break their fool necks

As he left her she began to walk over toward them. She found them in trouble. Chauncey Cuthbertson, their most daring member, said one of the riders had just come down with the mumps. What in Pete's name could they do? Hilda found a way out. Her eyes were gleaming, her nostrils dilated. This was the best yet.

For days afterward Freddie looked back upon the cumulative sensations of the Red Rock Amateur Circus with horrible lingering shudders. The day had grown hotter, stiller, sultrier. Thousands of people had poured into Red Rock from the country, and in their passion for hot dogs, peanuts and popcorn had deepened his conviction that the human race was a sprawling ugly weed in an otherwise pleasant garden. All except Katie. How fair, how cool, how distant she seemed to him, as he struggled with ropes and idiotic women and collapsing canvas in the hot tent. What a relief her delicate fastidiousness was in contrast to Mrs. Monroe and Mrs. Dunstan, running around in severe expensive hats, checking lists, ordering chauffeurs, and moving cases of ginger ale and homemade cake from here to there and from there to here. He knew they were furtively talking about Katie. They had received his announcement of her illness with intense exclamations of regret, which did not deceive him.

"They think she's a coward," he muttered to himself. Was she a coward, was she selfish, or was she sick? He could not go home to ask Katie herself, because his home was five miles away. Over the telephone the voice of Katie's maid had said, "Mrs. Lake is resting nicely. . . . Yes, sleeping. . . . Thank you. . . . No, there are no measles yet."

He killed, over and over again, the suspicion of betrayal Katie's defection had given him. At two o'clock, when he rode back to the tent from the club, where he had changed into a ringmaster's costume, he hated all district nurses and dependent children.

He was met at the rear of the tent by Hilda, on one of his most unruly horses.

"Here I am, Freddie," she sang out. She had rigged herself up in a costume which suggested the circus ring, and also the lunatic asylum. Freddie's conservative soul shrank as he contemplated himself—Lake, of the Wrench and Winch Works, of Harvard, of the Zoom Club, of the Episcopal Church—riding around with this Hilda. Her hat was small and shiny, her coat was pale buff, and her skirt a long and flowing sweep of bright green. She was perched loftily on the side of her horse, like an exclamation point in the wrong place

"Where did you get the suit?" said Freddie.

"I had it sent out from a costumer's in New York to match yours. Isn't it simply darling?" she gurgled. Long years of professional training enabled her to assume the most unlikely attitude upon a horse without falling off. He had to admit, too, that in spite of her eccentricities of posture she was an excellent horsewoman. Few women could have handled Come Here Lady as well as she did.

All around them, on various assorted nags, were prominent couples of Red Rock, soberly and correctly habited. Only Freddie and Hilda flared out against the landscape, like giant dandelions on a perfect lawn. There were sallies back and forth, queries about Katie, protestations of sympathy. People complained of the heat, estimated the number of people in the tent, wiped sweat off their steaming brows. Children of the vulgar mob, from back fences and trees, called out: "Oh, you in the green skirt!"

Hilda, unembarrassed and gay, was flinging salutes at Joseph Blakeslee, who fancied himself, with his iron-gray hair on an iron-gray mare

"Now then, Freddie, look pretty," roared Hilda in his ear as the parade started into the ring.

Freddie was to lead this procession of men and wives through a series of figures, back and forth and around the ring, in which moderate horsemanship and domestic felicity would conspire together to suggest danger and daring. In Freddie's mind, as they pranced into the ring while the band played The Blue Danube, they suggested futility and dullness. Then suddenly, as if all the jazz boys in the orchestra had caught sight of Hilda in her outlandish costume, the band burst into Yes Sir, That's My Baby, and accepting the compliment, Hilda, beside Frederick Lake, before the official box in which sat the Mayor, the Chairman of the Board of Aldermen, the Chiefs of Police and Fire, the Reverend Joseph McCarthy of St. Joseph's Church, and the Reverend Canon Hugh St. Albans of the Church of Saint William the Lesser, rose from her saddle, bowed, turned a somersault and sat down again. The better element sniffed, but the vast populace roared.

As the afternoon waxed and waned Freddie gave up. The money would go to the nurses and children, but popular favor went to Hilda. She was like a burglar in a nice neighborhood, always in and out, up and down. She leaped from horse to horse with airy indiscretion. Freddie would look for her nervously to the rear, and find her coming, on wings of applause, from the front. She stood on her head, rode face downward, and whirled herself around her horse's neck like a new and sensational necktie.

The applause was tremendous. As word passed around the audience that this was Hilda Hanly, the erstwhile famous dancer, long lost to the world within the sacred walls of the home, the tumult grew. Freddie kept order as well as he could. He chased acrobats and riotous clowns; he lashed his whip at this person and that; he assisted manfully at the holding-up of the stagecoach, but he could not control Hilda. He had never seen a woman make such a shocking exhibition of herself, and both she and the crowd adored it. Thank God, Katie was not here; Hilda would have dragged her through these antics, had her falling on and off horses.

Hilda reappeared as an acrobat on an old white mare. She had procured a tight silver costume with an immense ballet skirt of tulle and spangles. She was lovely and indefatigable. She was the heroine of the stagecoach, and shot desperadoes right and left. Mrs. Dunstan and Mrs. Monroe, in the front boxes, wore faces of curious disapproval.

Freddie finally rode out of the ring to the rear, where Hilda had a dressing tent.

"I say, Hilda," he said timidly, at the flap, "don't you think you'd better go home to rest?"

A low gurgle of laughter greeted him. A young man in a Roman costume made of cheesecloth, with a piece of purple stuff tied around his head, pushed him aside.

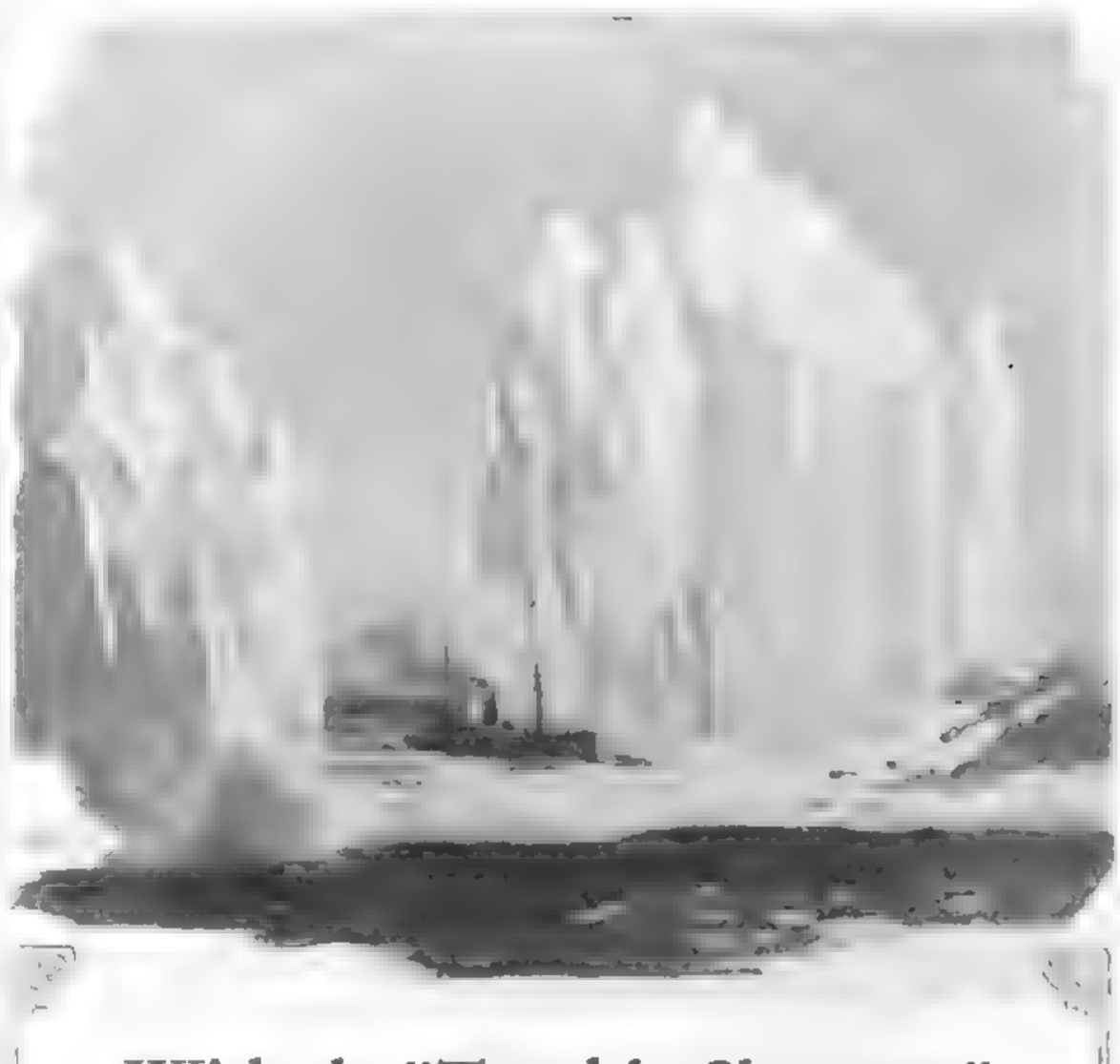
"I say, Mrs. Dervish, here you are." A long brown arm came through and took the helmet he offered. It was one of those hats affected by Minerva and Mars and Julius Cæsar.

"Hilda," shouted Freddie, beside himself, "what are you doing now?"

"Now, Freddie, don't spoil my fun." She came through the flap in a short and striking costume of cheesecloth. She had put a curious bronze grease all over her face and arms, and had rouged her lips into an all-embracing smile. On her head was the helmet, and she wore yellow-doeskin driving gloves. The youth was convulsed.

"Mr. Lake, you're wanted in the tent," yelled an usher.

The band was playing as he entered, and the crowd was laughing at the clowns. Someone gave him a signal and he cleared a way for the Roman Race. Doormen rushed to doors, flapmen rushed to flaps,



With the "Trouble-Shooters" of the North Atlantic

ICEBERGS—towering, ponderous, *deadly* mountains of ice—drift southward from the ice fields of the Arctic into the traffic lane of trans-Atlantic steamers.

Locating and destroying them is the perilous and never-ending duty of the United States Coast Guard cutters.

Shell fire and high explosives, however, often fail to blow the bergs from the sea, and warnings are then broadcasted by radio to every ship whose course lies through the danger zone.

Smooth power, unfailing dependability over long periods and under all conditions of service are qualities demanded in the radio batteries used in this dangerous naval service.

The fact that Burgess Batteries meet those requirements recommends them to you for your own receiving set.

Ask Any Radio Engineer

BURGESS BATTERY COMPANY

GENERAL SALES OFFICE: CHICAGO

Canadian Factories and Offices: Niagara Falls and Winnipeg

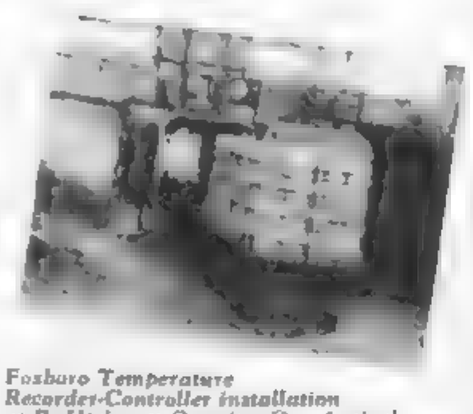
BURGESS RADIO BATTERIES

The Law Says 240 Degrees

"YOU must cook asparagus at a temperature of not less than 240° F.," says the California Law. "Yes, Your Honor," replies the canner, and promptly turns the job over to Foxboro Automatic Temperature Recorder-Controllers.

How well the process is controlled is shown by the above Foxboro Chart. It is a permanent record the detailed history of a day's cook. Note how *exactly* the temperature is held at one degree above the point of safety. And how each cook is brought to that temperature, held the required number of minutes and cooled as *exactly* as all the others.

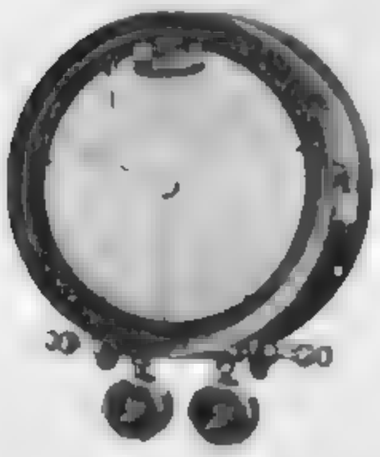
But Foxboro Recorder-Controllers do more than keep the user on the safe side of the law. They save labor, releasing men for other work. They make unnecessary the "allowances" on a critical process which waste steam and time. And *most important of all—they assure absolute uniformity of product.*



Foxboro Temperature Recorder-Controller installation at R. Hickmott Canning Co., Antioch, pioneers of Asparagus Canning in California. (Top) Chart of one day's cook.

These are the factors which have created Foxboro leadership. Almost any industry you can mention is making better products at lower costs with the help of Foxboro Instruments.

If *your* operations involve Temperature, Pressure, Humidity or Flow, worth-while savings can be made through Foxboro Instruments. A letter or wire assures immediate attention by an experienced Foxboro engineer.



Foxboro Automatic Temperature Recorder-Controller

THE FOXBORO CO., *Inc.*

Neponset Avenue, Foxboro, Mass., U. S. A.

New York Chicago Boston Philadelphia
Pittsburgh Cleveland Detroit Rochester Atlanta
Tulsa Los Angeles San Francisco Portland, Ore.

Peacock Brothers Limited
Montreal, Canada

Sole British Representative
Watson-Moss Limited
80 Queen Elizabeth Street

FOXBORO

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

The Compass of Industry

INSTRUMENTS FOR INDICATING, RECORDING AND CONTROLLING TEMPERATURE, PRESSURE, HUMIDITY AND FLOW

children stopped eating popcorn, and the fingers of the most avid gazeek player relaxed. The Roman Riders, each with two horses, gayly caparisoned with streamers of purple and crimson bunting, entered the ring. They were Chauncey Cuthbertson, the son of the big egg-beater magnate, Elliot Pike, the son of the big needle king, and Rex St. Albans, the son of the Canon. The fourth was Hilda, with a foot on each one of her horses. One horse was Come Along Lady and the other was Cuthbertson senior's favorite hunter, Half a Cantaloupe. With a tremendous blare of brass they pranced around the ring.

The race was a curious affair. The ring was not wide enough for four riders to race at once, so it had to be a complicated relay. It would have been difficult to understand, had not all the three horsemen almost immediately fallen off their six horses and left a clear field to Hilda. The young gentlemen fell into convenient boxes, camp chairs and baby carriages, and led their unwilling steeds off the course.

Hilda kept on racing. She liked it. Around and around the ring she went, first on one horse, then on the other, and sometimes on both. Freddie stood in the center of the ring, gaping at her, his whip hanging limply in his hand, wondering at what moment Hilda would be precipitated through space, and whether his or Cuthbertson's horse would break a leg first. But she did not fall. She went faster and faster; the horses seemed to have found something they liked to do. The crowd cheered; the Mayor of Red Rock stood waving his panama hat. Canon St. Albans waved a linen handkerchief.

Suddenly a hoarse voice penetrated through the din to Freddie's ears—a hoarse masculine voice shouting "Hilda!" Freddie looked across the ring and saw a tall well-dressed gentleman with a slightly archaic air standing at the edge of the ring near the door. Hilda had just passed him, standing on one airy foot on the outer horse, and as her name came forth from his horrified face Freddie saw her look of mad frenzy give way to astonishment. For a moment she tottered on her horse, waving one leg rather undecidedly, as if she didn't know whether to come down or climb up. Then she collected herself, leaped to the back of Half a Cantaloupe, and tore on around the ring. Halfway down, she abandoned the other horse, and to Freddie's consternation she charged straight for an open flap of the tent which gave into a roadway along which were parked a thousand expensive automobiles.

Horrified silence descended upon the audience. Then Freddie and the tall gentleman found themselves racing down the ring after her, followed by divers policemen, small boys, and all the people who could drop their babies and popcorn bags, and make the exit. Chauncey Cuthbertson's father, beginning to worry about his horse, was in the van.

Outside in the hot silent afternoon, Freddie and the tall gentleman, who was really too elegant to run, panted along side by side.

"She's a mile ahead of you," shouted the chauffeurs, leaping from their cars. "Hurry up, boys."

"Some jockey," cried others. They all ran together.

At the edge of Maple Avenue, a long straight asphalt stretch, they could see the horse, and its rider still erect. It was a wide boulevard, with rows of low branching trees on each side.

Hilda and her horse were well in the middle, when suddenly over the brow of the hill came a racing motor car, which charged straight in their path. The horse swerved to one side, Hilda in her Roman costume disappeared, and in a second a riderless horse went trotting down the straight road toward the western sun.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Freddie, stopping in his tracks. This was the final blow. This was murder, manslaughter.

The tall man beside him groaned, and for the first time Freddie turned to look at him.

"What's the matter with you?" he asked contemptuously. "What's this got to do with you?" But already the man had begun to run toward the fatal tree.

"More than I can express," he shouted. "The Roman equestrienne is my wife."

They ran on together, followed by an increasing mob, to the place where a long shred of torn cheesecloth hanging from a limb showed them that somewhere in the branches Hilda had taken refuge.

After the ambulance had driven off, with Hilda lying like a conquered Roman and her angered æsthete sitting beside her, Freddie turned to find his way home. He wanted calm, rest, and very feminine society. Who cared whether the tent collapsed, or whether the district nurses or passing burglars got the money?

Chauncey Cuthbertson came up to him, amidst the crowd.

"Here's your horse, Mr. Lake," he said. "Did you see mine?"

"It was last seen charging down the March Road. I doubt whether you ever see it again."

"Father is sore as a crab," said Chauncey. "How is Mrs. Dervish? Was she badly hurt?"

"Not badly enough to suit me," said Freddie. "We sent her to the hospital to avoid the crowd."

The crowd would have relished the sight. Hilda's extraordinary acrobatic gift had enabled her to land lightly in the tree. But her Roman garment was torn from her, and she whispered to Freddie, under the shelter of his coat:

"The more I groan, the less angry Doug will be." And so it proved.

Freddie got away as fast as he could. He was too dignified a chairman of what had turned out a farce to relish the hoots of the passing throng. It was not until he had attained the shelter of the back road and was within a mile or so of his home that he relaxed. He wanted his home, his wife, and a long cool drink. And a few hours of peace in which to appreciate this wife, who was herself, after all, as God had made her. God forbid that she should be like Hilda!

As he turned in the driveway he saw a taxi at the door, and two men arguing beside it. One man was short, fat and swarthy; he wore no hat. The other was young, fair and impassioned. As Freddie turned into the drive which led around to the stable, he saw the older man, whose rotund form was dimly familiar to him, throw up his hands and walk into the house. The younger man got into the taxi, slammed the door, and was off.

"Now what are they fighting about on my front steps?" he asked himself. Were they plumbers? But what were plumbers doing on the front steps?

Once off the horse, he and one of his grooms looked the animal over. There were no apparent injuries, but she wore an apprehensive, frightened look, like the survivor of an earthquake. He patted her and walked away across the lawn, to the grass terrace, where he could step through the French windows directly into the living room.

If Katie were up and well, she would be in there waiting for him.

But on the grass terrace he stopped, like a man stopped by a killing bullet. Through the door, shattering the peace of the lovely summer afternoon, came the most dreadful sound in the world—Katie was crying. Over and through her tears came the consoling, helpless placating voice of a strange man.

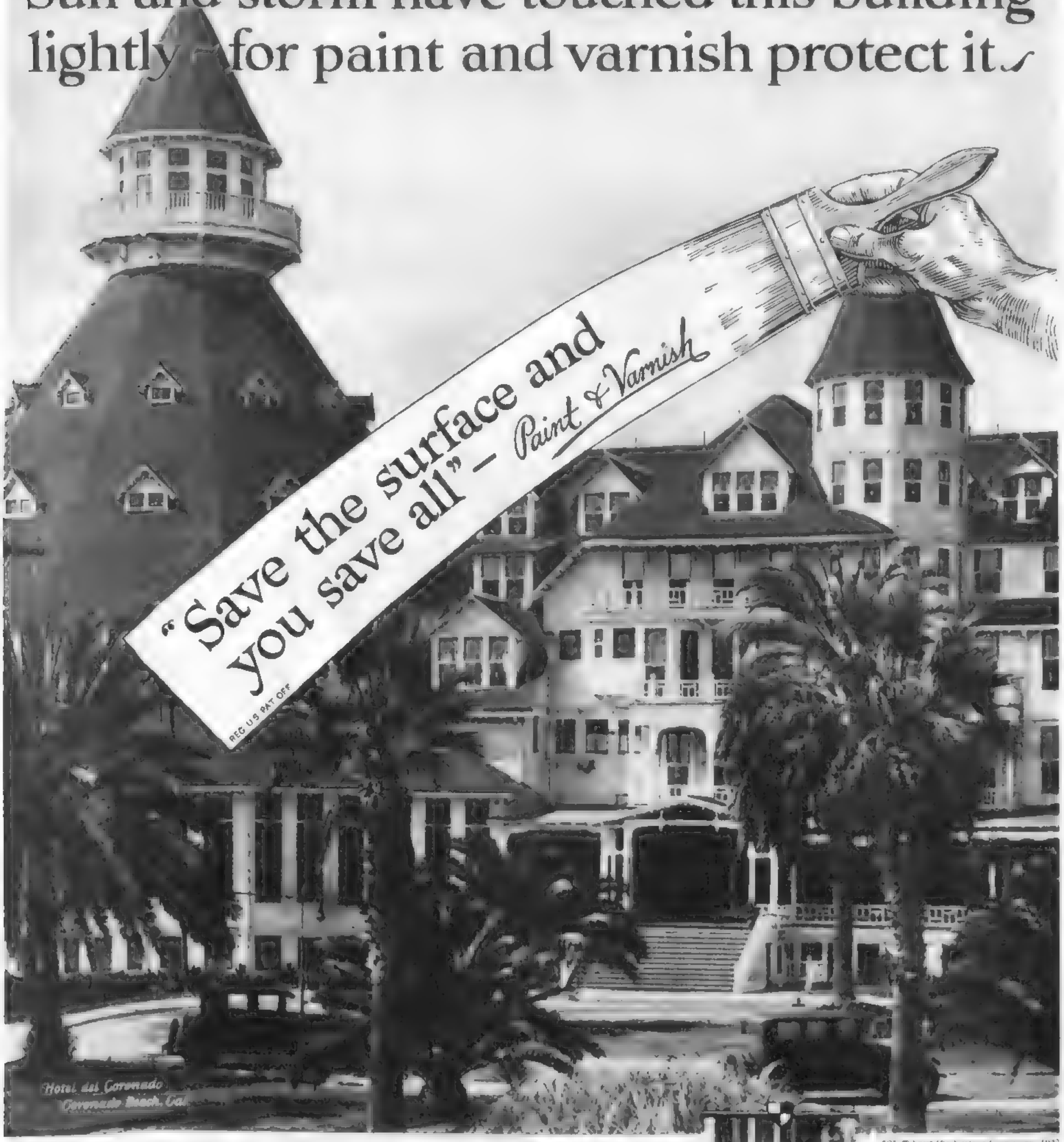
Freddie stepped up to the window and looked in. The man's back was toward him, and Katie, in a violet-colored frock, was seated on the divan, her lovely shining head in her arms. She was sobbing.

"Oh, oh, oh! I know it's because he thinks I'm old," she was saying.

The fat man, whose back was toward Freddie, went as near to her as he dared. "Will you stop being a little fool?" he said. "Will I put on his play without you? Wasn't it to get you that I took his play?

(Continued on Page 157)

Sun and storm have touched this building lightly — for paint and varnish protect it



WHEN you paint to preserve, you beautify; when you paint to beautify, you preserve. Here is a case in point—the famous resort hotel at Coronado Beach, California. It has the look and the soundness of youth. Its warm red roof and glistening white walls are known to millions.

Painted outside every four years, with painters ever active inside, the reward in popularity is as definite as that in preservation. Neighbors, guests and hotel staff approve the surface saving process.

This is a hotel, but the lesson applies to every building, every place where people dwell or work. In the benefits that follow the paint brush are found the reasons for the growth of interest in paint and varnish.

801 © Save the Surface Campaign 1927

SAVE THE SURFACE CAMPAIGN

18 East 41st Street, New York

A [illegible] Painters and Allied [illegible] to [illegible] the [illegible] proper [illegible] every kind of property.

CROSLEY
1927 RADIOS

The 5-50—$50

"6 Tube KH 90"
Console, $90

The 5-75 Console—$75

CROSLEY RADIO

"—as long as I can pick up 27 programs in 30 minutes beside our 3 locals interference won't bother me

I sat down the other night with this Crosley set. One control. Beginning at one end of the broadcasting wave band, I tuned in 27 stations, loud and clear, just like the Cincinnati stations, three of which were going full blast. I listened to each program; identified it; didn't hear any others in the background, and passed on to the next,—all with one finger. It was between 7:00 and 7:30 P. M. Central Standard Time.

The air was certainly full. Some of the stations were less than a dial marking apart. It is amazing how the jiggers they call 'acuminators' helped on such fine separation.

Even using a hundred foot aerial the local stations were easy to go through. One of them only a few blocks from my home.

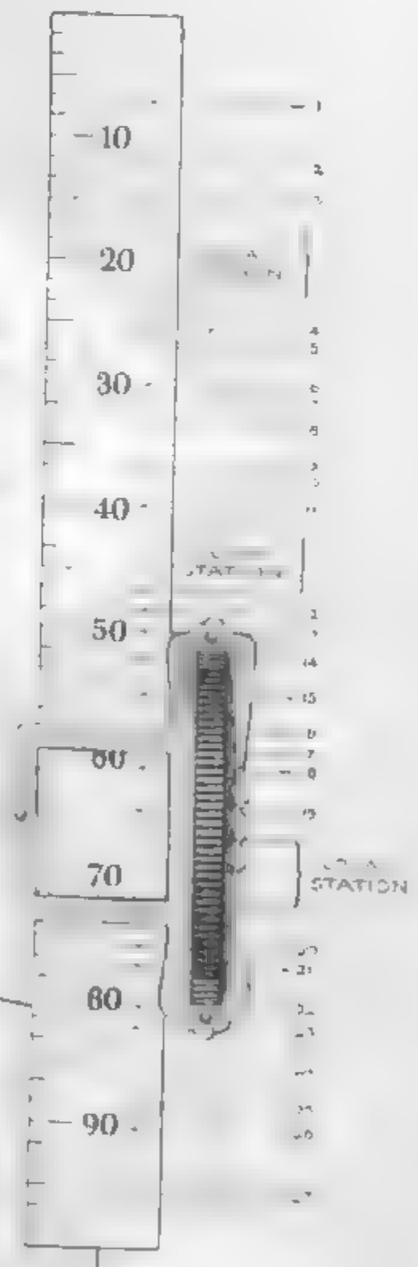
Some radio, I call it! $50.00 seems too little. I'd like to see some two hundred dollar sets do as well!"

Write Dept. 31, for Catalog

The Crosley Radio Corporation

Powel Crosley, Jr., Pres
CINCINNATI OHIO

Crosley sets are licensed under Armstrong U. S. Patent No. 1,113,149, or under patent applications of Radio Frequency Laboratories, Inc., and other patents issued and pending



The above scale reading shows how stations picked up by Mr. V— appeared on the Crosley graphic drum station selector.

Name on request.

Single Drum Control

$50

Prices slightly higher West of the Rocky Mountains

Many exclusive others found only in highest priced radios.
THE "CRESCENDON"
When, on ordinary
Crosley feature. An exclusive Crosley feature.

This truly great radio achievement, found in several Crosley sets, eliminates distortion, sharpens tuning, prevents interference from each other, prevents interstage, improves the stability of the circuit, increases selectivity and saves costs by standardizing

Nothing in radio equal
tion or the convenien
"THE ACUMINATORS"
Crosley Acuminators permit tuning in loud and clear
weak stations passed over

Crosley feature.
POWER TUBES

(Continued from Page 154)

That professor"—he made a hissing, contemptuous noise with his teeth—"good-by to him."

"But he said it," wailed Katie, rocking back and forth.

Freddie stepped into the room. "Said what, Katie?" he asked fiercely. "What did he say, and who was he?"

Katie looked up at him, staring with tear-stained eyes, as if she dimly remembered that she had a husband, and that this was the man.

"He said—Mr. Caraway said—that I wouldn't do for his play," she said agonizedly.

"His play? Which play? Why won't you do for his play?" He longed to take her in his arms and kiss away her tears.

She sat there on the divan, as she had sat so often on the stage, breaking the hearts of spectators with this exquisite projection of sorrow.

She was like a flower too rudely blown by the wind; a delicate and fragile gazelle pursued to the edge of a precipice.

"I am Bolinsky," said the other man suddenly. And looking at him, Freddie remembered him—the long, hot rehearsals, the dusty, crowded office, the beam with which he had greeted the news of their marriage.

"Oh, yes, Bolinsky," he said, taking his hand. "Now I see. She wants to go back on the stage."

A great weariness came over him, and also a ray of light. He saw it all now—the measles, the subterfuge, the brave attempts to be athletic.

"That's where she belongs," said Bolinsky nobly. "She had a rare talent. Now this Caraway—"

"But he said ——" wailed Katie again.

"What did that impudent blockhead say?" asked Freddie.

"He said I wasn't athletic enough for his play. Not enough of a sport."

There was a dead silence. Katie bowed her head again. The blow would fall. But a splendid, unforgettable smile was flickering on the edge of Freddie's stubborn but generous mouth.

"Well," he said, turning to Bolinsky with the indignant air of a man whose wife is being denied something, "who wants a woman to be athletic? Haven't you got any un-Amazonian plays?"

"Have I?" answered Bolinsky. "Let me show you a list."

There was a strange ecstatic sound from the actress on the sofa. And Bolinsky, who had naturally a keen sense of the dramatic, went out into the hall to search for a play inside his elegant straw hat.

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 28)

Does she make you feel that you might just as well order a pair of overalls as the model without fur?

Do you believe her when she says there will be practically no alteration to make it fit you perfectly?

Do you feel certain that the minute the fitter sees it she will insist that it be taken up a little on the shoulders, and let out a little in the waist, and made a little looser over the hips, and shortened?..

Do you take it anyway?

REACTIONS TO THE OPERA AND THEATER

Do you arrive on time at the opera?

Do you stay till the curtain falls on the last act?.....

Do you know who the people in the boxes are, without looking at your program?

At the theater do you carry your overcoat over your arm so it will ruin the coiffures of the ladies in the row ahead when you enter and exit?.....

Do you ever sit in your seat between acts?.....

At a first night, do you know at least 80 per cent of the audience, as well as the ages and husbands and wives, past, present and future, of the entire cast?.....

REACTIONS TO ART AND LITERATURE

Do you sincerely enjoy an exhibition of paintings that look as if they were done by children under twelve years of age, but are really by men old enough to know better?

Name the ten novelists you consider most unpleasant.

Katharine Dayton.

Scalped

J. DABNEY DAY, California banker, says he once attended a dinner given by another president of a bank, at which were many prosperous Indians of the section. These Indians had not gone in for bank accounts to any extent, and the host was determined to sound them out. Approaching the richest among them, he remarked, "Chief, you've made lots of money, but never opened an account with us. Why don't you think it over?"

The chief thought it over on the spot. "When I got money," he said in deep, slow tones, "you pay me 4 per cent. When I no got money you charge me 8. I'm tired."

Bohemian

THERE'S boredom nigh to tragedy
In men who do no thing that's free
From strict conventionality.
But I find worse monotony
In those who live so as to be
Original perpetually.

—Alice A. Peck.

DRAWN BY NATE COLLIER

Husband: "That's Right; Just as Soon as I Get Him to Sleep You Go Let Out a Yell and Wake Him Up!"

NO HANDLE TO TURN
NO MOTOR TO BUY

Perfecting Protection

Robert Fulton could not have built the Leviathan, and James Watt, the inventor of the steam engine, could not imagine the Twentieth Century Limited in his wildest dreams. The inventor is a pioneer in the field of ideas. He pushes back the frontier of knowledge and others hold and improve the ground that he has gained.

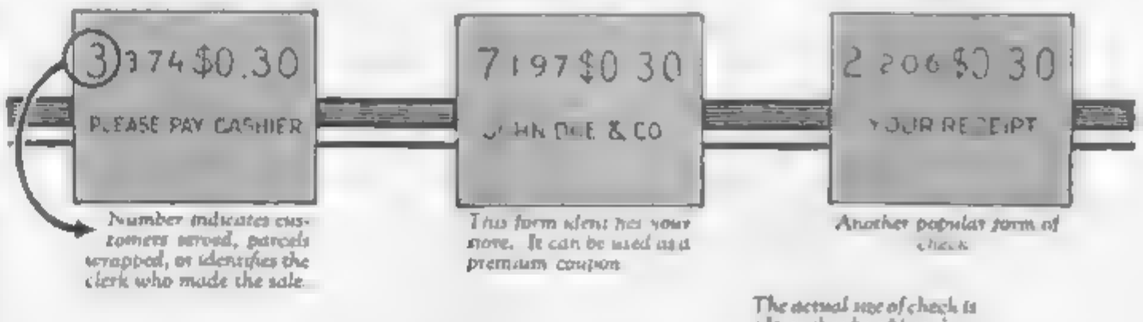
It remained for Remington to perfect Cash Registers; to add the modern improvements that merchants have wanted but could not get before; the new and exclusive features that make the handling of store transactions easier, quicker, and more accurate; that give the merchant greater control over his business.

Remingtons are made in many styles and sizes to fit many kinds of business; but on every Remington there are valuable improvements that are found on no other machine.

We all recognize the service performed by Robert Fulton and James Watt, but we prefer the transportation of today to that which they first made possible. This is but simple common sense; and it is the same simple, logical reasoning that makes the alert merchant of today turn to Remington Cash Registers.

A demonstration will prove the superiority of Remington Cash Registers. It will not obligate you to ask for one. Sales and Service Offices are in all the principal cities of the United States and in Montreal, Toronto, and Vancouver, Canada.

REMINGTON CASH REGISTER CO., Inc.
Factory and General Sales Office, Ilion, New York
Subsidiary of Remington Arms Company, Inc.
Makers of Remington Firearms, Ammunition and Cutlery



Number indicates customers served, parcels wrapped, or identifies the clerk who made the sale

This form identifies your store. It can be used as a premium coupon

Another popular form of check

The actual size of check is 1⅞ inches by 1⅝ inches.

Remington
cash registers

© 1927 R. C. R. Co.

KREOLITE

"Outlast the Factory"

Throughout the Automotive Industry

That Kreolite Wood Blocks have met the exacting floor requirements of the automobile industry is evidenced by the number of repeat orders received from the leading automobile manufacturers.

Over 9 million square feet of Kreolite Wood Block Floors are in use in automobile factories throughout the country today.

Laid with the tough end grain uppermost they give the ultimate in strength, durability, service and economy in any factory.

Our Kreolite Engineers will study your needs and make recommendations without any obligation on your part.

THE JENNISON-WRIGHT COMPANY, TOLEDO, OHIO
Branches in All Large Cities

FLOORS WOOD BLOCK

A PRIMER OF PROPAGANDA

Continued from Page 5

recruited from the German civil service, and in July—that was before the war began—130 of them were sent out, all on one ship, with definite instructions. They were scattered about the ship from the steerage to first cabin, so as not to attract attention. Thirty-one were assigned to the United States; the remainder went on; or, as the phrase was, they filtered away to Mexico, South America and elsewhere. Then in September, Doctor Dernburg, who was Secretary of State for Colonies in the German Government, arrived in New York to take charge, bringing with him $150,000,000 in German treasury notes. This was information in the files of the Department of Justice; it was presented to the Senate committee by A. Bruce Bielaski, head of the Bureau of Investigation.

"The scope of German propaganda was very wide," he said in his preliminary statement. "It embraced furnishing of news secretly to newspapers, the distribution of film, the sending of lecturers through the country, the sending of newspaper correspondents from Germany to this country to write favorable matter for the papers, the sending of American correspondents abroad to send back to this country propaganda favorable to Germany. Everywhere where the representatives of Germany saw a chance to advance, as they thought, their interests, they officially sent money and directed effort to bring it about."

Captured Minutes

One of the first things they did was to establish the German Information Bureau to serve the American press; and to conceal the fact that it was the German Government that did it, the stationery bore this statement: "Conducted by M. Claussen at the request of a number of American citizens who believe that the public desires to be informed as to both sides of the war, that it may form its own opinions from the facts."

Control of the German Information Bureau was by a committee, German fashion; Doctor Dernburg was chairman, and the committee, German fashion, kept elaborate minutes of its acts and deliberations. Afterward the American Government captured the minute books. The minutes of one of the early sessions were in part as follows:

"All preparations are made for carrying through the project of poster advertising.

"The pamphlet entitled, Thou Shalt Not Kill, written by Mr. Hale, has been printed and will be sent out.

"Signatures to a petition to Congress collected by the ladies now number 200,000 and will in time perhaps reach 600,000. The ladies have applied for assistance in their campaign to a number of persons named by Mr. Hale. It is suggested that it be put up to the ladies to address the petition to the President and Congress, and not wait until the collection of signatures is complete before sending it to Washington, but send them at once in batches of about 10,000.

"Mr. Claussen proposes to have a film prepared for propaganda against the exportation of arms, which shall exhibit the manufacture of American shrapnel and afterward show in drastic style the results of the use of this munition.

"Mr. Hale reports that Mrs. Hale is busy upon propaganda against the exportation of horses. Mr. Claussen undertakes to have a correspondingly touching scenario"—story of former fire-brigade mare slaughtered in Flanders—"written."

His blundering excellency, Doctor Dernburg, suddenly wrecked the whole structure of German propaganda with utterances on the sinking of the Lusitania. Thereafter German propaganda was reconstructed under Doctor Albert, who had silence and wisdom; and Count von Bernstorff, who possessed guile and tact.

Count von Bernstorff was the German Ambassador and reported direct to the German Foreign Office in Berlin. Many of his reports were captured. They alone constitute a record. On October 27, 1916, he addressed a long cipher letter to the German Foreign Office on the general situation. Parts of it were as follows:

As to the value of weekly papers in general, there are here very different views. Mr. Bayard Hale wishes me to propose to you the founding of a first-class weekly, whereas I, in my Report No. 112, recommended the starting of a monthly. Personally, I think it entirely depends on whether we make a happy choice in respect to the editor. . . .

The fact of an American newspaper being subsidized can never be kept secret, because there is no reticence in this country. It always ends in my being held responsible for all the articles of any such paper. This is particularly undesirable when, as now, we are in an electoral campaign of the bitterest character, which is turning largely upon foreign policy.

It is particularly difficult in a hostile country to find suitable persons for help of this sort, and to this, as well as the Lusitania case, we may attribute the shipwreck of the German propaganda initiated by Herr Dernburg. Now that opinion is somewhat improved in our favor, and that we are no longer ostracized, we can take the work up again. As I said before, our success depends entirely upon finding the suitable people. We can then leave to them whether they will start a daily, weekly or monthly, and the sort of support to be given.

In my opinion we should always observe the principle that either a representative of ours should buy the paper, or that the proprietor should be secured by us by continuous support. The latter course has been followed by the English in respect to the New York —— and our enemies have spent here large sums in this manner. All the same I do not think that they pay regular subsidies. At least I never heard of such. This form of payment is moreover inadvisable, because one can never get free of the recipients. They all wish to become permanent pensioners of the empire, and if they fail in that they try to blackmail us. BERNSTORFF.

On November 2, 1916, Bernstorff addressed the following telegram to the German Foreign Office:

"I request by return telegraphic authority for payment of $50,000 to establish a first-class monthly magazine."

No Country for Secrets

Evidently at last he had found the ideal person. And it must have been sudden, for only the day before he had been pessimistic, and had, in this mood, addressed the following cipher message to the German Foreign Office:

As you will have learned from my previous report, we have since the Lusitania case endeavored to wind up all the so-called German propaganda, and especially to get rid of all dubious individuals. I can now say with a good conscience that we are no longer compromised. Some of the old affairs still hang on, but are more or less settled, although they will cause some further expenditure.

At the beginning of the war many things were undertaken by the Dernburg propaganda which would never have been undertaken if we could have seen that the war would be so long, because nothing can for long be kept secret in America. Since the Lusitania case we have strictly confined ourselves to such propaganda as cannot hurt us if it becomes known. The sole exception is perhaps the peace propaganda, which has cost the largest amount, but which also has been the most successful.

Latterly, I have been using the Embargo Association and some entirely reliable private intermediaries. I have also made use of the German University League, founded since the war. This has done its best to take the place of the German [undecipherable word] Association, which has been of no use during the war on account of its management. The League has published under my collaboration an excellent collection of reports on the war, which will be of great service to our cause. The support which I have already given the League is entered in the first quarter's account for 1916, Item No. 208. On the occasion of later installments to them, I will refer to this report.

BERNSTORFF.

On January 22, 1917, in a captured message, the German ambassador addressed the German Foreign Office in an urgent manner, saying:

I request authority to pay out up to $50,000 in order, as on former occasions, to influence Congress through the organization you know

(Continued on Page 161)

Nujol acts like Nature, said thousands of doctors

RECENTLY we made a country-wide investigation among leading doctors to learn why they advised the Nujol type of treatment for their patients.

81% were prescribing it. A large proportion said it was "The more natural method of treatment". As one doctor put it: "Laxatives are irritating. Their repeated use brings on the laxative habit. Nujol trains the system to act naturally but thoroughly".

Doctors who said they were advising the Nujol type of treatment told us they prescribed it in place of laxatives for these reasons: 1. Nujol is not habit-forming; 2. Nujol is a more natural method; 3. A lubricant is better than a laxative; 4. Nujol does not cause distress; 5. It is not irritating; and 6. Nujol gives lasting relief.

These reasons all spring from the fact that the action of Nujol is absolutely different from the action of laxatives. Laxatives and cathartics act by irritating the intestinal tract. Ultimately this may lead to serious illness.

Nujol acts entirely differently. It contains no drugs, no medicine of any kind. Its action is not chemical but mechanical. It merely softens and lubricates the waste matter in the intestines so that elimination is regular, natural and thorough.

Nujol appeals to the medical man because it is a simple, scientific and safe remedy for constipation, no matter how severe the case may be and no matter what else the patient may be suffering from. It is gentle in its action and pleasant to take. Children love it!

Nujol is a pure, Nature-given remedy. Get a bottle of Nujol from your druggist today and start treatment tonight. It is the way most doctors would advise you to overcome constipation, whether chronic or temporary.

Nujol

REG U.S. PAT. OFF.

For Constipation

Accept This TRIAL Offer

Nujol Laboratories, Room No. 827N,
26 Broadway, New York City

(In Canada, Address Nujol 165 Dufferin St., Toronto, Ont.)

Send me 4-day trial bottle of Nujol, the drugless remover of hidden constipation. Enclosed is 10 cents [illegible] Send a 32-page illustrated booklet "Outwitting Constipation". (For booklet alone, draw a line through 10 cents above, and send no money.)

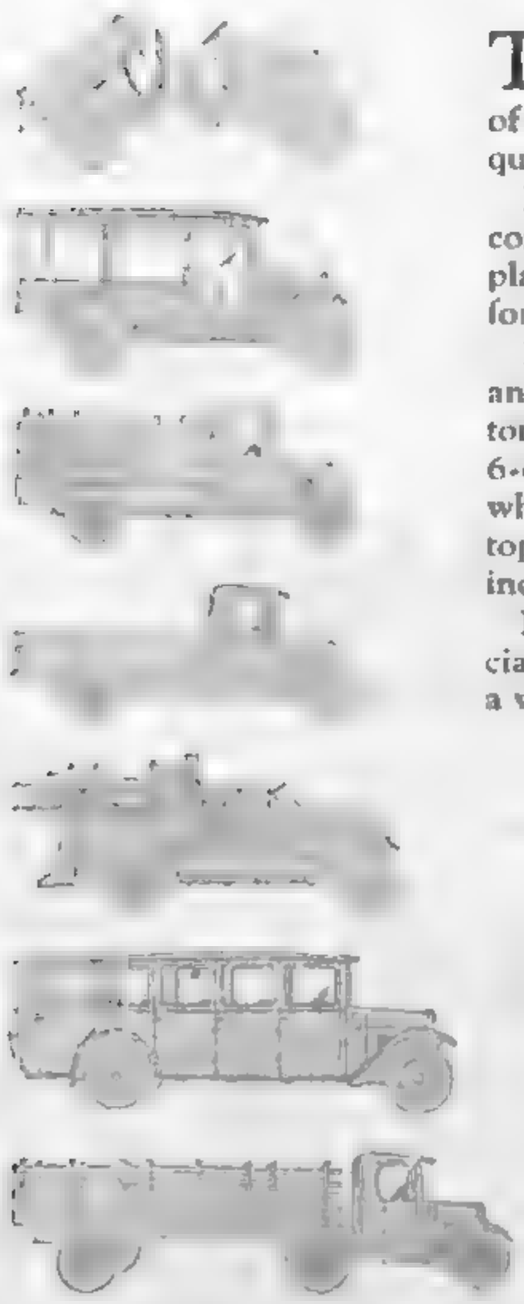
Name

Address

City State

© 1927 Standard Oil Co. (N. J.)

For 1927 the most complete line of 4 and 6-cylinder Speed Trucks

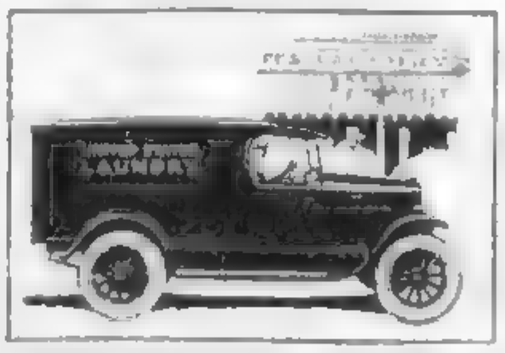


THE HARVESTER organization announces a complete line of improved Speed Trucks of six distinct chassis designs to meet every requirement for loads up to 1½ tons.

MODEL S is built to carry a 1¼-ton load. It comes equipped with a 4 or 6-cylinder power plant and with any type of body for hauling and delivery.

MODEL SL—safe and low and easy to work with—is a 1½-ton chassis with either a 4 or 6-cylinder engine and has a wheelbase of 160 inches. The top of the frame is only 24 inches from the ground.

MODEL SD is a handy, specially-built 1½-ton chassis with a wheelbase of 110 inches, designed for dump or tractor work. It is ideal for general contracting, road building, and trailer hauling.



For light, quick hauls we suggest our "Special Delivery," a fast and sturdy model for ½-ton loads. Any type of body.

Every International Speed Truck is a truck from the ground up—not a rebuilt passenger car. Engine, clutch, transmission, axles, springs, frame, and all the other essentials are the result of 22 years of truck building experience.

Whether your loads run to bulk or weight, whether your business calls for style and distinction or plain utility in its hauling equipment—there is a 4 or 6-cylinder Speed Truck in either a 1¼ or 1½-ton chassis made to meet your needs exactly.

The International line also includes Heavy-Duty Trucks up to 5 tons capacity, Motor Coaches, and the McCormick-Deering Industrial Tractor

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
OF AMERICA
(INCORPORATED)
606 So. Michigan Ave. Chicago, Ill.

124 Company-owned Branches in the United States

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER TRUCKS

(Continued from Page 158)

of, which can perhaps prevent war. I am beginning in the meantime to act accordingly.
BERNSTORFF.

Now suddenly Congress was bombarded with telegrams of protest against a declaration of war, as, for example: (1) "Your constituents urge and expect you to stand like a rock against the passing frenzy of insane and criminal folly on the part of the small portion of interested persons who are clamoring for war"; (2) "If warlike rumors coming from Washington are true, will you let me reassure you that the great majority of your constituents stand for peace, believe war now unnecessary and uncalled for, and will resent being precipitated into the European conflict"; (3) "As today's reports indicate that this country is likely to be rushed into the European war, let me assure you that I and your constituents, who will be the real sufferers, will bitterly resent anything but calm action, and calm action means peace continuing."

Such telegrams were printed on sheets, in series, many to a sheet, and rushed about the country with instructions as follows:

Please sign one of these telegrams and have voters each sign one telegram. Cross off the telegrams that are not signed and then hold this sheet until we wire you to telegraph it. Then please send it without delay.

It was a stupid performance, with no trace of critical imagination; as if only three or four variations in the phrasing could possibly disguise the fact that an irruption of thousands of telegrams all in a few hours was an artificial phenomenon.

Before this, the work of the American Arms Embargo Conference had made a deep impression upon public opinion. It was actively supported by thousands of American citizens, even members of Congress. There were Americans so passionately opposed to war that to avoid it they were willing to support a German propaganda; others to whom the trade in munitions was ethically repugnant; and many, of course, whose personal sympathies were on the German side, and this was without prejudice to their loyalty as American citizens afterward.

The same was true of the German University League, to which many Americans of true distinction in the intellectual life of the country attached their names and gave their enthusiasm, never knowing it was a political instrument of the German Foreign Office. Well, in any case it was no crime. There were many Americans who took German money to write and talk and work for the German cause, knowing it was German money—Americans of good repute did this—and it was not unlawful so long as this country's rôle was neutral.

With Unlimited Freedom

Foreign propaganda as a political evil has never been seriously considered. There is the point. The only defense against it is the individual's faculty of censorship, and that is merely personal skepticism as opposed to a purposeful, constant and highly organized effort to disarm it.

There was nothing in principle illegal in either the British or German propaganda—not even when it was furtive. There is, of course, overt propaganda, such as conspiracy to procure strikes or incitements to violence and disorder. That kind is illegal. The Germans were guilty of overt propaganda too, but that we have not touched. They did systematically seek to cause labor trouble in munitions works and steel plants, and to interfere with communications and transit.

Short of the overt offense, within regard of the law, the freedom of foreign propaganda is unlimited. The foreign propagandist has as much right as an American to spread his emotional ideas about, or to hire them advocated. Our notion has always been that everyone has a right to get his case stated. That runs to governments as well as to persons, groups and parties. We not only are tolerant of their doing so—we encourage it. Only, where is the line at which the case ends and propaganda begins? Where is the period between access to public opinion and the organized effort to control it? There is neither line nor period. Our rule about foreign propaganda seems to be only this—that if they can put it over on us, that is our own fault.

We begin to know what was done to us as a neutral nation by the belligerents, under this open license. We know it historically, because there happens to be a record. We knew very little about it at the time.

In every rift of American opinion there was acting a foreign principle of aggravation. In the wound of every internal dissension about the war there was foreign acid. Latent chemistries of feeling were elaborated, our emotions were flagellated, not for American ends—for foreign ends. We were often debating unawares not differences between American points of view but the conflict between British and German efforts to control public opinion for uses of victory, thinking it was our own conflict; or perhaps debating differences between what might have been an American policy on one side and a German-American, a British-American or a Franco-American policy on the other. This has nothing whatever to do with the merits of any policy.

The Long and Short of It

Neutrality was, let us say, an American policy. It ceased to be an American policy; it became first a German-American policy and then outright a German policy. Participation on the side of the Allies was in the beginning a British policy. It became the American policy, and it is impossible for us ever to know the extent to which we were influenced by foreign propaganda in making up our national mind.

It is a morbid trait of our national character to entertain and adopt foreign opinion. This weakness the foreign propagandist shrewdly improves.

We have in this country, for example, a British point of view and a French point of view on the war debts; in neither England nor France is there an American point of view on the war debts. We have an aggressively advanced European point of view on the World Court, on the League of Nations, on our moral responsibility for the postwar ills of the world. There is nowhere in Europe an American point of view on what happened to American idealism at Versailles.

We run no political propaganda in Europe. European propaganda in the United States is constant and very wise. It differs from wartime propaganda as to objectives, naturally, and in character somewhat, since its ends are farther away and require to be pursued with more refinement.

"The time factor," says the Britannica essayist, "is vital. If a quick . . . victory is possible, opportunism may be more useful than exactitude. If . . . a protracted campaign is expected, caution is required in suppression or in misstatement."

Count von Bernstorff understood that principle. In one of his reports to the German Foreign Office he said: "At the beginning of the war many things were undertaken by the Dernburg propaganda which would never have been undertaken if we could have seen that the war would be so long."

That is to say, in a long campaign you need to be much more careful not to get found out.

All the new knowledge of the furtive science gained in wartime now is adapted to peacetime aims. There was, before the war, great skill both of offense and defense among the nations of Europe, practicing propaganda on one another. The principal defense was, and still is, a consistent inhospitality of the press to foreign argument. It would be impossible for us to harangue the British in the British press or the French in the French press on the payment of war debts as they harangue Americans in the American press on the subject of cancellation.

Mardi Gras at New Orleans

See it On Your Way to California

ALL the gorgeous revelry of France and old Madrid, joyous, carefree and colorful—a tale from the Arabian Nights which comes to life each year in America's most fascinating city.

Street parades and festivities February 24th to March 1st. Also many balls are given during January and February. See them on your way to California via

SUNSET LIMITED

A splendid, de luxe daily train New Orleans to Los Angeles, San Diego, and San Francisco. Stopovers at New Orleans allowed on all tickets via Sunset Route.

Club Car, Observation Car and latest type Dining and Sleeping Cars. Convenient service for the 120-mile motor side trip over the famous Apache Trail and for the marvelous Carriso Gorge.

For information and literature address

New York 165 Broadway
Chicago 33 W. Jackson Blvd.
New Orleans Pan. Am. Bank Bldg.

Sunset Route

Houston So. Pacific Bldg.
Los Angeles Pacific Electric Bldg.
San Francisco Southern Pacific Bldg.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC LINES

An Alliance Agent is ready to aid you

A MORE complete insurance protection is available to the property-owner today than ever before.

But, because modern property-insurance is now so inclusive, it is also more ramified.

Hence, the Alliance Agent has become of almost indispensable assistance to property-owners in arranging their insurance coverage.

Your Alliance Agent knows of various forms of property protection with which many business men are not yet familiar.

Furthermore, he knows how to plan coverage for each individual case so that the policyholder shall enjoy the fullest possible protection on the most economical basis.

The Alliance Agent will give you the benefit of his specialized knowledge without cost to you; or without obligation on your part.

ALLIANCE Insurance

THE ALLIANCE INSURANCE COMPANY OF PHILADELPHIA
Sixteenth Street at the Parkway

All the principal European governments make large annual appropriations for propaganda in foreign countries. In some cases it is concealed as an ambiguous entry in the budget.

We make it less expensive for them than it should be. We ourselves pay an enormous annual bill for transmitting foreign harangue by wireless and cable and printing it *in extenso*. American newspapers print more foreign news than the newspapers of all the rest of the world put together.

To work the American press with an idea, an emotion, a denunciation of American policy or a political libel it is necessary only for the foreign government to get it printed in its own press or for someone to utter it in the parliament. The American correspondents seize it instantly and cable it to us—at our expense. An editorial writer on the London Standard writes on our moral decline thus: "It was on American inspiration that the European powers united like a bag of snakes on the assumption that America would play the part of snake charmer in chief. That part she refused. She reverted to isolation, from which she emerged in the character of debt collector."

The American correspondents cable or wireless this to the United States and it is displayed on the front pages of American newspapers.

Working the American press with propaganda for debt cancellation has been for several years the leading activity of the foreign-government bureaus charged with the task of acting upon American opinion. And how absurdly easy it has been to do it! The successive phases have been clearly distinguished. The British at first argued the matter rationally, in shrewd humor. Argument having failed, as we found no equity or reasonableness in it, the propaganda was launched.

First, the Shylock stuff. That was sound as propaganda, with reference to the principle that you must always create a hateful symbol. The Shylock *motif* was officially developed in the notorious Balfour note to Great Britain's war debtors, saying England would take from them only what was necessary to meet the usurious demand of the United States. Instantly the press of Europe seized theme and symbol in comment and cartoon, and the American press, as was expected, gave it thousands of columns of space.

The Anvil Chorus

Next the hate stop was pulled. Europe hated us. Could we bear to be the most hated people in the world? We paid the cable tolls on that question and discussed it excitedly.

The Shylock symbol grew old. Then the rich-man symbol—that great rich republic across the seas taking to itself the German reparations with which Europe had hoped to restore her life. This *motif* was officially developed by the British Chancellor of the Exchequer. It served for a time. We gave it much more publicity than it received in Europe. But in view of the fact that instead of taking anything out of Europe we were putting from $500,000,000 to $750,000,000 more each year into Europe, and Europe desperately desired us to continue doing so, the absurdity of that theme became too grotesque.

It was then for the French to develop the theme of economic slavery. Precisely because we were pouring a stream of money into Europe at the rate of $500,000,000 to $750,000,000 a year, and shamefully asking security for it—for that reason we were financial imperialists, seeking to reduce Europe to a state of economic servitude. This idea we exploited in the American press, as we had exploited all the others.

The British meanwhile had found a new line. Yes, of course. Debts were debts and we had a right to collect them. But we couldn't expect to be admired for it. If we took the money, we should be unloved forever. And what a shame! So soon after we had been the most popular people in the world, with power to do unlimited good! Moreover, had we thought how dangerous it was to stand alone, apart from the good will of the world? Who could tell what might happen?

This is the shame-and-threat *motif* now developing. Rhythm, harmony and orchestration perfect. Everyone collaborating in the same theme until it is changed.

There is an American policy as to the war debts. Roughly, it is to expect our debtors to pay what they can afford, as they can afford it, and the settlements range from eighty cents on the dollar in the case of Great Britain, based on her own estimate of what she could afford, down to less than twenty-five cents on the dollar in the case of Italy. The unratified settlement made with France calls for the repayment, with interest, only of the sums she borrowed from the United States Treasury after the Armistice.

If this policy does not represent the opinion of a great majority of the American people, then the Congress and the President are out of their heads. Anyone, of course, is free to criticize the policy. Various opinions are sincerely arguable from an American point of view. Yet how strange that all the arguments current among us against this official American war-debt policy are the same as the European arguments. There may be an American case for debt cancellation; if there is, it cannot be distinguished from the European case, for it is stated in the same terms, including even the misrepresentations of fact. Where dissenting American opinion ends and propagated foreign opinion begins it is impossible to say.

Friendship and Decorations

In every controversy you will find Americans on the foreign side. Many are internationalists, political and religious, who thereby express themselves against nationalism. Some are such as find advantage and prestige in advocating foreign opinion. Some belong to that type of person who takes always the neighbor's part against his own family to prove he is liberal-minded or for fear of seeming partial. There are those, lastly, whose emotions and sympathies are engaged as by ties of race, association or friendship.

Foreign propaganda has many kinds of coin, not the least dangerous of which may be a kind the recipient takes unawares. This, of course, is very delicate ground, especially because Americans are romantic in friendship and seldom suspect it. It is delicate for the reason, besides, that in no case can one say precisely at what point the use of friendship is unpardonable. It lies all in the intent.

Historically, there exists in this country a lively sentiment of friendship for France. The French have cultivated it with characteristic grace of manner. During the war and since, particularly since, they have been prodigal in bestowing decorations upon Americans. There are nearly 2500 American members of the French Order of the Legion of Honor.

Doubtless a universal exchange of such amenities would greatly promote friendship and good will, provided, of course, all were equally jealous not to use their gallant orders for ungallant purposes. The possibility of misusing them is not a gratuitous thought. It occurred to the French long ago, about themselves and their own order, and they made a strict rule that no member of the French parliament should receive the decoration of the Legion of Honor, lest the government be suspected of buying votes with that coin.

Among the American members of the French Legion of Honor are bankers, lawyers, members of Congress, editors, writers and reporters. The Brooklyn Eagle printed the whole list on November 22, 1925, and the correspondent who cabled it said:

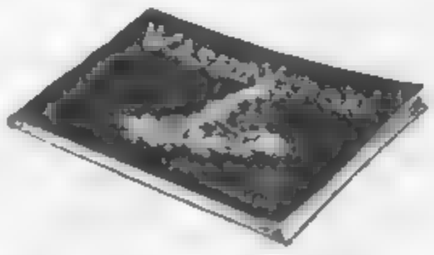
"Newspaper men and writers sometimes get it. Several during the war were decorated on the field of battle. Several since

(Continued on Page 165)

All that I am
I owe to my Mother.
—ABRAHAM LINCOLN

ETERNAL INSPIRATION TO THE YOUTH OF AMERICA

When you have stood in the Lincoln Memorial at the feet of the heroic statue of the great Emancipator, Abraham Lincoln -:- inspired by memories of the lad whose will to rise carried him from lowly boyhood to the highest rank his country could grant -:- when you have bowed before the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier -:- when you have marveled at the mighty golden dome of the Capitol -:- when you have visited Mt. Vernon, the home of the Father of Our Country -:- when scenes renowned in history are a reality -:- then you will feel the spirit that is America.



This Album will be sent upon request, by the

BALTIMORE & OHIO

The only route between New York and Chicago or St. Louis passing directly through Washington

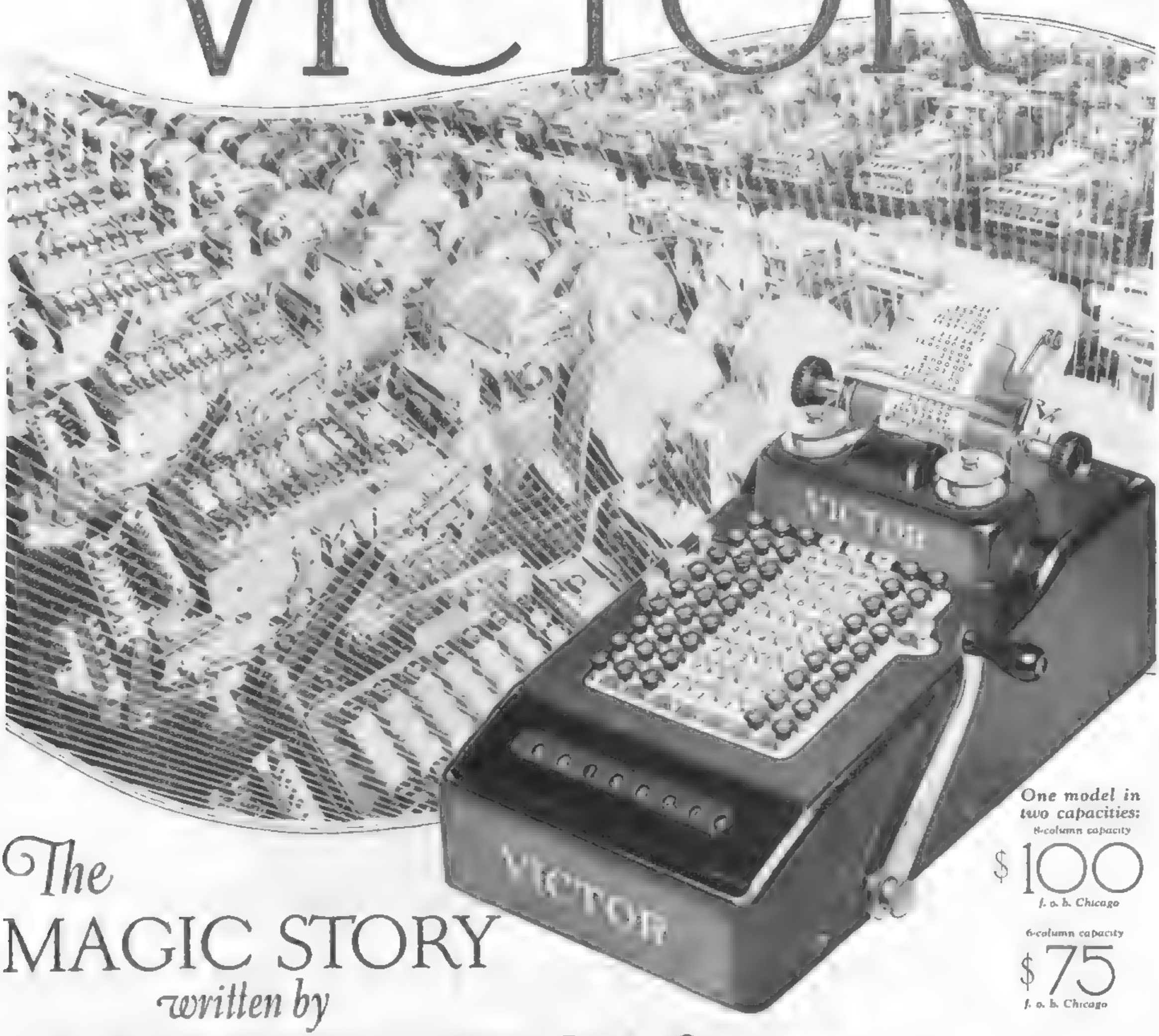
A visit to Washington is unforgettable -:- educational -:- an inspiration to patriotism. And, that you may plan before you go -:- that you may be prepared to fill every hour of your stay with interest, the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad has prepared an Album of Washington Views. May we send you a copy? Simply fill out and mail the coupon below.

NAME ADDRESS

W. B. Calloway, Passenger Traffic Manager, Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, Baltimore, Md. Send Album of Washington Views

© 1927, B. & O. R.R.

VICTOR



One model in two capacities:

8-column capacity
$100
f. o. b. Chicago

6-column capacity
$75
f. o. b. Chicago

The MAGIC STORY written by 100,000 VICTORS

THE STORY BEGINS WITH A MECHANICAL TEST OF FIFTY-THOUSAND STROKES PICTURED ABOVE

CAN you think of any machine that literally performs the work of the human brain—except an adding and calculating machine? Consider the function of such a machine. Of necessity it is among the most intricate of mechanical devices.

Victor from the start concentrated on the single-model idea of manufacture. Year after year, Victor has built just this one model—always in increasing quantities. The same engineers, foremen and workmen—day in, day out—have turned out this basic Victor mechanism. This single model has become their working religion—their industrial lives. Our factory was created to build just this one model.

Can you imagine what the result of this extraordinary concentration has been—this concentration never before attempted in the adding machine industry?

It has achieved as nearly 100% durability in intricate mechanism as has ever been known to industry! It has given you a machine that is trouble-proof beyond belief. No one knows how long a Victor will last, *for no Victor has ever worn out.*

Such is the story of perfect performance that has been written by one hundred thousand Victors. Victor has established a new standard of durability in the adding machine industry.

Have you ever wondered why 3000 dealers, the foremost in America, sell the Victor? They know this magic story. Ask your dealer to tell you the story—he will bring a Victor with him so you may try it without obligation. Victor Adding Machine Company, 3946 North Rockwell Street, Chicago, Illinois.

(Continued from Page 162)

have received the award after a long series of articles in which the cause of France was fervently championed."

It is possible for one who has been decorated by the French Government as a friend of France to write impartially about the French; it is quite possible also for such a one to write in a partial manner without meaning to do it, expounding the French theme of economic slavery and the European theme of threat. But one does not read that the war debts, which alone are the subject of this heart-breaking propaganda, now tend to become insignificant as a financial matter in contrast with the enormous sums European governments and industries have borrowed since the war, and continue to borrow from American private investors for all manner of politic, economic and political purposes, including armaments and the expense of exploiting the colonial wealth taken by the victors from Germany.

There is not the least enigma about the state of feeling in Europe toward the United States. It is compounded of simple elements—fear, envy, avarice. We are feared as the most powerful nation, envied because we make and consume so many things; access to our wealth is the great desire.

The International Mind

Now suppose you were inventing a momentous propaganda with intent to influence the American mind in Europe's interest. What would be its cardinal points? Obviously these:

That Americans should charge the war debts to themselves; that the United States should sit with the powers of Europe in the League of Nations and submit to the World Court; that it should be content with the second largest navy and practice unpreparedness for war; that it should denationalize its ambitions, regard its wealth as a gift in trust for the benefit of the world, and feel internationally.

Those are the cardinal points of foreign propaganda. They are the points also of a parallel, powerfully equipped American propaganda.

The coincidence in itself is not sinister. You may easily trace the native growth of the underlying ideas. First, this is verily the least nationalistic great nation that has ever appeared in the world, the most international-minded. Second, it is of all nations the one most ardently committed to the ideal of peace, the first ever to combine vast material power with a truly pacific theory of foreign relations.

As to the international-mindedness, our part in the war was high evidence. We had nothing to gain as a nation, said so, believed it—and took nothing. That we assert our nationalism, as in the bandied phrase "100 per cent American," is a minus sign. The state of mind is one we do not take for granted; it has to be asserted. This is significant. Ask a Britisher if he is 100 per cent British, a Frenchman if he is 100 per cent French, or a German likewise, and they will not know what you mean. You might as well ask them if they are 100 per cent biped or mammal.

We have gone very deep with internationalism, even to the gristle. International ways of thinking are taught in the schools. The Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, believing international-mindedness essential to its aims, has been for several years establishing in libraries throughout the country International Mind Alcoves, providing the books gratis. "There are now 120 International Mind Alcoves," the director reported last year, adding: "Everywhere great care has been taken to develop the children's part of the library, and it is planned to send to appropriate libraries a small collection of children's books to form the basis of what might be called a Junior International Mind Alcove." The Carnegie Endowment also promotes International Relations Clubs among students in colleges, universities and normal schools, and provides them with advice, literature and speakers.

From international thinking has evolved an intellectual cult of internationalism; from the ideal of world peace has come a zealotry for international friendship that would destroy all obstacles in a crusading spirit. These two motions of the American mind are reciprocal, and so act together as to produce a propaganda against any selfish interpretation of American interests, against nationalism, for the World Court, for the League of Nations, for any material sacrifice necessary to gain the love of the world. It redefines patriotism to accord with an international creed; it sees not the slightest reason why it should not fuse with foreign propaganda to achieve its ends. It has the weakness of all propaganda for selecting its facts to mold the truth.

Take the literature scattered by the League of Nations Nonpartisan Association, Inc., on last Armistice Day in the streets of New York. One piece of it read:

THE WORLD COURT
DO AMERICANS WANT IT?

Presidents McKinley, Roosevelt, Taft, Wilson, Harding, all worked to establish such a Court.

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE IS FOR IT

AMERICA IS OVERWHELMINGLY BEHIND HIM

Now with great good will the nations are accepting our terms, only slightly modified. The final adjustment is up to us. After thirty years' effort our goal is within reach.

BUT

A well-organized minority, always obstructive, is blocking the way. They have seized upon a technicality in order to nullify the Senate's action.

If you stand behind the President, let him hear from you!

WRITE TO THE PRESIDENT

WRITE TO YOUR TWO SENATORS

Get your organization to send a resolution.

ACT TODAY

The symbol there to be hated is a wicked minority bent on defeating the overwhelming will of America. Why? With what bad motive? The appeal is emotional purely. There is no argument, merely assertion. It is a perfect example of the art. No single statement is exactly misleading; the total impression is.

A Different Meaning

"The World Court" means, of course, the League of Nations' Permanent Court of International Justice. That is not the same thing as a world court. McKinley and Roosevelt were for a world court; whether they would have been for this World Court or not nobody possibly can know. It may be that America is overwhelmingly for a world court; it probably is. That it is overwhelmingly for this World Court may be doubted. It has never voted that way. And as for President Coolidge, on the same Armistice Day, in a speech at Kansas City, he was saying as to the World Court, not a world court, as follows:

"While the nations involved cannot yet be said to have made a final determination, and from most of them no answer has been received, many of them have indicated that they are unwilling to concur in the conditions adopted by the resolution of the Senate. While no final decision can be made by our Government until final answers are received, the situation has been sufficiently developed so that I feel warranted in saying that I do not intend to ask the Senate to modify its position. I do not believe the Senate would take favorable action on any such proposal, and unless the requirements of the Senate are met by the other interested nations, I can see no prospect of this country adhering to the court."

So it is not the case of a wicked minority seizing upon a technicality to nullify the Senate's action and defeat the will of America—not precisely. The question is: Shall America surrender the leading principle embodied in the Senate resolution pledging us to the World Court under certain conditions? President Coolidge is wholeheartedly for a world court. He is for this World Court only under definite conditions.

Men like its club-like comfort
Women like its cleanliness

FOR your living room—your office—Smokador brings unimagined smoking comfort and *cleanliness*. It means an end to messy ash-trays, spilled ashes, scarred tables, and holes burned into rugs. A draught through an open window will not scatter powdery ashes over the room.

Cigarette and cigar stubs, pipe ashes, used matches are simply dropped through the hollow tube into the generous sized air-tight bowl—where they remain out of sight and *smell*.

Snuffer Clips that snuff

Danger from fire is eliminated—forgotten smokes left in the cleverly devised Snuffer Clips are snuffed out automatically when they burn up to the clips—a *real* safeguard.

No spilling—easy to empty

No spilling—if anyone accidentally knocks against Smokador, the *patented* "rock-a-by" bowl brings it immediately to an upright position. To clean, merely unscrew the stem from bowl and empty. As simple as that.

Ashes drop through to the bowl—no odor—it cannot tip over

Insist on the GENUINE Smokador

Do not be deceived into buying an imitation of the genuine *patented* Smokador. Look for the name, Smokador, on the match-box holder, or on the bottom of the bowl. This trade mark is the guarantee of genuineness, and will *protect* you against mistakes. Smokador is the ashless ash-stand with the patented "rock-a-by" base that does not tip over. *Insist on it.*

Smokador is made of durable metal—graceful in line with a particularly attractive finish. It blends charmingly with the furnishings of any room. It appeals especially to people of discriminating taste.

Five colors to choose from, mahogany, dark bronze, Chinese red, olive green and willow green. Ask for Smokador at your dealer's. Or send $10.50, check or money order—($11.00, west of Mississippi)—with the coupon below. Your Smokador will be delivered to you promptly through the nearest dealer. Smokador Manufacturing Co., Inc., 130 West 42nd Street, New York.

TRADE MARK
Smokador
REG U.S PAT OFF.
does not tip over
© 1927, S.M.CO.,INC.

Smokador Manufacturing Co., Inc., 130 West 42nd Street, New York
S. E. P. 1-15-27

I enclose (check) (money order) for $10.50 (west of the Mississippi, $11.00) Please send one Smokador to be delivered through nearest dealer. Color desired is herewith checked:

Dark Bronze [ ] Mahogany [ ]
Chinese Red [ ] Olive Green [ ]
Willow Green [ ]

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *State*

Compare the cable section illustrated with Cooper Armored Cord Construction. In both each strand is individually armored for strength.

ARMORED CORD CONSTRUCTION builds super-strength into the Cooper 6-ply Balloon

JUST as the great Trans-Continental Telegraph Cable is armored against the wear and tear of the elements, so the new Cooper 6-ply Balloon is armored against the shocks and jolts of the road.

Cooper Armored Cord Construction individually armors each of the hundreds of tough, sinewy cords in the Cooper 6-ply Balloon. Each cord is thoroughly impregnated and surrounded with a protecting cushion of live, resilient, pure gum rubber . . . totally shielded from bruising, battering road shocks.

This revolutionary new Cooper construction has built herculean strength into the Cooper 6-ply Balloon. It increases the inherent strength of each individual cord . . . armors it . . . protects it . . . creates an almost impenetrable wall of cord and rubber, tougher than any bump.

Cooper Armored Cord Construction wards off road shocks before they do damage . . . it reduces riding heat to an absolute minimum . . . it eliminates disastrous friction . . . cords never touch one another as the tire flexes . . . it effectively fortifies the vulnerable point where tire havoc begins. Still, this soft rubber cushion actually increases the flexibility and roadability of the tire itself.

Armored Cord Construction is distinctly a Cooper achievement developed exclusively for Cooper Long Service Tires . . . Balloons and Heavy Duty. It will pay you to investigate this new construction that reduces tire costs and tire troubles. See your Cooper dealer.

DEALERS: The new Armored Cord Construction of Cooper Long Service Tires offers unusual opportunity for live dealers everywhere. Write for complete information regarding the valuable Cooper franchise.

Cooper
LONG SERVICE
TIRES

THE COOPER CORPORATION
Founded 1904
General Offices, Cincinnati, Ohio. Factories, Findlay and Cincinnati, Ohio.

And when it comes to a question of giving way on those conditions, he says no.

The League of Nations Nonpartisan Association works through (1) an educational department to reach schools, libraries and churches; (2) a library of information; (3) motion pictures for schools, churches and clubs, "to stimulate interest in the League of Nations"; (4) stereopticon slides for the same purpose; (5) a speakers' bureau; (6) an information bureau; and (7) a publicity department to dispense information "through the medium of newspapers and periodicals."

It has an enormous output of literature, one feature of which is the League of Nations News, a monthly magazine to present "articles of fact." To the October number Raymond B. Fosdick contributed an article entitled, American Obscurantism at Geneva, in which he said:

"When Sir George Foster, of Canada, finished his quiet analysis of the Senate's reservations and the spirit behind them, there were few Americans present who did not feel the humiliation of our position. . . . In our modern world," says Mr. Fosdick again, "nationalism, with its attendant patriotic emotions and loyalties, has increasingly taken a form which threatens to be the chief rival of Christianity."

Among the numerous pamphlets of the League of Nations Nonpartisan Association is one entitled International Friendship Through Children's Books, by Clara W. Hunt, who tells an anecdote and points its moral thus:

"Recently I gave a lantern-slide talk on England and Scotland to a group of children in a Jewish tenement district of Brooklyn. . . . When I had finished, an awkward, loyal-hearted fourteen-year-old said to me, 'Miss Hunt, I don't like to have you say those countries are better than America. America first, always.'

"And I answered, 'By all means let us try to make America first in justice, in honesty, in helpfulness to men, but never in boastfulness and in blindness to any lessons of beauty and real greatness which other countries can teach us.'

"The boy looked at me as dazedly as if I had addressed him in Choctaw. What I have been saying illustrates things well known to you, but I wish to bring again before us these perfectly familiar ideas in order to emphasize:

"First, the importance of giving young children the right kind of prejudices.

"Second, the fact that some kinds of books may be used to implant just the prejudices we mean."

Method and Technic

The Carnegie Endowment for International Peace devotes an income of more than $500,000 a year to educational internationalism, to the subvention of societies and periodicals and to the spread of propaganda for the World Court and the League of Nations.

The Church Peace Union, also endowed by the late Andrew Carnegie, has a budget of approximately $150,000 a year. It works chiefly by means of the World Alliance for Promoting International Friendship Through the Churches. It created this organization and supports it with funds. The World Alliance has an international committee with representatives from twenty-five nations.

The Archbishop of Canterbury is president; Sir Willoughby Dickinson, of London, is secretary.

The American Branch of the World Alliance has been developed as a tremendous sales organization, to sell the international vision. Much of its literature is devoted to exposition of method and technic—how to organize field days, how to reach business and professional men through dinners and luncheons, how to get up public meetings, how to procure publicity in the local papers. "Too much importance cannot be attached to arranging for brief addresses before students all the way from grammar schools up to the universities." A pamphlet on principles and methods says: "The fullest advantage will be taken of the possibilities of influencing public sentiment through the printed page," and among the "phases to be emphasized" is "the cultivation of a large number of the editors of the great daily papers and magazines."

The chairman of the executive committee of the American Branch of the World Alliance for International Friendship Through the Churches is Fred B. Smith. On October eighteenth last he addressed the Presbyterian Synod of New York at Elmira, and according to the Elmira Star-Gazette's report of his speech he said:

"Americans are crying out nationalism like was heard in Germany some years ago. It is possible that such a spirited nationalism was never heard in Germany. The spirit of the people who are shouting that they are 100 per cent American is that spirit which will start a war. Lord Pomeroy stated that America will provoke the next war. If America demands every farthing which she has loaned to European nations, there will be a war. Those debts can never be paid. The politicians know this, but they are keeping it quiet because a presidential election will be here soon."

Peace Cabinets

The Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, incorporated under a special act of the New York Legislature, is perhaps the most aggressive of all organizations for internationalism. It has a budget of more than $300,000 a year and its annual report is a book of 265 pages. Like the World Alliance, with which it coöperates, it devotes painstaking attention to organization and method. In a pamphlet entitled What Pastors and Churches Can Do it is suggested that each church shall have a peace cabinet, and that the peace cabinet shall teach the people, among other things, how to write short personal letters to members of Congress and to the President; how to get up petitions; how to write letters to the newspapers; how to circulate literature, and so forth. Once a year the pastor should invite the congregation, at the end of special peace services, to repeat in unison the "International Creed."

The Federal Council is very definite in its aims. It is for the World Court. On Armistice Day, 1925, it circulated among the churches a two-color eight-page document entitled America's Choice, and the choice was the World Court or another war. It is for the League of Nations. It is against preparedness. The Study Conference, in its message to the churches, recently said: "We deplore and regard as unnecessary the proposed organization of industry under the Government in preparation for possible war." This from the minutes of the executive committee: "Dr. Gulick . . . spoke also in detail . . . of the vicious propaganda which has recently been widespread in support of a bigger navy."

Political, economic and financial matters touching in any way the good will among nations are moral problems, and the Federal Council faces them. On Page 127 of the 1925 annual report: "It must be confessed that the feeling of some of the people of Europe in general toward the United States is that we are a selfish, mercenary people, due to unwise procedure in the way of handling the debts."

It proposes to be debated such questions as these: Has a nation the right to regulate its tariffs regardless of the disasters its rates may inflict on other people? Is the question of immigration strictly domestic? Has a nation absolute right to the mineral or food resources within its territory?

On the subject of the free-trade manifesto issued last October by a European group of bankers and industrialists, with some American signatures—a document regarded at Washington as foreign propaganda against the American policy of protection—the Information Service of the

(Continued on Page 169)

AGAIN — EUREKA WINS GRAND PRIZE at Sesqui-Centennial International Exposition, Philadelphia

In recognition of the remarkable effectiveness of the Eureka "High-Vacuum" Principle of Cleaning—simplicity of design and rugged construction—the International Jury of the Sesqui-Centennial Exposition, Philadelphia, bestowed upon the great Eureka the Grand Prize, highest and most coveted of all awards for electric cleaners.

Eureka users everywhere — over 1,700,000 in number—will be pleased to learn how impressively their judgment has been confirmed by the verdict of the distinguished Sesqui-Centennial International Jury.

Seventh Smashing Victory

This great victory won by the Eureka in competition with the world's best electric cleaners at the Sesqui-Centennial Exposition is the seventh time the Eureka has received the Grand Prize or Highest Award in international competition.

GRAND PRIZE at Sesqui-Centennial International Exposition, Philadelphia, in 1926

HIGHEST AWARD and Silver Medal at Royal Sanitary Institute, London, England, in 1922

GRAND PRIZE and Gold Medal at Exposition D'Hygiene, Paris, France, in May, 1921

HIGHEST AWARD DIPLOMA and Gold Medal at Ideal Home Exposition, Amsterdam, Holland, in July, 1920

GRAND PRIZE and Gold Medal at Exposition Industry, Milan, Italy, in July, 1920

GRAND PRIZE and Gold Medal at the Inter-European Hygienic Exposition, Brussels, Belgium, in June, 1920

GRAND PRIZE—the highest award obtainable—at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, San Francisco, in 1915

You may have a Free Trial in your own home

Eureka dealers everywhere will gladly give you an opportunity to observe the wonderful cleaning effectiveness that has made the Eureka the first choice of international experts. A phone call will bring the Eureka (with its famous "High-Vacuum" Cleaning Attachments) right to your door. Take it and use it as if it were your own. And, remember, you can purchase the Eureka on extremely easy terms.

EUREKA VACUUM CLEANER COMPANY, DETROIT, U. S. A.
Largest Manufacturers of Vacuum Cleaners in the World
Canadian Factory: Kitchener, Ontario
Foreign Branches: 8 Fisher St., London, W. C. 1, England; 58-60 Margaret St., Sydney, Australia

(319)

"High-Vacuum" Did It

This Grand Prize Award is a triumph of the Eureka "High-Vacuum" Principle of Cleaning. See this test on an apparently clean rug.

The Grand Prize

EUREKA
VACUUM CLEANER
It Gets the Dirt

Shaped in Steel

ROOFS *that* INSURE *three-fold protection*

REGARDLESS of the type of building it covers, whether it be a residence, a factory, a warehouse, a school, a garage, whatever the occupancy of the structure, a roof should provide:

Protection from the Weather
Protection from Fire
Protection from Lightning

Roofs which are formed from Sheet Steel provide all three of these essential forms of protection—adequately and completely.

There is a form of Sheet Steel roofing suitable for every type of architecture and every kind of building. Corrugated Sheet Steel—flat sheets with standing seams and shingles of various shapes and designs—interlocking enameled tiles and the popular Spanish Mission tile, these latter stamped or pressed from Sheet Steel.

Sheet Steel roofs provide complete protection, durability and fine architectural effects.

Ask your sheet metal contractor about them.

Roofing is only one of the multitude of valuable uses of Sheet Steel. From it is made beautiful furniture for the home, the hotel, the hospital, the office. Steel lath insures better plastering for walls and ceilings, minimizes fire hazards and prevents cracking of plaster.

For a wider understanding of how this "material of universal adaptability" may be capable of serving you, ask for a copy of our booklet, "The Service of Sheet Steel to The Public." Address SHEET STEEL TRADE EXTENSION COMMITTEE, OLIVER BUILDING, PITTSBURGH, PA.

MASTER TEC BRAND

This trade-mark stenciled on galvanized Sheet Steel is definite insurance to the buyer that every sheet so branded is of prime quality—full weight for the gauge stamped on the sheet—never less than 28 gauge—and that the galvanizing is of the full weight and quality established by the SHEET STEEL TRADE EXTENSION COMMITTEE *specification*

SHEET STEEL

for Strength Safety Beauty *and* Economy

(Continued from Page 166)

Federal Council said: "There are many who believe that the tariff question is a fundamentally ethical question, just as truly as war is an ethical question, and who see in tariffs and trade barriers a permanent bar to world peace and fellowship."

It is not for any ethical reason that the governments, the bankers and the industrialists of Europe aim their propaganda at the tariff walls of the United States. They want free access to the richest market in the world, for profit. No matter. The Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America says, "The most subtle and sinister causes of war are national monopolies of materials, transportation and markets essential to modern industrial nations."

It follows that it is wrong for us to monopolize our own market. We ought to share it.

"The fact is," says the Federal Council's commissioner to Europe, page 126 of the annual report, 1925, "that within every nation, America included, there are two elements among the people, two types of spirit and ideal, the progressive and humanitarian on the one side and the selfishly national and socially reactionary on the other; and the real struggle today is far less a struggle between nations and peoples than it is a struggle between these two forces within each nation."

Idealism—the grand American passion.

The amount of money that can be raised for any kind of propaganda, provided it represents itself as idealism, is practically unlimited. Its sources are extremely varied. In 1919 a Senate committee, interesting itself in Bolshevik propaganda, examined John Reed, a brilliant magazine writer who became a revolutionary socialist in Russia and returned to this country as a Soviet agent to spread revolutionary propaganda. He was asked how he got the funds to print and circulate his matter. He answered: "You know, there are some wealthy women in New York who have nothing to do with their money except something like that."

Even idle idealism!

So according to the parable. The intention of wheat and the intention of tares grow up together, and it is impossible to know which is which until the poisonous grain turns ripe. What a crazy seed plot we keep!

HOW TO MAKE REAL HOME COOKING PAY

BREATHES there a woman with soul so dead, who never to herself hath said, as from a restaurant meal she fled: "My, but wouldn't I like to start a tea room! I'd show them what a home-cooked meal looks like!"?

Most of us have taken out our impulse in vague mutterings and imprecations against the false lure of most home-cooking signs. Some of us have gone so far as to visualize ourselves presiding over a cunning little rose-covered cottage to which smart motorists would drive out for tea.

But those of us who have gone on past the flowering window boxes and ruffled yellow curtains right into the practical heart of the matter, which is the kitchen, realize that there are certain trade secrets to be learned, even in this most feminine and picturesque occupation, in order to make it a financial success.

Four years ago I came out of a small town in Virginia into a large Northern city, bringing two assets—a love of cooking and an old family recipe for Southern hot rolls.

I had already discovered Trade Secret Number One: that in order to get a following you must develop a specialty, must offer one particular palate tickler that your customers cannot duplicate elsewhere. So, with my courage in one hand and my hot-roll recipe in the other, I took the plunge. Rather, I waded in, for I began on such a small scale that the water was only ankle deep and there was no danger of a financial drowning. On a little four-burner gas range I laid the foundation for my present four shops, which have grown within the last four years.

Knowing that it took approximately one hour to cook a home dinner, I reasoned that people would be willing to wait nearly that long if they were sure that a bona-fide home meal would be set before them at the end of that time. So I began the process of preparing home food for the homeless—nine tables of them.

At first they came and sat and grumbled at the service, or lack of it.

"I'll never come here again; it's so long to wait," regularly growled one old bachelor into his newspaper.

"I was an idiot to come back after waiting half an hour yesterday," fumed one woman every evening, drumming nervously on the table. But the next night would bring the reappearance of these same customers.

So they continued to come and sit, knowing that they would be rewarded at the end of their vigil by a freshly cooked, piping-hot meal especially prepared for them. They liked the rolls, too, and talked about them to friends. But I didn't realize that the little hopeful had grown up into a real specialty until I overheard one couple say that they had driven forty miles for my hot rolls. Now I sell 1200 a day and serve from 600 to 900 people—without the waiting endurance test, however, which was such a feature at first.

In addition to the hot-roll specialty, I make it a point to have nothing but fresh vegetables, and the best on the market. As my dinners range in price from sixty-five cents to a dollar and a quarter, this requires close figuring on profits, but it pays in the end. I am among the first to serve asparagus and fresh strawberry ice cream in the spring, for example, and I have these dainties when it actually costs me to serve them. But I charge the slight loss up to advertising, for I know that the word-of-mouth recommendation passed along from customers to their friends has a cash value.

Early in the game I found that in order to keep the fresh taste to each vegetable I had to cook several batches in one evening. So, with the expansion of business, I profited by this experience and have never had any contrivance for keeping food warmed up.

In my largest shop I serve 600 people every day, so that it is necessary to cook seven or eight batches of each vegetable every evening. But this effort is well worth while, for it is the secret that gives to each platter that elusive real home flavor so often advertised and so seldom to be purchased.

In the matter of help I avoid the chef, the specialist and the woman who is recommended to me as a crackajack cook. I never want or expect my cooks to know anything, because I prefer them to be trained my way. If you have a series of good cooks your dinners will all vary with them.

The best cooks I've ever had have worked up from dishwashers and learned from observation my system and ways of doing things, just as an office boy works up in business by learning the methods of the firm he works for.

Now I have fifty-two helpers on my pay roll and not a specialist among them. Each can turn her hand to whatever task is needed at the moment, just as in a home, where a maid must be many in one.

Such was the story told me by a bright woman who has built up a gross business of $150,000 a year. —CLARE ELLIOTT.

Even the cannie Scotch pipes now dance for joy!

You can bet your Sunday kilties there's a wee bit o' Scotch in every pipe and in every pipe-*smoker*, too . . . for while the best tobacco in the world is none too good for us, it does go against our grain to spend good money for fancy packages or costly cans.

Get the tobacco RIGHT and, as far as we pipe-smokers go, you can cannily can the can and save us the darby. . . That's why bonnie Granger Rough Cut has all the pipes in the country a-doing the Highland-fling. Here's pipe tobacco as fine as the world affords at a price all the world CAN afford.

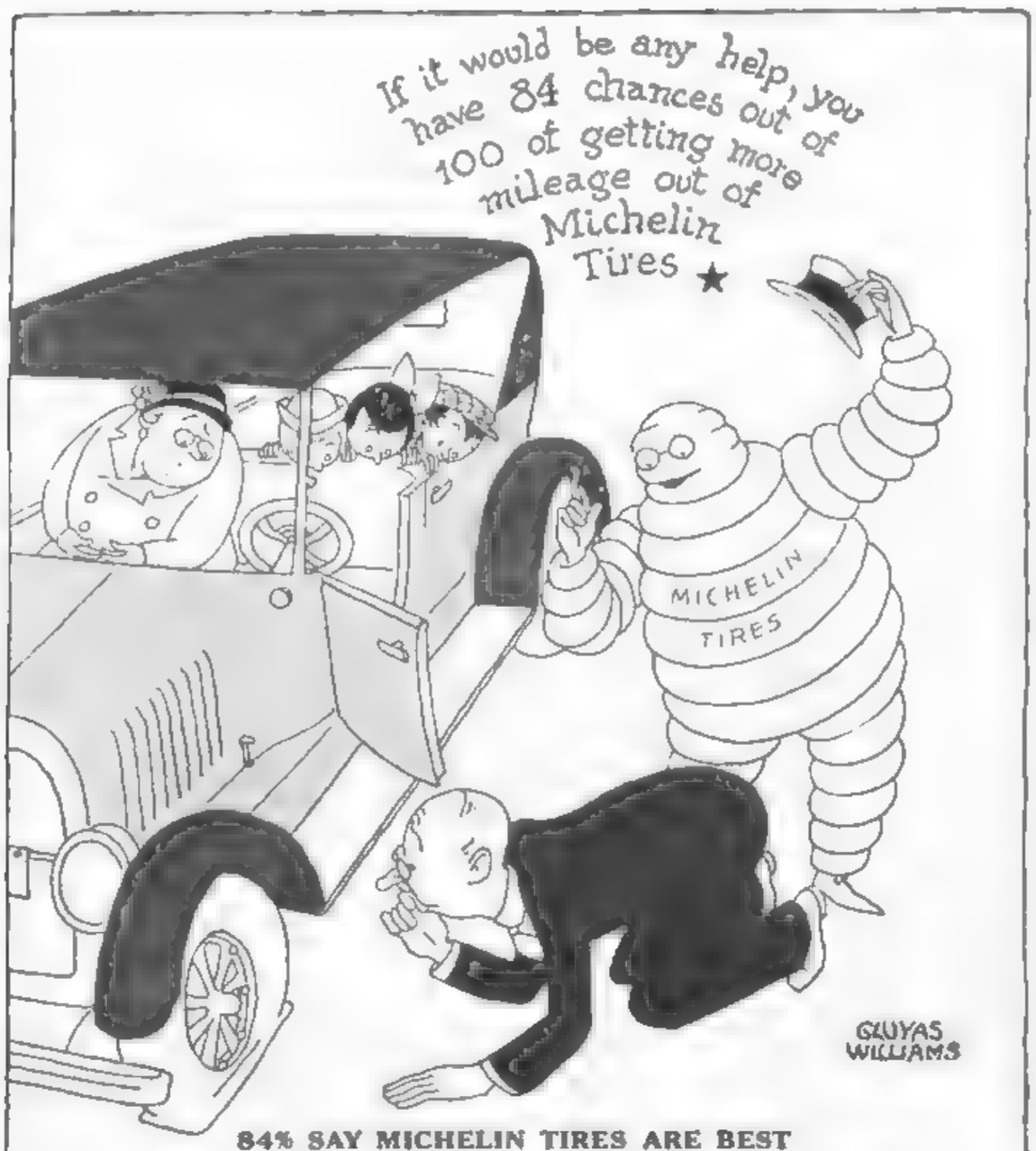
Fine old Burley, mellowed Wellman's way . . . worthy of any pipe in the world! And paste this in your old Tam-o-shanter: —Because the pocket-package of Granger is a new "glassine-sealed" foil-pouch (*instead of costly tin*) it sells at a price never equalled on tobacco of such quality. Hoot mon! It's truly a Scotchman's bargain!

GRANGER
ROUGH CUT

The half-pound vacuum tin is forty-five cents, the foil-pouch, sealed in glassine, is ten cents. . . .

Made for pipes only!

Granger Rough Cut is made by the Liggett & Myers Tobacco Company


If it would be any help, you have 84 chances out of 100 of getting more mileage out of Michelin Tires ★
MICHELIN
TIRES
GLUYAS WILLIAMS

84% SAY MICHELIN TIRES ARE BEST

★ THIS STATEMENT IS BASED ON FACTS. WE PICKED AT RANDOM 1500 MOTORISTS WHO WERE TESTING MICHELIN TIRES OPPOSITE OTHER MAKES. 84% SAID MICHELINS PROVED THEMSELVES BETTER.

MICHELIN—THE WORLD'S FIRST PNEUMATIC AUTO TIRE—1895 AND NOW

The Poets' Corner

Love's Passing

STRANGE is it—strange, and mutely sad,
To learn that love which seemed to be
So young and deathless, brave and glad,
Is subject to mortality—
To learn with sorrowful surprise
That love can change and pass away;
To gaze into her dimming eyes
And find no little word to say!

Yet beautiful even in death
You are, O love, though unaware
Of your own beauty, and your breath
Is like a flower's on the air!
It seems your little hands that lie
Like fading petals on your breast,
Beseech me not to let you die—
Beseech me but for rest—for rest——

Yet there are oceans of despair
Between us now, and worlds that fall;
And knowing still that you are fair,
I know but that, and that is all.
Farewell; no other word but this
Is carried by the winds of space,
When lips are weary in a kiss
And tears are shadows on your face.

—Mary Dixon Thayer.

A Song of the Moon

THE lovely moon that has the world to roam in,
The world of sky without a trail or track—
The lovely moon still finds herself at home in
The mountain pool beside our cedar shack.

The lovely moon that has the world to praise her,
To clutch at her prized beauty, pale and white;
That has the world's spread splendors to amaze her—
The lovely moon comes home to us each night!

—Mary Carolyn Davies.

A Poet, to an Architect

The Poet

MY BOOK is a success. I can afford
More than a furnished room and table board
Sick for the thing no hostelry can give,
It's time for me to own a place to live:
Build me a house in a sequestered place,
Perfect that house must be from top to base;
Its rock foundation must strike deep and firm,
And root in love, outlasting life's brief term,
Beyond the fretful wash of time and tide,
Where in heart's peace my calm days may abide;
And friendship's superstructure must arise
With bannered bastions into the skies;
And there must be room for a calm retreat
Beyond the wiles of passion and deceit,
And a small library for my enjoyment,
Where I may while away in glad employment
Such slack hours as may give their hands to chance.
Then set a porte-cochère of winged romance
For that intrepid, unexpected time
When life burns beyond reason and all rime.
And I must have a reaching tower then,
Whence I may watch, with wiser fellow men,
The stars of God's stupendous majesty,
That walk the vast tracts of infinity
And move along the mystery of night—
To learn how wings lift past each broken plight!

The Architect

I'M NOT the workman that you must engage—
The style you seek belongs to ev'ry age.

My friend, no architect, however skilled,
A house, as you describe, can ever build;
It lies beyond the blue prints of our art—
Each man must build that house out of his heart!

—Harry Kemp.

The Dollars that Helped Them— Will Help You—to Success!

Floyd Parks is a practicing physician in New Jersey. Edwin Kohl is a successful attorney in New York. Raymond Starr has a good business in California. Ellery Mahaffey is firmly established in his own law office in Pennsylvania.

Every one of these men, and scores of others who today are doing things in a big way, would tell you that they owe much of their success to the dollars which they earned as subscription representatives of *The Saturday Evening Post* and *The Ladies' Home Journal*. Many of them paid their entire expenses through school and college and professional school with money earned by our plan—a plan essentially like the one we have for you today.

Write for details. If you don't want to accept our offer, that ends it. But if it *does* appeal to you, $1.50 or more an hour or $25 to $50 a week extra is easily within your reach.

The Curtis Publishing Company

744 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Mail This Coupon NOW!

Please send me details of your cash plan.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *State* _____ *Age* _____

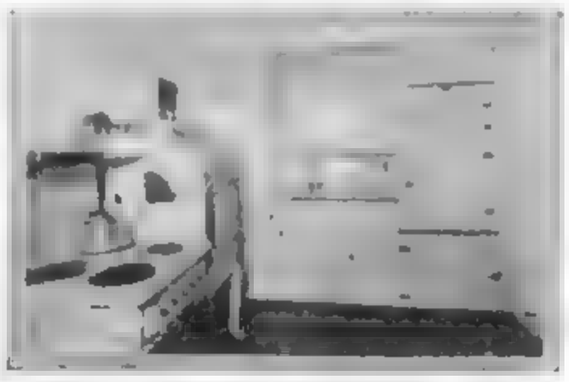
Linville Falls, North Carolina

This is the Alhambra Water Tower, one of the four towers that supply Coral Gables. This water supply has never failed in any emergency. The Health Department conducts frequent tests and every care is taken to insure its absolute purity. It comes from four 60-foot artesian wells.

The police force of Coral Gables consists of four executive officers, seven motorcycle men and eighteen patrolmen. That this is more than adequate to the needs of the city is proved by the extremely low crime record

This is one of the four fire units of Coral Gables. Appropriations have been made for two additional pieces of equipment, a modern fire alarm system and other improvements that will commend the least expensive insurance rating. Fire loss to buildings in Coral Gables during last 14 months was only $1900.

This is the Tallman Hospital, one of the most modern and beautiful institutions of this kind in the South. Sixteen doctors and surgeons, two public health doctors and seven dentists help to keep the people of Coral Gables in the best of good health.



This is a typical Coral Gables kitchen in the Venetia Apartments. Electrical cooking and electrical refrigeration are used throughout the city. Other electrically operated domestic appliances reduce the cost and discomfort of all household labor.

A complete series of public utilities insures the health, safety and comfort of the citizens of Coral Gables

All the uncomfortable pioneering was finished long ago in Coral Gables. The machinery of civilization now functions as accurately as in our largest cities. An unlimited supply of pure and sparkling water comes from four artesian wells. A steady, dependable flow of light and power pours into every home from one of the most efficient power plants in the South. Street-cars and busses cover the city. Hundreds of miles of roads, sidewalks, sewers and street lighting have long been completed and are in daily use.

There are nine public and private schools with an enrolment of 3133 pupils. There are now 1475 telephones with twice this number estimated necessary for next year. There are two laundries, two ice plants, two printing plants, and six garages. There are twelve independent restaurants, in addition to six hotel restaurants. There are two hospitals, and the best of medical care always available.

Considering its size, Coral Gables has one of the most modern and capable health departments in this country, maintained at a cost of $50,000 per year. It is continually active in food control, in milk and water inspection, disposal of waste, and housing conditions. Its work in schools, in public health education and in general supervision of the city has helped to establish Coral Gables as one of the most healthful of all our cities.

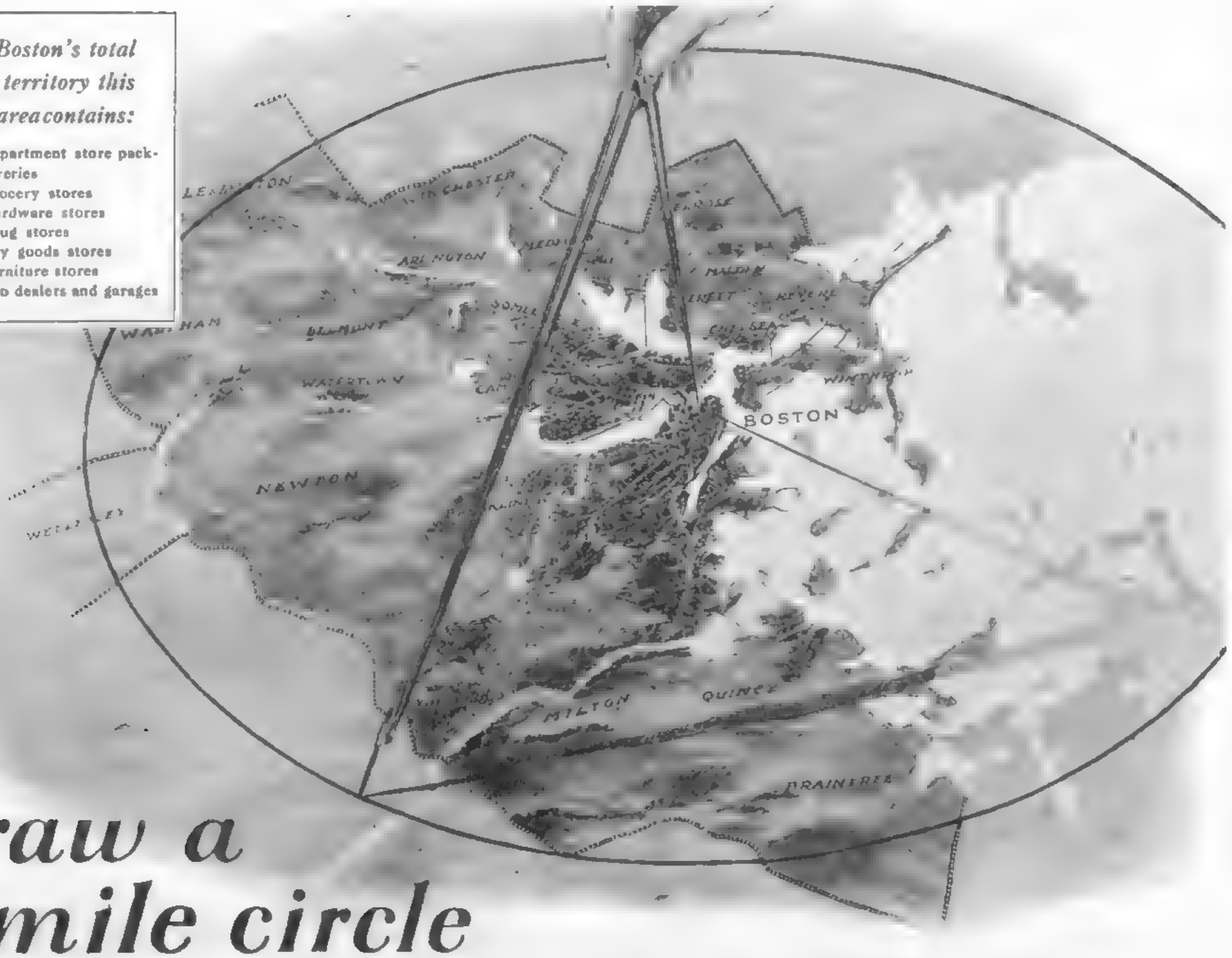
Coral Gables is so well-ordered, so beautiful in its landscaping, [illegible] and its buildings that you are [illegible] conscious of its many public utilities . . . but they are here, waiting to surround you with comfort, to guard you, to give you leisure. When may they begin to serve you and your family? . . . Write to Dept. S-7, of the Chamber of Commerce of the City of Coral Gables for any information that you may require.

City of Coral Gables

A Unit of Greater Miami, Florida

Out of Boston's total trading territory this 12-mile area contains:

74% of all department store package deliveries
61% of all grocery stores
60% of all hardware stores
57% of all drug stores
57% of all dry goods stores
55% of all furniture stores
46% of all auto dealers and garages



Draw a 12-mile circle AROUND BOSTON -

Within this area lies Boston's key market, made up of over 1½ millions of people. Here is where successful retailers concentrate their advertising

HOW DO YOU define the Boston market? On your New England sales map draw around Boston a circle with a radius of 12 miles.

In this area Boston department stores make 74 per cent of all their package deliveries. And the Parcel Delivery Service, jointly employed by these stores, confines its operations entirely within this 12-mile area. Here a leading department store obtains 64 per cent of all its charge accounts.

Why? Because here in this 12-mile area live 1,567,000 people, the greatest concentration of people in New England.

Here, too, is the greatest concentration of grocery stores, hardware stores, drug stores, dry goods stores, furniture stores, auto dealers and garages.

This is the real Boston market. Here is where to concentrate your sales and advertising efforts.

Within this 12-mile Parcel Delivery area the Globe has the largest Sunday circulation of any newspaper in Boston. And here its daily circulation exceeds that of Sunday. This is the Globe's market.

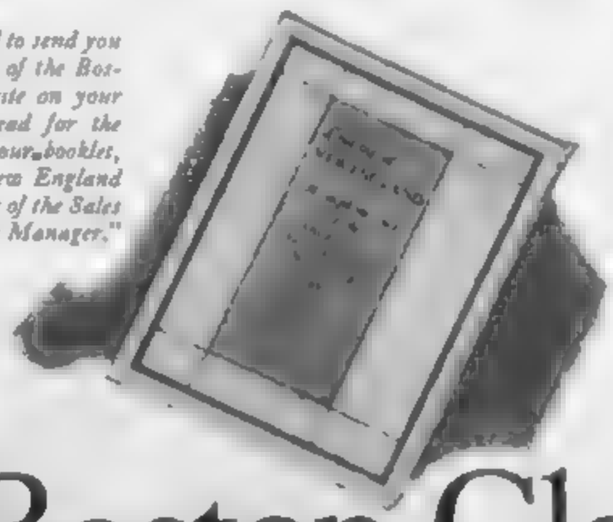
Because of the Globe's uniform seven-day concentration in this key market the Sunday Globe carries as much department store lineage as the other three Boston Sunday newspapers combined. And in the daily Globe the department stores use more space than in any other daily paper. These department stores recognize the Globe's dominating position in this market.

THE GLOBE has gained this leadership because it appeals to *all classes* of Boston people. Its readers represent a complete cross-section of the population, without regard to race, creed or political affiliation.

The Globe's appeal to men is based on its freedom from bias or favoritism in general news, editorials or sports. And its Household Department makes the Globe the daily counsellor and guide of New England women.

To put your advertising message before the people who make up Boston's Key Market you must use the Globe first.

We shall be glad to send you a detailed study of the Boston market. Write on your business letterhead for the new edition of our booklet, "Looking at New England through the Eyes of the Sales and Advertising Manager."



The Boston Globe

The Globe sells Boston

Audited Net Paid Circulation for Year ending March 31, 1926 . . . . Daily 278,988 . . . . Sunday 325,324

CLASSICS OF A RING
RECOLLECTION

(Continued from Page 23)

your own thumb is pointed toward you. The blow describes an upward arc.

At some point in the course of such a blow the forearm must be approximately horizontal. In that instant the arm back of the glove is exposed.

You will readily see that an opponent's elbow, properly placed, will come in contact with that exposed forearm as it sweeps upward, and with the hand in the position described, the elbow must strike the sheer bone of the forearm. Can you feel it? Can you realize how quickly and completely that arm would pass from active service under such circumstances?

The proper way to use such a blow is with the palm of the hitting hand upward, so that only the muscular part of the forearm is exposed. Simply turn your hand a quarter over and the point will be clear.

What is suggested above is exactly what I did. My left elbow was ready and waiting when this fighter shot his big punch. The bone just back of his wrist ground against a rigid, resistant point. His arm crumpled and he stepped back, a look of amazed pain on his face. I was over him like a tide of boxing gloves and the rest was easy.

It is such little things that win bouts very often. I know of many a man who has won a fight by the use of his head. That is meant literally. In clinches he gets his head under the other lad's chin and either bangs him with it or scrapes his hair blindingly over eyes and face.

Anything that tantalizes a man is an asset. Mugging is perhaps the most popular method of achieving this. The process is the rubbing of the palm of a glove over the opponent's face. The stroke is upward, catching the lips and nostrils and bruising and distorting them until the eyes fill with tears and the nose tingles plaintively and throbs for vengeance.

Another fighter I knew made a specialty of driving his thigh into the groin at close quarters. Anyone watching his hands never would believe that foul tactics had been employed, and the results of his act seldom were immediate. They produced simply a continuously weakening effect. So cleverly did he perform this foul that it appeared almost accidental, should an unusually clever referee detect it.

A Dance on the Canvas

All these things Stip watched for, categorized almost at a glance, and warned me about between rounds. He possessed an innate sense of discernment. He seemed almost occult in guessing what the other fighter's plan was.

A rather amusing incident happened in the South. I have since come to know the South and love it, but at that time I accepted at face value stories that none down there believed that "Damned Yankee" was two words, and that they were apt to kill a Northerner who dared batter home talent.

The opposition we caught was little more than a laugh. Stip assured me: "He don't know a thing about fightin'; in fact, don't even suspect nothin' about it!" That was literally true.

But he had a weird habit of raising his left foot high from the floor every time I cocked an eye at him. He was like a well-tempered spring in this particular gyration. His arms would jerk back to cover his face and his left knee would hike up synchronously. So high did he raise it that in the first sortie I whaled away at his body and hit the elevated knee so hard he must have limped the rest of his life.

I spoke to the referee about it and he warned the lad that the French manner of kicking was barred from American rings. But the gesture was unconscious, I believe. That boy, as Stip put it, simply had to raise that leg every time I bristled a whisker. I dared take no risk of colliding with the knee, and without that risk I could do little toward ending the burlesque.

"That guy should have a parasol an' a rope," Stip protested to the referee. "Either make him fight or go wadin'!"

Finally I solved the riddle in a tricky but amusing manner—amusing, that is, looking back at it. I stalled almost all of a round, making this mountain goat think I was tired. This brought him out of his shell a mite, and with about thirty seconds to go, I leaped in quickly, stamped my own foot down so hard on his toes that he opened his mouth, then whaled him while I had him. It took but one whale, thank fortune.

The next day Stip struck a deal with a jeweler and the diamond increased in size. It was fairly big now, so the world seemed all to our making.

Child's Play

Out of that truly ridiculous battle I drew two tricks that served me well on more occasions than one. First, I developed a truly startling and unexpected proclivity for walking on people's feet—a most annoying thing, as Subway riders will attest. Second, I learned that the most maddening of all things to a fighter is to have his hands deliberately pushed around.

There is a wonderful psychology in that fact. Take a ferocious fighter who has a reputation that is not to be trifled with. Put him in a ring before the multitudes whose plaudits he loves and grace his face with its most terrible fighting glare. Then when his mighty hands are set and the business of struggle is on, just reach out gently and push those hands aside!

Naughty baby! Put paddies down now!

It is at once the most inane and the most hair-raising experience that a fighter can meet. It is so pointless, so dainty, so thoroughly meaningless on its surface, so out of keeping with the art of slugging that any genuine fighter is pretty apt to feel that he has encountered a checker player gone wrong.

No one ever will know the quiet laughs I've had over that little gag. One large gentleman whose gladiatorial days were drawing to a close after gracing his features with the embellishments of their passing, experienced my gentle applications with an increasing amazement. After the fourth or fifth time he said heatedly, "Well, fer —— sake! Now let's play post office fer a while!"

But there was even more to this gentle gesture than mere psychology. Almost all men in the ring telegraph their actions in some manner—that is, they disclose in some way impending attack. Some draw back before starting a blow. That is fatal Others shift their position, set themselves obviously.

The good ones seldom do more than the clenching of a fist inside a glove or perhaps the tautening of a biceps, or the unconscious creasing of their lips as thought reflects purpose. Just at that moment, to reach out gently and shove a fist off poise is the supreme evidence of disdain, even disgust, and it will break up many an attack in the very making.

I became adept at this. I found it surprisingly easy to work. The plan I perfected was to keep my left hand fairly close to my own face. In a ring I constantly rubbed the side of my nose with the thumb of my left glove. From that position it was perfectly easy to reach down slowly and push a glove aside.

After doing it a few times, and seeing an opponent's ire beginning to rise, I would make a sudden start forward, slip my feet confusingly over the canvas, then step back. I never yet knew a man who didn't

Most Styles
$10
The BANKER
Style S-10

FLORSHEIM

Shoes are worn by the man of affairs who values appearance as well as comfort. The "BANKER" is conservative and as substantial as its name. One of many comfort shapes.

Write for Booklet "Styles of the Times" showing the right shoe for you.

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY
Manufacturers · CHICAGO

For the Man The Florsheim Shoe *Who Cares*

In Wet Weather

Stormy weather often affects the efficiency of cheap brake lining. The brakes fail to "hold" when needed most. But Raybestos "holds" in wet weather. That is one of the many reasons why the careful owner invariably specifies Raybestos when having his brakes relined.

THE RAYBESTOS COMPANY
Bridgeport Connecticut

The CANADIAN RAYBESTOS CO., Ltd.
Peterborough, Ont.
RAYBESTOS-BELACO, Ltd.
London, Eng.

Raybestos

YOUR QUESTION:

How Can I Make More Money?

OUR ANSWER:

Sell Us Your Spare Hours

HUNDREDS of thousands of extra dollars are earned every year by the representatives of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*.

You are invited to share in the earnings.

You will find the work easy and pleasant, and, above all, profitable

Hobart C. Wells
(California)
$2.50 in One Day

John Meeker
(Ohio)
$75.00 Every Week

George Bockoven
(Arizona)
$75.00 in One Month

O. W. Hendee
Nebraska
$175 a Month

A. B. Arment
(Ohio)
$100.00 in One Month

W. H. Guscott
(Ohio)
$90.00 Extra in One Month

Commissions

For every subscription that you secure you will be paid a generous commission.

Monthly Bonus

In addition you will be offered a monthly bonus, based on your production. This alone may run as high as $300.00 a month.

Additional Profits

Once you get fairly started, we'll be in a position to offer you *four* profits for your subscriptions, two other payments in addition to liberal commission and bonus.

Territory

There is no restriction on the territory in which you may work.

Your Profits

The table that follows will give some idea of the extent of the monthly profit for part-time or full-time work:

Average Subscription Production of	Total Monthly Profits About
Less than 3 a week	$ 5.50
Less than 1 a day	15.35
Less than 2 a day	30.00
Less than 3 a day	47.00
Less than 4 a day	64.00
Less than 7 a day	113.00
Less than 10 a day	167.00
Less than 14 a day	244.00
Less than 18 a day	330.00

ACT NOW If you want to take advantage of this money-making opportunity, send, now, the coupon below. There's no obligation:

CUT HERE

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
745 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

The offer you describe looks good to me. Please rush full particulars.

Name *Street*

Town *State*

fall for that one. They leap back, or cover quickly, as though having seen a hurricane coming down the main aisle. And nothing happens—nothing but a large athlete in the incongruous position of having dodged something that never came. There is always the humorous fan to add his guffaw of ridicule to the athlete's humiliation.

It is interesting, for a moment, to go back to the square-shouldered and the sloping-shouldered man in connection with this trick. Eight times out of ten the square-shouldered man will lunge into a counterattack at once. An equal percentage of sloping-shouldered men will back away, sniff patiently and wait a better chance.

With the square-shouldered man who rushes in at such a time there is a treatment that I found efficacious. It is to whip a left hand into his stomach, then let the wrist and forearm follow the punch in upward formation so that he is really stung the length of fist to elbow. You are pretty sure to hit a vital spot that way.

One gentleman of the profession I treated to this recipe told me after the fight that one of two things was the truth. "Either you kicked me, kid," he announced with conviction, "or you got a fist forty-eight inches high!"

So tricks count in fighting. The first year of the probationary two which led me to a chance at the belt was spent largely in perfecting tricks; some of them rather nasty tricks, but all of them, if the truth must out, stock in trade. They all served to lengthen the stride which I must develop for that last great step in a pugilistic career—the step from the "good" to the "mighty"; from the main bout into the contender, or championship, class. And when the moment of stepping came those tricks girded my loins, as it were; rendered me confident that, even though I could not work them myself, no one could work them against me.

Stip's belief in me grew as fast as his diamond. Our record kept steadily along in the win column and our finances inflated with a satisfactory progression. We were, after a fashion, craftsmen. Wherever we went we were greeted as substantial wielders of the padded mitt. Whereas I was regarded as a real scrapper, Stip became known as a real handler. It was common knowledge that none could break a glove like Stip. His deftness, his speed, his complete mastery over the art of taking a brand-new boxing glove between his twisted fingers, wrenching it once, and forcing the padding all into the tip and heel of the mitt, became classic.

Too Many Treasurers

He thus exposed my knuckles so that whoever I might hit was apt to stay hit. Of course, the other fellows did it too. The double transaction but augmented the action given the fans and enhanced the chances of a knock-out blow.

Just once in that two years did someone other than Stip tend me before I entered a ring, and that was due to the fact that I had ordered Stip out into the club that he might count the gate and see that some earnest and diligent treasurer did not fade from the scene with our end of the sugar.

And what a night that was! The bandages on my hands tightened down after my fists swelled a little and I found myself, in a sense, fighting a hot stove. Every time I hit the other fellow I got burned. Tight shoes in a running race I can imagine to be a slight handicap, but sometime try tight hands in a fight!

That night showed another interesting development. The man I fought happened to be the brother of the fight-club treasurer. Stip swore that every time I hit the boy I knocked ten dollars off our end of the purse. Our luck had held good, you see. Had I not been bandaged tight, I would have hit him much more often.

However, I was not in restrictive bandages when it came time to count the money. This was in the days when one got paid as one worked. The remuneration was doled out in soiled and crumpled dollars, fives and tens. After the fight we went out into the little office of the social club, and three men struggled with a small adding machine until their patience waned into genuine ire and the machine itself threatened to burst into flames.

Finally, after frenzied debate and fevered figuring, we struck a balance on my portion of the gate; but it immediately became evident that some error of calculation had been made, as there was not that much money in the whole place! There must have been too many assistant treasurers.

Stip shook his head disconsolately; pointed out that we were up against that same inexplicable condition two weeks before in another town.

Right and Wrong

"An' yuh had tuh near kill that guy, kid," he lamented, "'member?"

For the sake of the effect I "remembered," and about two o'clock the following morning we left the little office with something around $1100 in our pockets and a firm conviction that we should have had nearly $2000 under the terms of our agreement. But such was life. After all, $2000 would outlast $1100 by only a short space of time!

Stip's favorite superstition was that I must never enter a ring by touching my right hand first to the ropes as I climbed through. It must always be my left that grasped the rope. I never did get the straight of this, why he felt so strongly about it; and sometimes I would forget and climb through in the most convenient manner.

But Stip never forgot. Indeed not! Many times I have stood on the outside of the ropes in order to turn around for Stip's benefit; and once, after getting into the ring, he made me get out and climb in again because I had caught the rope in my right hand first. I shall relate this incident.

"Rights ain't fer climbin'," he said, disgusted that I should so much as question the efficacy of so true a hunch as was his; "they're for sockin' guys with!"

Toward the close of the first year we landed in Stip's home town. Stip was in his glory, but there was something, I could see, that bothered him nevertheless. I asked finally what it was; if perchance he was afraid I would take a pasting before his friends.

I learned then that Stip never considered the possibility of defeat for me. That compared, in Stip's mind, with the end of the world; not apt to come and irrelevant if it did, so to speak. The end of the world could bother nobody because there would be none left to bother. In much the same manner Stip regarded the possibility of defeat for me.

It developed then that his diamond was worrying him. It had reached rather noble proportions even at that date, but what was two carats in a guy's home town? Stip rather thought I should lend him $500 that our impression upon birthplaces might be made in a truly he-man fashion.

In his own devious ways he worked another trade, and when first I saw the new ring I thought the old had exploded. Stip could certainly buy size better than any man I ever knew.

That gem, sparkling below the sleeve of the sweater Stip always wore when he handled me in the ring, was a contrast that none might ignore. It was a brand that no rustler might tamper with, a mark of riches and distinction that Stip held dear to his heart. *(Continued on Page 178)*

SALESMEN all or part time to sell the best advertising Fly Swatters made.
CRUVER MANUFACTURING CO.
2456-60 Jackson Blvd. Chicago

PATENT-SENSE, free book for inventors explaining largest deserved profits. Established 1869. Write
LACEY & LACEY, 774 F St., Washington, D. C.

WANT WORK AT HOME? Write today Artcraft Studios Dept. [illegible] Sheridan Road, Chicago

AGENTS [illegible] profit. Write
HARPER BRUSH WORKS, 325 Third St., Fairfield, Iowa

LEE *of* Conshohocken

YOU may not know or care what or where Conshohocken is; but if you own a car you ought to know and care who Lee is.

Conshohocken is a town; the Lee Tire & Rubber Company is one of its principal industries. A genius named Lee started it; he had the quality idea; a true craftsman.

Fifteen years ago Lee made the only real Puncture Proof pneumatic tire; still making it. We make also the Shoulderbilt balloon; the DeLuxe high pressure cord for passenger cars, trucks and buses; we're making them better all the time.

The one idea, always, has been to make as good a tire as the best materials and the most scientific methods can produce; to make your tire-money go farthest.

If you believe in this sort of spirit in your own product or service, you must believe in Lee Tires; and if you believe in them, you'll buy them.

LEE
TIRE & RUBBER
COMPANY

LEE *of*
CONSHOHOCKEN
PENN.

SMILE AT MILES

In the month of November 1926 THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN carried more automotive advertising than did *all the other national farm papers, combined.*

THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN 19,158 lines

2nd National Farm Paper . . 5,599

3rd National Farm Paper . . 4,650

4th National Farm Paper . . 4,285

5th National Farm Paper . . 2,693

6th National Farm Paper . . 1,371

Total . . . . . 18,598 lines

The November Country Gentleman carried altogether 70,955 lines of advertising—almost as much as the total appearing in the next three papers.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

Advertising Offices: Philadelphia, New York, Chicago
Boston, San Francisco, Detroit, Cleveland

Index of Advertisers

January 15, 1927

	PAGE
Alliance Insurance Company of Philadelphia, The	162
American Lead Pencil Company	143
American Radiator Company	140
American Safety Razor Corp.	62
American Tobacco Co., The	67
Armstrong Cork Co.	147
Artcraft Studios	174
Baltimore & Ohio Railroad	163
Benjamin Franklin, The	125
Berkey & Gay Furniture Company	109
Boott Mills	144
Boston Globe, The	172
Bristol-Myers Company	60
Bryant Heater & Mfg. Co., The	180
Budd Wheel Company	42
Buick Motor Company	33
Bulova Watch Company	136
Burgess Battery Company	153
Cadillac Motor Car Co.	36
Campbell Soup Company	29
Caterpillar Tractor Co.	130
Chevrolet Motor Car Co.	89, 90, 91, 92
Chicago Flexible Shaft Company	141
Chrysler Sales Corporation	59, 87
City of Coral Gables	171
Coca-Cola Company, The	98
Coleman, Watson E.	144
Colgate & Co.	94
Columbus McKinnon Chain Co., The	124
Cooper Corporation, The	166
Cooper, Wells & Co.	137
Crane Co.	74
Creo-Dipt Company, Inc	34
Crofut & Knapp Company, The	75
Crosley Radio Corp., The	156
Cruver Mfg. Co	174
Cudahy Packing Co.	IV Cover
Decker & Cohn, Alfred	1
Dixon Crucible Co., Joseph	54
Dodge Brothers, Inc.	78, 79
Edison Electric Appliance Co., Inc	135
Electric Storage Battery Company, The	84
Eskimo Pie Corporation	85
Eureka Vacuum Cleaner Company	167
Famous Players Lasky Corp.	77
Farber, Inc., S. W.	99
Federal School of Commercial Designing	143
Finnell System, Inc.	115
Fisher Body Corp.	49
Fleischmann Company, The	63
Florsheim Shoe Company, The	173
Foxboro Co., Inc., The	154
Frigidaire Corporation	69
General Cigar Co., Inc.	112
General Gas Light Company	129
Goodrich Rubber Co., The B. F.	II Cover
Haartz Company, J. C.	151
Hammermill Paper Company	72
Harper Brush Works	174
Heinz Company, H. J.	114
Hoosier Manufacturing Co., The	46
Hoover Company, The	104
Houbigant, Inc.	105
Hupp Motor Car Corp.	120, 121
International Harvester Company of America	160
Interwoven Stocking Company	142
Jennison-Wright Company, The	158
Kermath Manufacturing Co.	137
Kohler Co.	107
Lacey & Lacey	174
Lambert Pharmacal Co.	70, 71
Larus & Brother Company	96
LaSalle Extension University	143
Lee Tire & Rubber Company	175
Liggett & Myers Tobacco Company	169
Lyon & Sons, Inc., L. W.	149
Marchant Calculating Machine Co.	128
Marmon Motor Car Company	95
Metal Textile Corporation	144
Michelin Tire Co.	170
Miller Rubber Company, The	97
Minneapolis Heat Regulator Co.	81
Nash Motors Co.	61
National Carbon Company, Inc.	45
National Enameling & Stamping Co., Inc.	110, 111
National Jewelers Publicity Ass'n.	101
National Keratol Co	140
National Mazda Lamps	83
Nation's Business	179
New York Central Lines	127
Old-Fashioned Millers, Inc.	143
Paige-Detroit Motor Car Company	55
Pennsylvania Railroad	117
Pepsodent Company, The	145
Pinaud Incorporated, Ed.	66
Pooley Company, The	133
Postum Cereal Company, Inc.	40
Procter & Gamble Co., The	2
Radio Corporation of America	102, 103
Ravlestes Company, The	173
Real Silk Hosiery Mills	52
Remington Cash Register Co., Inc.	157
Reo Motor Car Company	65
Rhodes Mfg. Co.	134
Richardson Company, The	150
Sanford Mfg. Co.	144
Save the Surface Campaign	155
Scholl Mfg. Co., The	144
Schrader's Son, Inc., A.	57
Sealright Co., Inc.	64
Sheet Steel Trade Extension Committee	168
Simoniz Co., The	82
Smith-Lee Co., Inc., The	122
Smokador Mfg. Co., Inc.	165
Southern Pacific Co.	161
Stakmore Co. Inc.	131
Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey)	159
Stewart-Warner Speedometer Corp.	51
Sundstrand Adding Machine Co.	132
Swift & Company	31
Tacoma Chamber of Commerce	126
Tanglefoot Company, The	139
Timken Roller Bearing Co., The	80
Tork Company	144
Tucson Sunshine-Climate Club	138
United States Gypsum Co.	III Cover
United States Rubber Company	86
Universal Pictures	56
U. S. Playing Card Co., The	58
Vacuum Oil Company	39
Victor Adding Machine Company	164
Wander Company, The	116
Warner Patterson Co.	123
Warren Company, S. D.	177
Webster Co., Inc., F. S.	138
Wesley & Co., Edward	140
West Coast Lumber Bureau	152
Weston Electrical Instrument Corp.	93
White Sewing Machine Company	148
Willard Battery, The	119
Williams Co., The J. B.	178

While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index

When you become your children's family

YOU have always thought of those children as your family. It seemed only natural that in many little ways they should be a problem to you. But you little dreamed that a day was swiftly approaching when you two parents would be a problem to them.

But that day comes. About the end of your children's first college year you will find that your tastes, your habits, your furniture—possibly the kind of clothes you wear—are subject to a new critical influence.

At first you are not going to like it. They will want to fix too many things over—the house, the furniture; maybe they will want to fix you over a bit.

All this is going to do you good. Middle-aged people stay young longer when their children simply refuse to regard them as old.

And your children cannot regard you as old if you know as much about new things as they know.

New things are always happening. There are new styles, new conveniences, new luxuries, new contributions to better modes of living coming along all the time—and the simplest and finest explanation of these things is always at your disposal through printed pieces.

There are very few good things made and sold in America today that are not illustrated and described in booklets, folders, circulars or catalogs.

Some printed things you must send for. Some come to you without solicitation. The younger you are in years or in spirit, the more they will interest you. Because your children are young and receptive to impression, they will read them. If you want to understand the ambitions and desires of your children, do not lose touch with the things they are likely to want.

Good booklets, folders, and other forms of printed pieces help to keep you modern, youthful, and alert.

To merchants, manufacturers, printers, and buyers of printing

The first step in the production of a series of effective printed pieces should be to consult a good printer. His advice on the technique of their production is invaluable.

The planning and production of this highly remunerative form of advertising is discussed and illustrated in a series of books issued from time to time by S. D. Warren Company. Some of these books are now ready; others will be published during 1927. Ask the merchant near you who handles Warren's Standard Printing Papers to put you on the mailing list; or we shall be glad to mail them direct. S. D. Warren Company, 101 Milk Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

WARREN'S
STANDARD PRINTING PAPERS
Warren's Standard Printing Papers are tested for qualities required in printing, folding, and binding

[better paper ~ better printing]

Aqua Velva
PROTECTS
your face—
keeps your
SKIN
like velvet

Here's *After-shaving Comfort* on the coldest day

THESE winter mornings are hard on the freshly shaven face. Once you leave the warmth of the house, you hit icy winds on your way to work. Not so good! Even after a comfortable shave, your skin has to put up a tough fight. It needs special protection.

Try This. After shaving tomorrow, slap on a few drops of Aqua Velva, the new scientific after shaving liquid. You'll be astonished at the result—all day face comfort. It conserves the needed natural moisture of the skin—keeps it as Williams Shaving Cream leaves it.

What Aqua Velva does for the newly shaven face

Men find that Aqua Velva benefits their skin in these five ways:

1. It tingles delightfully when applied.
2. It gives first aid to little cuts.
3. It delights with its man-style fragrance.
4. It safeguards against wind and cold.
5. It conserves the needed natural moisture of the skin. A well-conditioned skin is priceless to you in comfort. Aqua Velva keeps it as soft and smooth as Williams Shaving Cream leaves it.

These cold days give you a real chance to test the value of Aqua Velva. And the coupon below makes it easy for you to make that test.

The large 5-ounce bottle of Aqua Velva costs 50c (60c in Canada). By mail, postpaid, on receipt of price if your dealer is out of it. Costs almost nothing a day.

Williams Aqua Velva

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF WILLIAMS SHAVING CREAM

FREE OFFER

CLIP AND MAIL COUPON

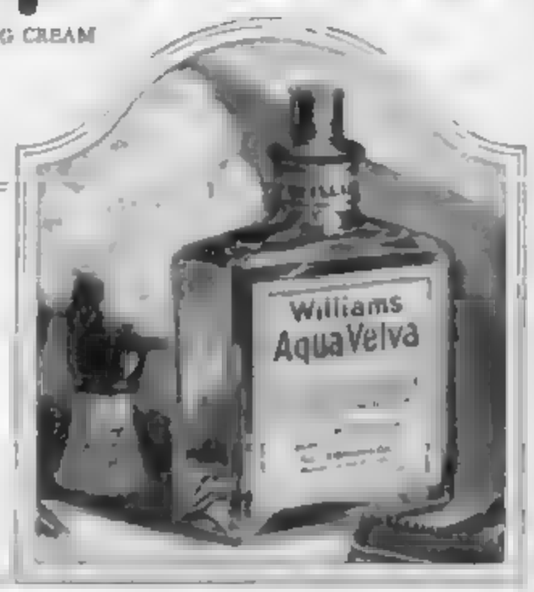
The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. 41-B.
Glastonbury, Conn.
Canadian Address: 1114 St. Patrick St., Montreal.

Send me test bottle of Aqua Velva.

Name

Address.....

City.....



(Continued from Page 174

"Dough is always safe in ice," Stip would tell me. "There ain't an Aunt Annie in the world that wouldn't loan me plenty on this."

The battle in Stip's home town really started us on the highroad to our championship shot. When we arrived we discovered that they had changed the opposition I was to fight, and instead of the local lad, who would have been easy, given me a chap who rated about as I did and who was playing the same game I was in the sticks.

We haggled a good bit over that. They were trying to make a little fight out of a big one and we demurred insistently. I would fight the substitute, yes—but for money—real money.

So the original hall was discarded and the promoters managed to get an armory. Prices and purses went up and the bout was postponed a week. That was a good week too. We rested and ate some home cooking, for I found that Stip's people were just dandy and more than anxious to exert themselves to make my stay a pleasant one.

We really staged a terrific battle that time. In my first article I mentioned the death of an old fighter and how he had died. I mentioned also a bout with him, and it was this bout in Stip's home town of which I spoke.

I recall that he said, "We went pretty, kid, while we went!" And that we did. No tricks on this lad! That is, none but what might quickly be turned into boomerangs. His own elbows knew a twist or two and one found oneself treading cautiously in any fandango with him.

But luck was with me. At the very height of his attack against me I sprung a surprise comeback and caught him clean with a right hand. It staggered him, made way for a wicked dig with the left, and then for a finishing right with all the power and strength and timing in me.

As a result of that fight, there rose championship talk again. The holder of the belt spilled the usual line about being ready and willing to fight any man the public demanded, and the public seemed to be developing signs of demanding me after my victory in Stip's home town.

A big promoter sounded me out on a proposition of 12 per cent to me and the rest to the champion, and I refused. Others questioned me. I had a feeling that the big chance was certain to come and that the sensible thing to do was to rest up for it and get myself into perfect shape.

So Stip and I hiked off to Canada and tried fishing. Then we tried hiking through woods and eating heavy food that was cooked over open fires. After that we went in for wood chopping. But none of them held me. Somehow the lure of the big lights, the smell of rosin and leather and perspiration, with mayhap a little crimson in it for seasoning, kept urging me back.

We stuck it out a month up there; then, as Stip said, went "back to where there is some guys that know a good stone when they see it."

Though we did not then know it, seven fights loomed in our path. And after those fights came the eighth—the big eighth; the one that brought me a belt and Stip a diamond as big as a locomotive headlight when the night is dark and the train unexpectedly on time and anxious to be seen.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr. Coe. The next will appear in an early issue.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Six Hundred Thousand Weekly)

IS fully protected by copyright and nothing that appears in it may be reprinted, either wholly or in part, without special permission. The use of our articles or quotations from them for advertising promotions and stock-selling schemes is never authorized.

Table of Contents

January 15, 1927

Cover Design by Eugene Iverd

SHORT STORIES — PAGE

The MacGillicuddie—*James Warner Bellah* — 6
Thanks for the Buggy Ride—*Wallace Irwin* — 8
Altitude—*Ben Ames Williams* — 10
The Wheel of Time—*Douglas Newton* — 14
Madame Luck—*Samuel Spewack* — 16
Fred and Circuses—*Agnes Burke Hale* — 37
On the First Sand Bar—*Harris Dickson* — 41
Dollar Fur Dollar—*Oma Almona Davies* — 44

ARTICLES

A Primer of Propaganda—*Garet Garrett* — 3
Baboons—*Delia J. Akeley* — 12
Scripts That Pass in the Night — 18
Classics of a Ring Recollection—*As Told to Charles Francis Coe* — 22
The Preaching of a Brother-in-Law of the Church—*E. W. Howe* — 27
The Harvest of the Years—*Luther Burbank. With Wilbur Hall* — 35
Some Others and Myself—*George Broadhurst* — 50

SERIALS

The Americans Arrive (Second part)—*Alice Duer Miller* — 20
Back of Beyond (Third part)—*Stewart Edward White* — 24
The Happy Pilgrimage (Seventh part)—*Corra Harris* — 30

MISCELLANY

Editorials — 26
Short Turns and Encores — 28
The Poets' Corner — 170

A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

"On a clear day he can see ahead 10 years"

That was said of Henry L. Doherty, the man who set out as a boy, with $6 in his pocket, to become one of the country's leading public utility men.

It might be said of ninety per cent of America's successful business leaders. You have said it many times yourself.

You remark to a visitor: "That office boy uses his head!"

What you mean is that he sees ahead and makes one trip across the building do for two.

You say of a minor executive: "He'll come along. He'll be running the plant some day."

Again, you estimate his value and his future by the same ability to look ahead; to think in terms of 1930 instead of in terms of the day's routine and details of January 15, 1927.

When a man looks far along the road, he speeds up. And nearby obstacles shrink to trifles when viewed down the smooth stretch of a ten-year purpose.

President David Starr Jordan, of Stanford University, once quoted an Italian proverb to a freshman class: "The world steps aside to let any man pass who knows whither he is going."

Good advice for freshmen! you say. Yes, and the best advice in the world for the business man who wants to build his business, increase its service, secure its future. That way success lies.

Nation's Business is a magazine published monthly by the largest business organization in the world—the Chamber of Commerce of the United States—for the man who realizes that he *must* look ahead.

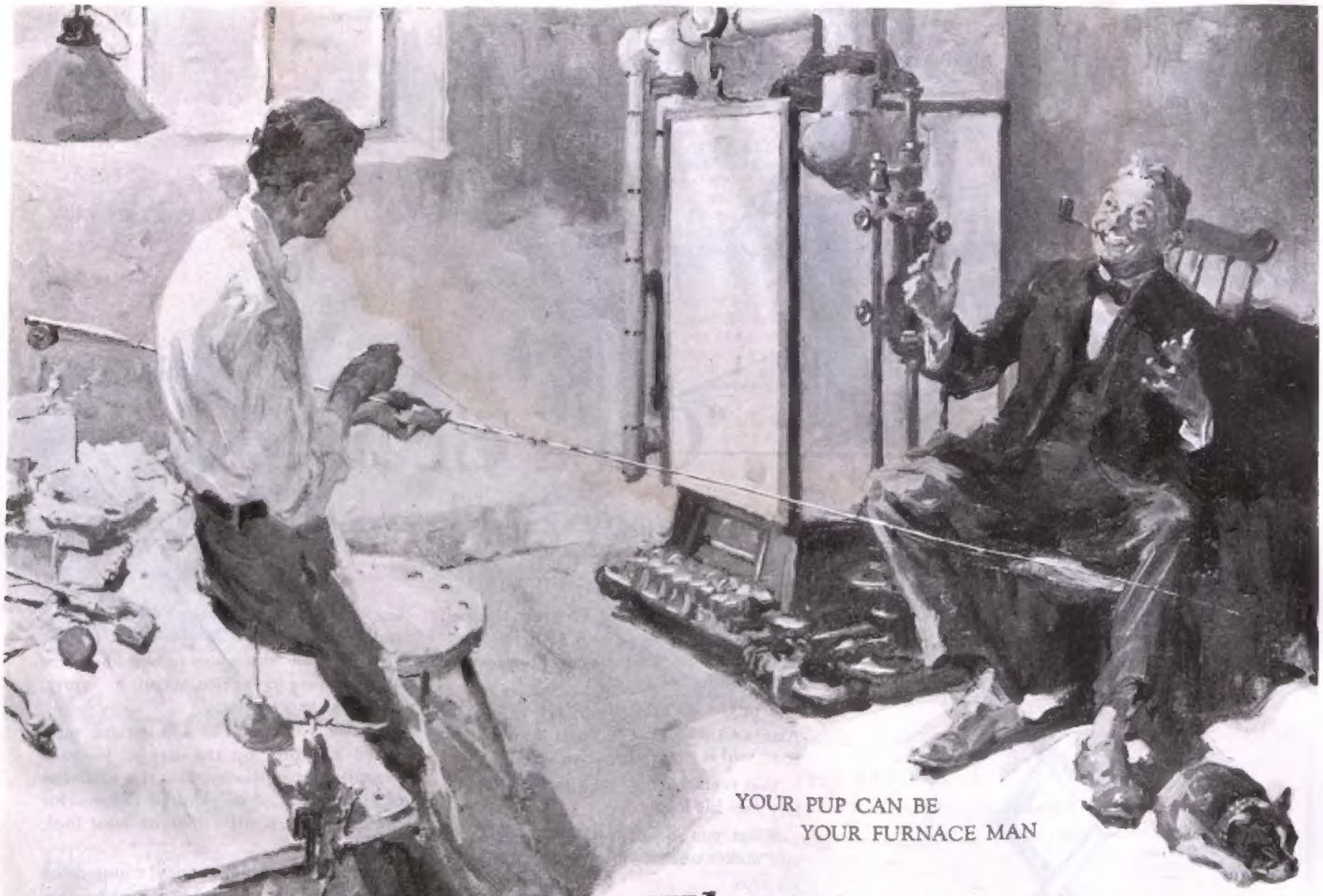
Instalment selling, the new competition between industries, hand-to-mouth buying, the silent revolution in railroading, chain store competition, the new status of the wholesaler—these and the hundred other things that are going to affect every business man vitally during 1927 will continue to be interpreted in Nation's Business by America's most successful men and keenest business writers.

Start 1927 right by resolving to look ahead. Make it a habit to take counsel with the best business brains in the country. Send $7.50 for a full three-year term, 39 numbers, of Nation's Business. You will call it the biggest little investment you ever made in your future and the future of your business. Address Dept. M, Nation's Business, Washington, D. C.

NATION'S BUSINESS MAGAZINE

MERLE THORPE, EDITOR

THE GROWTH TO A QUARTER MILLION BUSINESS MEN SUBSCRIBERS PROVES THE VALUE OF NATION'S BUSINESS



YOUR PUP CAN BE
YOUR FURNACE MAN

When the Gas Company Heats Your Home

LET your gas company heat your home and enjoy the finest heating service which money can buy.

Gas heating is absolutely care-free. With a good gas heating plant in the basement of your home, you can let your pup be your furnace man! That's all the furnace tending you'll need.

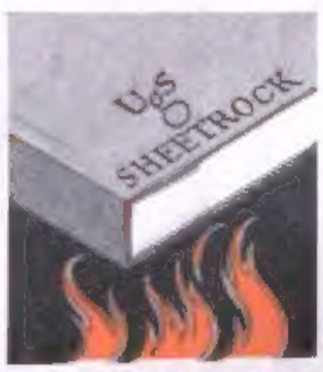
Most gas companies sell gas for house heating at a price that is well within reach of the average home owner. Moderate priced gas, together with the remarkable operating efficiency of a good, modern gas heating plant, brings the cost of gas house-heating well within reach of most families.

Complete details of the wonderful heating service which gas heating can bring to your home is given in our new gas house-heating booklet. Write for a copy—or, if a Bryant office is listed in your local telephone directory, simply 'phone them.

BRYANT GAS HEATING

THE BRYANT HEATER & MFG. COMPANY
17853 St. Clair Ave. CLEVELAND, OHIO

ALL THESE AND FIRE SAFETY



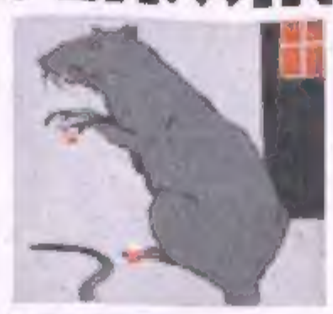
INSULATION

WINTER-WARM and summer-cool are the rooms you line with Sheetrock. Broad, thick sheets of gypsum keep out the summer sun and keep in costly fuel warmth in winter.

ROCK STRENGTH

THAT label assures you of getting the original fireproof-insulating wallboard. Pure, unadulterated gypsum, ⅜-in. thick, specially surfaced for strength. Stamped with Underwriters' approval.

VERMIN PROOF



No vermin can lodge in or eat through your clean, rock walls of Sheetrock. No breeding-place, no diet to thrive on, they stay clear of sanitary Sheetrock walls and ceilings.

TIME TESTED

THE first wallboard made of gypsum was Sheetrock. It is the first today. Perfected through 20 years' development. No experiment can ever give you what you can always get in Sheetrock.

DECORATION

SMOOTH, flat, rigid walls of Sheetrock provide ideal surface for any decoration—wallpaper, paint, or *Textone*, the plastic paint that combines both tone and texture effects.

SEALED JOINTS

AN exclusive Sheetrock feature is the USG reinforced joint system. Seals and conceals all joints, so that you get flat, unbroken wall and ceiling surfaces with Sheetrock.

SHEETROCK

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

FIREPROOF . . . INSULATING

Sold by all good local dealers . . . . . Made only by the UNITED STATES GYPSUM COMPANY . . . . . Dept. 30, 205 W. Monroe St., Chicago

Send for free sample and copy of "Sheetrock Walls" booklet

© 1937, United States Gypsum Co.

Old Dutch protects all utensils with

Healthful Cleanliness

— keeps them bright and sparkling

Chases Dirt—protects the home

No matter how wholesome the food is, if the utensils used in its preparation are not perfectly clean, there is danger of contamination. When you use Old Dutch you are certain of *healthful cleanliness* and proud of the spick and span, wholesome appearance of your kitchen and cooking utensils.

There's nothing like Old Dutch. It is distinctive in quality and character. The microscope shows that its particles are flaky and flat shaped. Like thousands of tiny erasers they do their cleaning by erasing all dirt as well as dangerous invisible impurities, leaving the surface smooth and hygienically clean.

Old Dutch Cleanser doesn't scratch. It removes the dirt and impurities—not the surface. Avoid scratchy cleaners. Scratches are catchalls for dirt and impurities.

Safeguard your family's health by making Old Dutch your cleaning aid everywhere. It is the easiest, quickest and safest means of keeping the home in a condition of *healthful cleanliness.*

© 1927, The C. P. Co.